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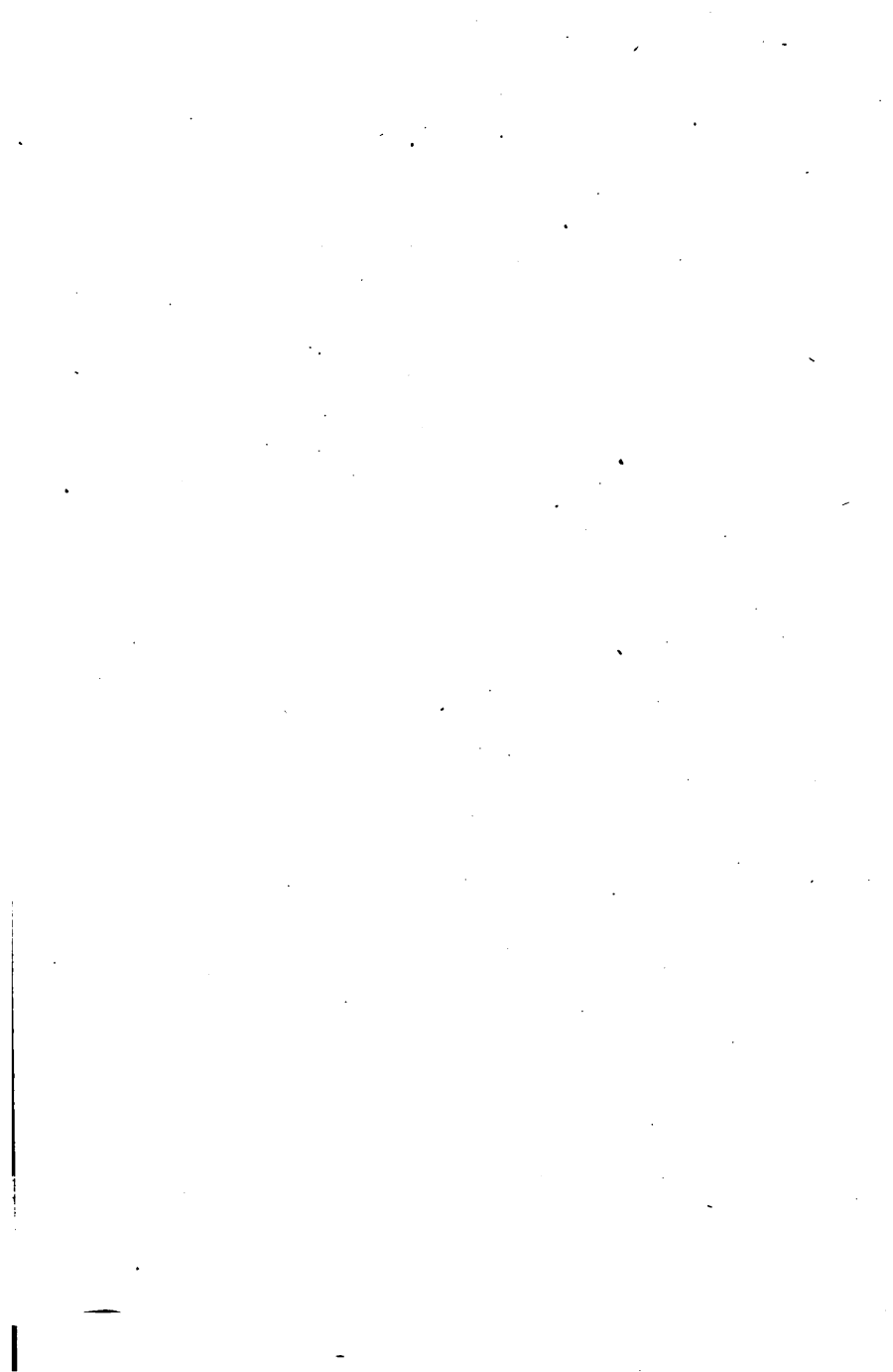
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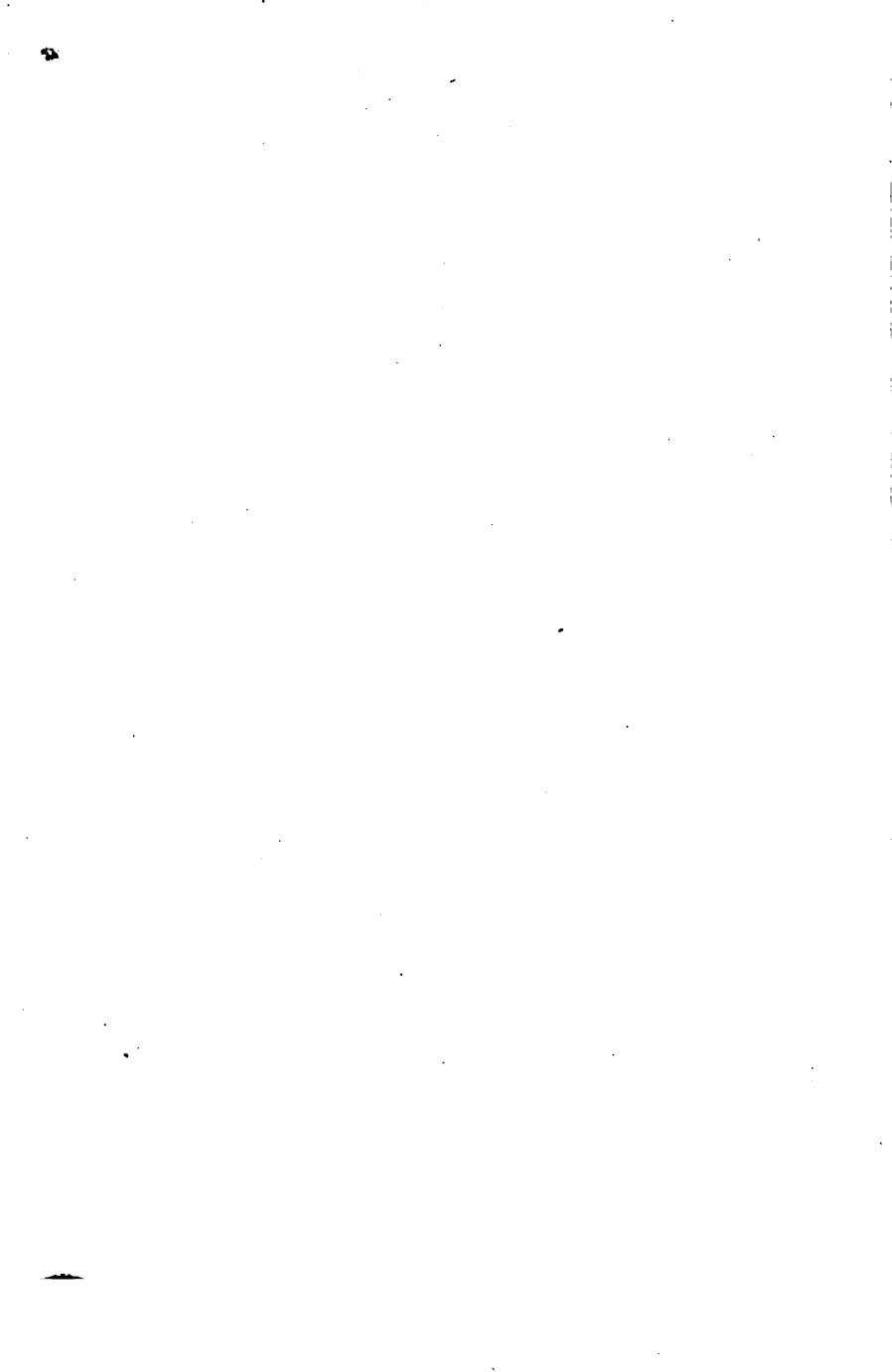
Thomas Spencer Jerome





To my Sister

With affectionate regards
 of
 "The Author."



AFTERMATH:

FROM

CITY AND COUNTRY, BERG AND THAL.

GATHERED AND GARNERED

BY

MRS. B. M. BUCKHOUT.

"Once again the fields we mow,
And gather in the aftermath."

"Not the sweet, new grass with flowers
In this harvesting of ours;

Not the upland clover bloom;
But the rowen mixed with weeds,
Tangled tufts from marsh and meads,
Where the poppy drops its seeds
In the silence and the gloom."



NEW YORK:
W. B. SMITH & CO.,
BOND STREET.

1882

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027613-9-3.
05-23-28 BF

Recd. 5-23-28 BF

PREFACE.

ALTHOUGH more than one half of the time occupied in my summer tour was passed upon shipboard, in London, Paris, Rome, Dresden, and Berlin, for reasons satisfactory to myself I have ignored those two months, and have prepared a record of some weeks of travel in places of really minor importance.

I am well aware that it is impossible to disarm criticism, even if one desired so to do; therefore that is not my object in writing this little introductory. But I wish to say briefly as possible that during a four-months' absence from home, every hour as far as practicable was filled with patient and painstaking sight-seeing; and that I found something novel or interesting in the experience of each day. Without attempting to exhaust the sights of any place, I have designed to speak of the particular scenes and objects most enjoyed by myself, without reference to those which another might more highly appreciate; and also allude to such historical associations as appealed the most strongly to my individual feelings.

I know that one may bring back from Europe a burdensome amount called information, in regard to museums and galleries; in this regard, I have endeavored not to be tiresome. While making no pretensions to being a connoisseur, I have maintained the right to individual preference, in mentioning any objects of art. Looking forward with earnest longing for the hour when I might visit some of the celebrated collections of the Old World, I was yet determined not to lose sight of the many other experiences which make or mar the happiness of the traveller.

The daily jottings which filled my memorandum have been the hints suggesting the different articles I have prepared.

Earnest in my endeavors to strictly regard historical truth, to be honest in the recital of personal experience, wishing "to nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice," I heartily present this record of days of pleasurable toil, which brought rich returns in memories of priceless value.

Heeding the title of my little book, you will not expect too much of one who, gleaning in well-trodden paths, in all sincerity says:—

"And what is writ, is writ;
Would it were worthier!"

(3)

B. M. B.

NOTE.

[The following letter explains itself. — W. B. S. & Co., Publishers.]

EAST SAGINAW, MICH., April 21, 1882.

MESSRS. W. B. SMITH & CO.:

Dear Sirs. — Glancing over the *Century* for May, last evening, I was dismayed on seeing among the advertised lists of Longfellow's works, a book entitled AFTERMATH.

Although circumstantial evidence is strong that I am guilty of literary piracy, I plead innocent to the charge.

I supposed that I had secured a unique title, not dreaming that any book of that name existed. The very boldness of the suggested theft, the presumption of plagiarizing anything from Longfellow at this present time, ought to be convincing proof of my innocence, and alas! my ignorance.

In my volume of his miscellaneous poems are the two stanzas called Aftermath, from which I quoted for my title-page.

It has occurred to me that possibly some of his minor poems have been collected under that head; at present, I have no means of ascertaining.

The question is, What can be done about it? I have no desire to sail under false colors, and yet fully realize the difficulties in the way of making any change at this late day.

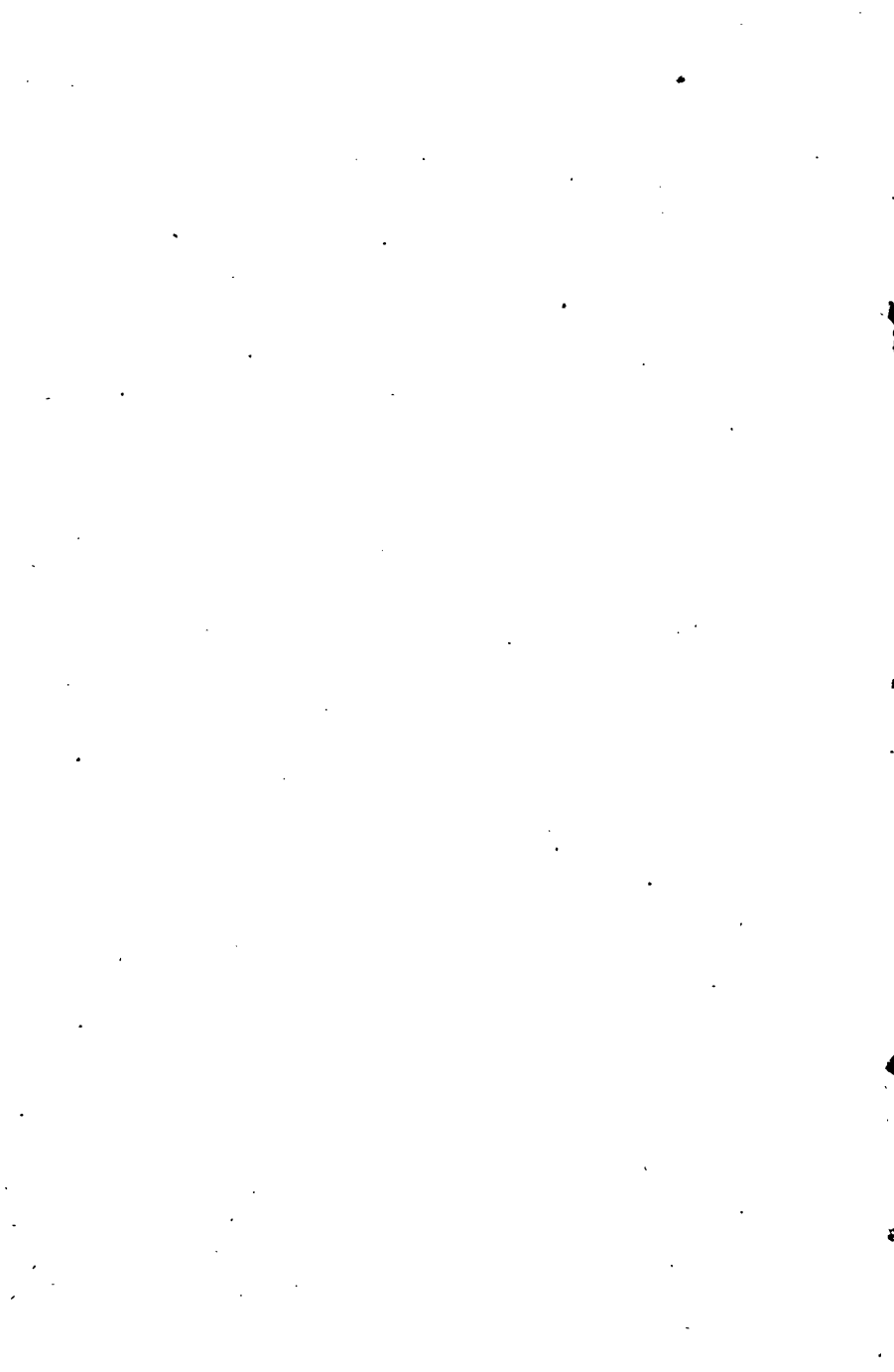
Would it be possible to explain that this book was in press before the writer saw the list of Longfellow's works?

Sincerely yours,

B. M. BUCKHOUT

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AFTERMATH.

I.

PARIS TO BRUSSELS.

"To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new."

RELUCTANTLY I turned away from the city which ever wins with its loveliness, fascinates with its glare and glamour, yet wearies with its mad whirl, to seek new scenes of interest; which, if less replete with associations, may yet possess some characteristic features of which the hasty and necessarily superficial observer may venture to speak.

The ride to Brussels occupied six hours. The change from the sights and sounds of the thronged streets of cities to speeding through a highly cultivated and pleasantly undulating country possessed a delightful charm. Customs examination at Quévy was a necessary formality, but as it was not critical, the trifling delay was only one of the minor incidents of the day; another was the purchase of a lunch at Tergnier, a never-to-be-forgotten lunch, worthy of note, although not reaching the accepted standard in a land supposed to excel in appetizing viands. The most novel sight of the day to me was the extensive bleaching grounds, near some of the towns where linen factories abound, and where much of

the land of the environs is appropriated to the cultivation of flax; that raised in Southern Belgium having a particularly fine reputation.

“Still on the green flats, fair to view,
The fields of flax are abloom with blue;
And still on the soft sward’s level reach
The damsels spread their webs to bleach.”

An early evening hour found us in commodious quarters in an old-fashioned but thoroughly comfortable hotel. The clerk, or *portière*, was an Englishwoman, that being a position frequently occupied by women throughout Europe.

A half-day was passed in a general observation of the city, and as one and all were surfeited with churches, museums, and picture galleries, it was unanimously resolved that while in Brussels we would ignore all such sights; therefore, whatever of golden opportunity was lost by that decision will be cheerfully recorded upon the list of “what might have been,” as we thereby gained more time for a survey of the old Belgian capital.

It seemed to possess many of the characteristics of a French city; and in fact, the citizens are proud of the name so often given it, the second Paris,—though they claim that only the desirable features of the gayest of capitals are retained. The lower class speak the Flemish language, while the nobility and middle class use French entirely, and the traveller would be obliged to go aside from general places visited in order to hear the national tongue.

The line of fortifications which formerly surrounded the city in the form of a pentagon have been converted into handsome boulevards, where many of the finest buildings are situated. The upper part of the city has broad paved streets; one, the Rue Royale, being especially attractive with its elegant business blocks: one portion fronts upon a small, pleasant park, an admirable adjunct to the stately buildings which surround it. Both the royal and ducal palaces are situated upon this park, which also possesses an historical interest, as the scene of the conflict between the Belgian insurgents and the government of the United Provinces.

A large portion of the city has been completely modernized; but the Hôtel de Ville and the ancient guild houses yet remain to testify to its former glory. These front upon the Grande Place, which is said to be one of the finest mediæval squares in existence; and it has also been the scene of the most memorable acts in the annals of Belgium. It was here that, among many others, the Counts Egmont and Horn were executed (unjustly, as history records) by order of the Duke of Alva. Near by is their memorial in bronze, which represents them on their way to execution.

The guild houses, built during the Middle Ages, have a very quaint, though imposing appearance. These guilds were organizations of citizens, according to the various trades in which they were engaged: there were the butchers, carpenters, masons, mariners, and others; each having a house adorned with an appropriate emblem conspicuously placed; as for instance, the Mariners' Hall has the gable constructed like the stern of a ship, with four protruding cannon.

Among the imposing edifices in the lower part of the city, the new Exchange may be regarded as particularly worthy of note. As a building representing the commercial centre of a thriving metropolis, in its large dimensions and rich ornamentation it is not to be ignored. The principal façade has a Corinthian colonnade, which is reached by a handsome flight of steps; on either side is a fine allegorical group, while the pediment contains a magnificent relief, representing Belgium, attended by Commerce and Industry. Above the cornice is a finish of small Ionic columns, which, with the groups of pillars and numerous pieces of sculpture, adds materially to the effect.

Many of the houses seemed to be finished in stucco, and nearly all were white. It was not uncommon to see carving or sculpture over the door or between the windows of the dwelling. Usually the design was of a religious character; the figure of the Madonna being most frequently observed.

In all the public squares, and occasionally upon the street corners, are groups or statues of bronze or marble. Some of these have attained a celebrity which is not due either to chasteness of design or superiority of workmanship.

There are many handsome monuments; two especially attractive, being the elegant memorial called the "Martyrs' Monument," and the one erected to commemorate the present constitutional existence of Belgium. But of all, the one which most impressed me was that of the hero of the first Crusade. The equestrian statue of Godfrey de Bouillon stands upon the

very spot where he stood eight hundred years ago to urge upon the Flemings the cause so dear to his own heart ; his eloquent words, in that hour of enthusiastic devotion, winning many new recruits to enlist under the banner of the Cross.

Not far from the Hôtel de Ville, the house is pointed out within whose walls "fair women and brave men" were gathered on the occasion of the ball given by the Duchess of Richmond, upon that fateful night in July, 1815.

But Brussels is, in reality, only the stepping-stone to Waterloo ; therefore an early afternoon hour found us at the Station du Midi, ticketed for Braine l'Alleud, a village nine miles from Brussels, and two from the famous battle-field. During the brief ride we shared a compartment with a sweet-faced Sister of Charity, and a young girl, evidently a scholar. The route took us through a pleasant country, the railway running into many deep cuts and through a number of short tunnels.

Reaching the station mentioned, possibly a half-score left the cars, whose destination was the same as our own. Conveyances were in waiting, and all went together over high roads and by-roads in a nondescript vehicle, possessing some of the peculiarities of both hay-cart and band wagon. Houses were frequent along the road, which was very narrow, and the fields of grain grew close to its edge, without the protection of a fence of any description. We were followed the entire distance by racing, panting children ; the numbers being constantly re-enforced from the wayside houses, as the

first weakened in the chase. All held up to our view flowers freshly gathered from the field once covered with the dead and dying. The bouquets were in themselves of little worth; but "because of their importunity," the sturdy beggars often received the coveted penny, and the faded flowers exchanged hands.

The Mound of the Lion is a conspicuous landmark, as the ground was levelled in all directions to furnish material for this grand Belgian monument. Upon this earth pedestal, two hundred feet high, stands a lion, at that distance appearing of ordinary size, though in reality his proportions are colossal. This immense creature weighs thirty tons, and was cast from the metal of the captured French cannon. From the platform where the lion stands, an uninterrupted view is obtained of the extensive plain; but as no traces of the renowned struggle remain, in lieu of ascending the three hundred steps leading to the summit, I reserved my strength for sight-seeing that I was better able to appreciate. Upon the lowered portion of the ground are two monuments; one to the memory of the Hanoverian guards, the other a pillar inscribed to Col. Gordon. I hope everybody knows all about the fame, as well as the rank and name of this gallant gentleman, as assuredly I do not.

La Haye Sainte, or the cottage of that name, is still an object of interest; standing with its iron-barred windows, as on that memorable day when it was so bravely held by the soldiers of the German legion. It has but one story, with high roof, and two rows of dormer-windows.

We stopped at the Hôtel de Musée, which, as its name might suggest, is more museum than hotel. Here was

an opportunity for purchasing relics of the battle; but without satisfactory evidence of their genuineness, a button, bullet, or even a rusty bayonet would possess but slight value. Photographs were gladly purchased from the old lady in charge, "niece of the late Sergeant-Major Cotton," as she repeatedly introduced herself. Her conversational powers were marvellous, and the most extraordinary statements were delivered with a volubility as pronounced as that of "the original and only Mrs. Jarley."

Standing upon a spot of such world-wide fame, I was somewhat surprised at not feeling the degree of sentiment expected. But it requires a great stretch of the imagination to reconcile the present scene with the ideal which has come down to us with all the stirring associations connected with war. Strife and bloodshed seemed far removed from that peaceful scene: a landscape dotted with quiet homes and cultivated farms, whose fertile fields, rich with luxuriant crops, brought to mind the thought fully expressed in the line:—

"How that red rain hath made the harvest grow!"

With so little remaining to tell of the memorable struggle, it is difficult to realize the slaughter of the day, as its records are given in history. It is only in retrospect that the blooming fields stand out vividly as—

"The grave of France, the deadly Waterloo."

We returned to our hotel in time to avoid a heavy rain, and also in season to participate in that most enjoyable of repasts, *table d'hôte*, with its eleven courses

of unsatisfactory nothings; after which, with water-proofs and umbrellas, we went out upon the street, as time was quite too valuable to be idled away on account of any ordinary storm.

We visited the business part of the city, with particular reference to seeing the shops where lace was a specialty. Although these stores were usually very small, undoubtedly many of them were owned by large lace manufacturers, as an exceedingly limited space would suffice for a valuable amount of the delicate fabric. Of late years, owing to improvements in manufacturing, Brussels lace is much less expensive; that is, the variety called *point à l'aiguille*, which is made with a needle, the woven leaves and flowers being sewn upon the Brussels net like applique. It is estimated that 130,000 women are employed in this industry in Belgium. In the old and genuine Brussels lace, where countless threads, wound upon bobbins, must be twisted over a network of pins, forming an elaborate pattern, it is necessary to commence to learn in early childhood in order to acquire any degree of dexterity in manipulating the numerous threads which make up the intricate design. I think that a knowledge of the tedious process, and the length of time required for every yard, would prevent us from murmuring at the seemingly high prices demanded for the dainty webs which all ladies so highly prize. I have no means of ascertaining what proportion of my countrywomen are strong enough to gaze untempted upon the enticing displays of the fairy-like productions of Brussels; but I imagine that many gladly become the possessors of

some quantity of these rare combinations of delicacy and strength. Lace can be bought there at about one third the amount required at home, the patterns and quality being unrivalled. This estimate does not include the duty which all patriotic American citizens so cheerfully pay upon all imported goods.

Upon several of the principal streets are long covered galleries, which were brilliantly lighted and filled with a variety of goods tastefully displayed. These arcades form very attractive promenades during the evening, and are thoroughly patronized at any hour during damp or rainy weather.

We spent Sunday in Brussels, and like all good Americans went to church; it was called the English Church, and no one could doubt the accuracy of the naming after a glance at the congregation. The morning service was intoned in a sing-song, monotonous way, more soporific than devotional in its effect. Later in the day, a drive seemed essential to counteract the weariness of the morning; but not to shock too severely the orthodoxy of home friends, I will add, that as our *cocher* was either unwilling or unable to induce his steed to vary from a rate of speed one remove from a walk, — the funereal pace was not conducive to undue hilarity. The very leisurely manner in which we drove along the handsome boulevards and through the pleasant park — once a portion of the forest of Soignes — was not out of harmony with a strict observance of the Sabbath, although it afforded an opportunity for a parting glance at the Belgian capital.

II.

ANTWERP.

"Rich with the spoils of time."

ANTWERP, seen in the early morning hours, had an appearance of quiet stateliness, with its broad, handsome streets, large squares, and substantial buildings of curious architecture, which are all characteristic of the city, which once boasted a wonderful commerce, and is still rich and proud.

Notwithstanding Antwerp has lost its prestige of five centuries ago, when it was considered the most wealthy and prosperous city on the Continent, it is yet a marvel of enterprise and activity when its vicissitudes are taken into account. When Venice, Nuremberg, and other cities of mediæval renown were sinking rapidly into decay, Antwerp attained the height of its prosperity, and with each passing year grew more worthy of the name given for a century before its downfall, "*Dives Antwerpia*."

Of the succession of reverses which resulted so disastrously for Antwerp, it is only necessary to allude to two or three. First was the violent outbreak of the Iconoclasts in 1566, when the city was the scene of mad confusion, riot, and bloodshed; suffering perhaps more severely than any other of the towns visited in that and adjacent provinces. Ten years later, it was pil-

laged by the Spanish soldiery, who, with characteristic cruelty, used unsparingly both fire and sword, putting to death thousands of the helpless inhabitants. Another decade brought the memorable siege, conducted by the powerful Alexander, Prince of Parma, which lasted for fourteen months; then, dispirited Antwerp made overtures to the Spanish government, gladly accepting peace at their own terms. It seemed impossible for the city to recover from that blow, which for so long a period of time had prostrated every energy; to still further reduce their ability, their shipping interests and their entire foreign trade suffered greatly through the intrigues of their formidable rivals, the Dutch. Napoleon materially aided them in the re-establishment of their commercial interests, and for a time a new era of prosperity dawned upon Antwerp, only to be again entirely overthrown by the unfortunate revolt of 1830.

Slowly recovering from this series of disasters, it has only been within the last twenty-five years that its commercial and maritime importance has been fully confirmed; at present, borne upon the high tide of success, Antwerp again ranks among the important cities of Europe.

Situated upon the banks of the Schelde, at that point deep and wide, it is the principal seaport of the kingdom. The quays constructed by Napoleon the Great, the additional ones of later years, and others projected, have been of invaluable aid in giving to Antwerp a position among the maritime cities of the world, and are convincing proofs that its wealth and prosperity are not entirely matters of history.

Here, as in Brussels, the old ramparts have been utilized for boulevards ; but the city is yet strongly fortified, and contains the chief arsenal of the kingdom.

The style of the ancient dwellings is very peculiar. They are considered to be genuine specimens of domestic architecture during the Middle Ages. The roofs are very steep and high, with rows of dormer-windows ; three and four were quite frequently seen, while in one instance I counted six, and in another seven tiers. At the corners of the narrow, crooked streets, in the old, unchanged part of the city, are often placed quaint shrines ; each one holds an image of the Madonna or one of the saints, which is sometimes almost covered with offerings of withered flowers. Such little peculiarities, so unlike anything seen at home, quickly attract the notice of a stranger, and time is required in order to become familiar with such novel sights.

Only a few hours could be given to Antwerp ; the principal attractions being the cathedral, with its magnificent spire and fine paintings, and the museum, whose choice collection is said to admirably represent the Flemish school of different periods.

For centuries, Cologne and Antwerp have contended for the honor of having been the birthplace of the greatest of the Belgian painters ; latterly, these claims have been renounced in favor of the little German village of Seigen. There, without doubt, Rubens was born, and there his early childhood was passed. After the death of his father, his mother removed with him to Antwerp, the home of the Rubens family, where he was educated, lived, and died. Although many years of

his life were spent in foreign lands, yet after he was knighted by Charles I. of England and ennobled by Philip IV. of Spain, he returned to his old home, where he continued to live in great magnificence. His house, designed by himself, yet stands, fronting upon one of the small squares of the city; though not of grand dimensions, it has Corinthian columns, and is richly decorated. In this house was the extensive and very valuable collection, including every variety of art, much of which he had collected during his foreign travels. On the top of the house stands his bust, and a tablet records the fact that there the illustrious painter lived and died. It is impossible for one to make even the briefest visit to this city without being in some degree impressed with the idea of the influence which Rubens exerted upon the time in which he lived, and which is still felt in his works which live after him.

In the church of St. Jacques, abounding in beautiful sculpture, are private chapels belonging to the wealthiest and most distinguished families of Antwerp; among them is the Rubens chapel, where the family are buried. The altar-piece is a fine work, designed by Peter Paul himself; the paintings were executed by his own hand, the ornamental carving and sculptured figures being the work of an artist friend.

The cathedral of Notre Dame is within the limits of the old city, not far from the river, and amidst surroundings that are small and mean. It is a grand specimen of Gothic architecture, and has the distinction of being the only church in Europe having six aisles. Its proportions rival those of the great Italian

cathedrals; its dimensions being two hundred and fifty by five hundred feet. This church was comparatively new at the time of the raid by the Iconoclasts, and was the object on which they vented their deepest rage. In its great size, and with seventy altars, it was, with the single exception of St. Peter's, the largest and most magnificent church in Christendom. It was shamefully despoiled, and those Calvinistic zealots were guilty of excesses which should have made a pagan blush.

Only one of its projected towers has been completed; a graceful and elaborate open spire, more than four hundred feet high. This mass of finely wrought stone has been the admiration of many generations; and although modern architects have ventured to criticise the want of harmony in its proportions, or rather in some of the minute details of this lofty pinnacle, yet in the eyes of an unprofessional observer it does not even require its renown of centuries to cause it to appear a work of wondrous beauty.

In wandering through the church, its valuable paintings are suggested by the green drapery seen at intervals upon the walls. Under the magic influence of a fee, these are promptly drawn aside by the sacristan, during the hours when there is no service. Among its numerous paintings, the church possesses three of the most celebrated pictures by Rubens: the Descent from the Cross, the Elevation of the Cross, and the Assumption. The former is undoubtedly the most familiar, from photographs and engravings, and is magnificent. The figures introduced are given with such a marvellous fidelity to nature that one is moved to tender pity at

the sad sight. This famous masterpiece is a winged picture: the interior designs are the Salutation, and Presentation in the Temple; the exterior, St. Christopher carrying the infant Saviour, and a hermit.

The church contains many fine monuments, ancient and modern stained-glass windows, rare specimens of wood carving, and paintings of recent date, as well as those of mediæval times. In rather an obscure part of the church there hangs against one of the pillars a small painting upon white marble, which is very beautiful. It is a head of Christ, and was for a long time accredited to Leonardo da Vinci, but is now supposed to be the work of some unknown Flemish copyist, though taken from the Christ in the Last Supper, by Vinci.

A little one side of the principal portal of the cathedral is an old well, protected by a canopy of very elaborate design, which shows the wonderful skill of Quentin Matsys, the blacksmith-painter. Of the many who go there daily to draw water, probably few think of the exquisite delicacy of curb and cover; but the traveller from a land where elegantly wrought canopies for street wells are unknown, looks with charmed eyes upon this perfection of grace and beauty. Our wonder increases on learning that the tradition is that it was made as the result of a wager with a fellow-workman, from bar iron, and with only the ordinary tools of a blacksmith. However much or little truth there may be in the legend, the cover is there, and it is not disputed that it was made by Matsys.

Four perpendicular bars of iron rise from the corners of the curb, midway upon them are small statues, and

from them, in graceful curves, arches spring, and meeting above, form a pedestal for the figure of the patron saint of Antwerp; this mythical hero, Salvius Brabo, appears in full knightly armor, although a pygmy in stature. The shafts and arches are covered with twining stems, clustering flowers, and clinging tendrils. Such a display of genius indicated a born artist; measures were taken by which he was enabled to cultivate his talent; wood carving was his next step, and painting soon followed.

The museum, with its seven hundred pictures by painters of note, — such as Holbein, Rubens, Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Jordaens, Matsys, Teniers, and others, — would require days instead of hours for one to appreciate their beauties, or feel qualified to allude to them in other than the most general terms.

III.

HOLLAND.

"A land that lies at anchor and is moored,
In which they do not live but go aboard."

LEAVING Antwerp in the gloom of a pouring rain did not seem a very auspicious commencement of a journey into a land where there was "water, water everywhere."

Although it was the middle of August, there was the freshness of May upon every leaf and blade of grass; this verdure and bloom made the country appear particularly beautiful, and the ride was thoroughly enjoyable. The time passed so quickly that I was surprised when the sight of the level reaches of land, the great and lesser windmills, canals, ditches, peculiar costumes, and a prevailing quaintness indicated that we were leaving the lowlands proper, and nearing the hollow-land.

The houses were quite uniform in their appearance, usually built of brick, with peaked roof and overhanging eaves. Near each farm-house was the large, red-roofed barn, its size suggesting anticipations of a rich harvest. Its seemingly disproportionate dimensions are accounted for by the fact that here all that pertains to a farm—stock, tools, and crops—is always housed under one roof. Close at hand were carefully cultivated gardens with beds of showy flowers, and

generally a clump of trees or hedge-like row. One noticeable peculiarity of the latter was that they invariably leaned in one direction, owing, I suppose, to the prevailing western winds sweeping across the level lands. Many of the canals and even the lesser ditches are bordered by trees, less valued for their shade than the useful purpose they serve in materially strengthening the banks by means of their interlacing roots and fibres. I noticed among the more common varieties the willow and poplar; in fact, the willow is extensively cultivated for its boughs, which are used to repair banks and dikes.

The railroads throughout Holland are built upon embankments, affording an opportunity for one to look down and across the well-tilled farms, only divided by the canals and lines of trees. Upon these canals, as far as the eye can reach, one sees at intervals the broad arms of the windmills, doing their ceaseless work among the grazing lands and growing grain. Herds of sleek, well-fed cattle, all black and white in some combination, but never with other color, are roaming the rich pasture lands.

" Wide on the fertile flats were seen
Plentiful pastures, lush and green,
Where contentedly used to browse
Soft-eyed oxen and silky cows ;
Windmills whistled and whirled all day,
Cheerily labored and called it play."

Windmills are one of the constantly recurring features of a Holland landscape ; while made to serve every purpose for which power is employed, yet their princi-

pal and most important office is to pump the superfluous water from the lowlands into the canals, which convey it to the sea. The sails or arms of the most powerful ones are often sixty feet long, though the majority are probably not half that length. In travelling through Holland, whichever way you may glance, there will be visible from a half-dozen to a score of these sturdy laborers.

The lower story is of brick or stone, and usually occupied as a dwelling by the family of the man in charge; above that portion rises a sloping structure having openings at intervals, and topped by a roof or hood. The entire surface above the brick is frequently covered with a straw thatch.

The work of the windmill is so inexpensively performed that the smallest farmer may employ one to remove the overflow from his bit of land, the ordinary mechanic seek its aid in lieu of more extravagant help, and the largest manufacturer subject to his will all the might and power hidden within the builded giant, so forceful and untiring in its labors.

Societies yet exist, founded centuries ago, whose business it is to manage these water mills and care for the dikes; in the discharge of these duties they are protected by stringent laws and an enlightened public opinion. As the safety of the entire kingdom depends upon the perfect condition of the dikes, an injury to one is accounted a crime, and is punished according to the degree of the offence, by a fine, imprisonment, or in some aggravated cases by death. The existence of Holland as a nation is alone due to the unceasing

struggle of its people to prevent the long-baffled waves from sweeping over the low-lying cities, and thus reclaiming that which has been so laboriously wrested from the domain of the sea. Constant vigilance is required, thoughtful care must be exercised, sea changes must be guarded against, as some slight obstruction may turn the rushing tide against a dike, when means to arrest the inroad must be at hand and promptly applied. Sometimes willow boughs suffice; at others rows of stakes are required, and frequently a wall of stone must be built.

Patience and ingenuity are taxed to their utmost, as they desire not alone to keep the land already won, but to gain more little by little from the aggressive sea. The motto of Holland, "*Je maintiendrai*," is the keynote of the energetic watchfulness that has for centuries held at bay the restless waves. It is necessary to see this country before one can fully appreciate the pertinence of the reply so often made to a request for news, "The Dutch have taken Holland"; which is too literally true to be a jest.

It is frequently said that Holland became commercial from necessity, as where originally there was but mud and water, everything must be imported,—grain, fruit, stone, and even fuel. The former is now extensively raised, while the peat bogs give employment to thousands of peasants, and furnish fuel for most domestic uses. The narrow black strips spread out to dry, or piled like cord-wood, are a common sight throughout the country. But the inhabitants of this little kingdom have done more than simply build up a commerce; for

these sturdy countrymen, whose old proverb runs, "God made the sea, we made the earth," have even dared to say to the former, "Hitherto shalt thou come and no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed," and thus in very deed have made for themselves a country and a name, and are assuredly entitled to credit for all they may claim of indomitable will and perseverance.

Winds, waves, and grasping neighbors have from time to time tested the right of possession with the Hollanders: but they have continually piled up their ridges of mud, strengthened them with boughs, planted willows upon their borders, and driven piles into the marshes; they have placed cities upon those piles, and built ships to reach the cities; they have sent out in them to the north and the south every superfluous article, and imported what they lacked of the necessities of life, thus originating the commerce which later brought wealth and luxury to Holland.

In all the changes which the centuries brought, warring or warred against, under whichever of the European powers existing, whether as kingdom, province, or independent, the work never stopped, the zeal of the people never waned. Sea walls were built, dikes lengthened and strengthened, morasses drained, and the whole country slowly reclaimed from a worthless marsh, below the sea level, to a land of extraordinary fertility, rich in the characteristics of many countries where no such incomparable amount of toil has been required.

IV.

THE HAGUE.

"Ah, what pleasant visions haunt me
As I gaze upon the sea !
All the old romantic legends,
All my dreams come back to me,
Till my soul is full of longing
For the secret of the sea,
And the heart of the great ocean
Sends a thrilling pulse through me."

THE Hague, or 'S Gravenhage, meaning the Count's hedge, was so called by the early Dutch, owing to its having been originally the shooting lodge of the counts of Holland, and was for many years the most flourishing town in the kingdom, and the favorite residence of the nobility and aristocracy. It is still the home of some families of the nobility, the government officials, representatives from the army and navy, and great numbers of retired merchants, who have amassed large fortunes in foreign trade.

The handsome avenues, abundantly shaded, and paved with brick, the numerous parks and elegant residences, give it the appearance of a charming, quiet modern city. It is only when we leave the broad streets of the modernized town that we can see indications of what the Hague might have been in the past centuries.

There are frequent squares or parks, adorned with the usual variety. Among the ornamental statues

attractive and worthy of note, I will mention but one, that of Prince William I. This is an equestrian statue, and is in front of the king's palace; upon the pedestal are the arms of the various provinces which were under his rule.

The most imposing memorial of all is the grand national monument erected in Wilhelm's Park, designed to commemorate the restoration of independence to Holland and return of her exiled prince. It is a massive column, upon which stands a female figure; in one hand is a banner, the other grasps a handful of arrows, and the lion of the Netherlands sits at her feet. The pedestal is covered with bronze figures of distinguished citizens, and reliefs illustrating events of historical interest.

The museum at the Hague contains among the celebrated pictures that fill its halls two of especial note: the Young Bull, by Paul Potter, and Rembrandt's Anatomy. The former, with cow, several sheep, and the herdsman, all the figures being life-size, is so true to nature that you are not surprised at seeing flies on and about the animals, while the birds that soar above only add to the delusion, making the picture seem like a living reality.

The Anatomy, although shockingly realistic at first sight, possesses an unaccountable attraction; you forget the presence of the dead in the charm of studying the serious and attentive faces of the eight members of the Surgeons' Guild, listening to the lecturer, Nicholas Tulp, as he proceeds to dissect the arm of the subject before him. In the group surrounding, every detail of

the dress is perfect. Prof. Tulp wears a cloak, and wide turned-down collar of lace, and a broad-brimmed soft hat. The others are bareheaded, dressed in black, most of them in velvet; all wear broad collars of lace or embroidery, save one, who has the wide, full ruff. It gives one an accurate idea of the dress of a Holland gentleman in the seventeenth century. No one can for a moment doubt that each face in the picture is a portrait, so admirably are the different expressions portrayed.

There are landscapes by Wouvermans, hunting scenes by Snyder, domestic and convivial scenes by Jan Steen, and various styles by other noted artists, the mention of whose names would be an assurance of a rare treat to the lover of art who could see this collection; but among the number and variety, I readily selected the one which appeared to me the gem of the whole. This is a small picture by Gerard Douw, called "The Young Housekeeper." The young mother in her grace and beauty, the smiling infant, and the interested domestic, form an effective group; and painted with the wonderful skill displayed by that artist in arranging the gradations of color, seems to lack no element of exquisite beauty.

The portraits by Rembrandt, Holbein, and Dürer are so true in their delineations that one feels as if he might have known the originals in some indefinite past time, and that each is a perfect likeness.

At the Hague there are peculiarities in architecture, customs, and costumes which are continual reminders that you are in a foreign land. You are conscious of

the strangeness of your own attire; your inability to understand the spoken language becomes almost painful; you envy the shouting urchin upon the street, who is able to communicate with his playmates, though it may be a criticism upon the peculiarities in your personal appearance; and you are tempted to wonder how it is that the children are able to understand the strange, guttural sounds made by their mothers: in fact, if you were entirely alone, the experience would undoubtedly prove forlorn as well as novel.

The houses stand directly upon the paved footway, and in all of those belonging to the better class it is customary to have small mirrors attached on either side of one or more windows, at a certain angle, which gives the inmates the best opportunity to view the passers-by, without themselves being seen; they also avoid any loss of time, which is undoubtedly a consideration among the busy housewives. This custom appeared to be universal in the different towns of the Netherlands, and seemed eminently appropriate in a country where idleness is accounted a crime, and where even the phrase "idle as the wind" would be most decidedly misapplied.

The women wear very wonderful head-dresses, which I hardly know how to describe. First is a close-fitting, black-silk cap, entirely covering the head, no hair being visible; over this is either a skull-cap or broad band of silver, which projects at the temples. That is the simple form; but for dress occasions, huge ornaments of embossed metal, or filigree, with settings of different stones, are attached to the projections and dangle to the chin. There is still another layer, usually a cap of

tamboured lace, through which the shining band can be distinctly seen. Many of these ornaments are heir-looms, and valued accordingly; they can be purchased for a sum varying from fifty dollars to triple that amount, according to the material. They are never worn of any cheaper metal than silver, even by the poorest peasant women.

Some of the younger ones that I saw, and fancied that they might be the belles of their country homes, wore a head covering of lace, with a long cape and wings at the sides; this was secured at the very edge of the forehead by showy ornaments or pins of gold, the glistening band showing beneath, and spiral coils, profusely adorned, hung from the blinders at the temples. This is a very important fashion throughout the provinces of Holland; and though there are local styles and patterns for these ornaments, there is a similarity in the general design.

The remainder of the costume would be equally novel to a stranger: a full-waisted and short-skirted dress, the invariable white neckerchief, a voluminous black-silk apron, and several strings of red beads about the neck, with rings upon every finger.

Scheveningen, the fashionable watering-place of Holland, is but three miles from the Hague; you can choose your method of reaching that point, as there is a canal, a tramway, and a smooth "klinker" road. Our choice was the latter, and soon leaving the city, we were driving through the pleasant Wilhelm's Park; there were delightful walks and long drives through avenues shaded by fine old oaks, which had escaped the

hand of the pruner. Nature having had so little to do with making Holland, the native citizen appears to have an idea that he can improve upon any of her works. Accordingly, the shrubs and trees are frequently seen trimmed into any form but the one which they would naturally assume; therefore the omission of artistic gardening is quickly noticed, and the view becomes doubly charming. There were frequent openings through the trees, which afforded glimpses of delightful country seats, with their velvety lawns and parterres of brightly blooming flowers.

The village of Scheveningen is inhabited by fishermen, and lies behind a lofty dune, which shelters it from the sea. Dunes or downs are the line of sand-hills formed upon the coast by the action of wind and tide; they vary in height from thirty to one hundred feet. On the landward side the ascent is very gradual, and we had passed the village and were upon the summit of the dune before I had realized our proximity to the water; only a long stretch of white sand, and then the North Sea. The large hotels, with their ample porches, had a very familiar appearance, quite like any other seaside resort; the only perceptible difference, in a hasty view of the scene as a whole, being the lines of little willow bath-houses on wheels. The day was unpleasant, and the beach was wholly deserted; the boundless expanse of water looked cold and gray; the waves rolled in with a grand swell, and broke upon the sands with a sullen and monotonous roar.

Returning as we went, by the pleasant Scheveningen wood, we met scores of the peasant and fish women, on

their way home from market, carrying their empty baskets, and sturdily trudging, one behind another, along the borders of the canal or in the wooded paths. These women were stout and coarse in figure, masculine in their appearance, and wore the ordinary costume of their class, — a striped or plaid woollen petticoat, the dress skirt of the same material, and turned back to the waist, which was usually of another shade and texture ; plaid kerchief, and high poke bonnet. Beneath showed the frilled border of the close cap, and the ornamental band with rosette finish at the temples, the pendants being undoubtedly reserved for state occasions. The brawny, muscular arms were bared above the elbow, and a long pannier was strapped upon the shoulders. Another might follow wearing a short red cloak and very broad-brimmed hat, as in her case an immense flat basket was balanced upon her head. All wore the heavy wooden shoes, which clattered loudly at every step.

Another special attraction of the Hague is a royal villa, called the "House in the Wood." It was erected by the widow of Prince Frederick Henry of Orange, in memory of her husband. It is but two miles from the Hague, and is occupied by the royal family during the summer. Its exterior is plain and unpretentious ; but the different rooms shown to visitors are unique in their design and very interesting. The one designated as the Orange Saloon is really the memorial. It is literally filled with paintings, representing real or imaginary events in the life of the prince ; it is effectively lighted from above ; the walls are fifty feet high, the upper por-

tion being wood, the lower finished with canvas. The principal wall is entirely occupied by a painting, which in an allegorical manner represents the young prince triumphing over sickness, vice, and all the temptations and follies of youth.

The Japanese Room was a great curiosity, everything in the furnishings being in strict accord with that style. The walls were covered with heavy white silk, arranged in panels, each one being outlined with black and gold lacquer ; upon those panels, birds, flowers, insects, and characteristic figures were wrought in the most brilliant colors and exquisite manner. The chairs, sofas, and tables were equally elegant and curious. A number of delicate and highly finished cabinets contained rare articles of great value.

The Chinese Room was similar in design, but very unlike in effect, everything there having come from China ; one of the curiosities being some tapestry made of rice paper, in the seventeenth century. Among the smaller articles were choice antiques, and a collection of miniatures of celebrities.

The dining-room was decorated in *grisailles*, producing a perfect illusion of bas-reliefs.

At this early commencement of a brief Continental tour, I found myself looking for that marvel among employés, —

“ Too poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune.”

It is needless to say that the mythical personage has not yet been discovered, as a brief recital of Hague experience will abundantly prove. When about to leave

for Amsterdam, eight servants were drawn up in line at the door of the hotel, evidently with "great expectations." As our extremely limited acquaintance did not seem to warrant a parting gift to the entire corps, fees were only given to those who had rendered actual service, although that item had been once amply paid in the regular bill. Apparently this method was not satisfactory to the *portier*, but his revenge was well planned and very promptly executed. He ordered us to be driven to the wrong station, thus delaying our departure for six hours. The recital of this incident is designed as a gratuitous advertisement for the Paulez House.

V.

AMSTERDAM.

"Where the Zuyder Zee of the Netherlands
Tosses its billows and frets its sands,
Tosses and threatens and vainly strikes
Against the massive, defiant dikes,
A wonderful city used to stand,
First in commerce in all the land;
Stately, opulent, fair, and brave,
With the gathered riches of earth and wave."

WE reached this city during the evening, and went at once to the highly recommended hotel, Café Neuf. Unfortunately, we could not be received there, and were obliged to seek accommodations elsewhere. This disappointment was not without some compensation, as our long drive afforded an opportunity to see many fine streets, lined with stately business blocks, and also appreciate the fact that under the rays of combined gas and moonlight, even prosaic canals may become decidedly picturesque, with their rows of elms on either side and their numerous bridges. This novel feature, and the brilliantly illuminated shops, thronged with people, who also crowded the streets, united to give a very pleasing first impression of Amsterdam.

"The Old Bible House" hospitably received the weary traveller, and my last waking thought was speculative regarding the name of the hotel. I solved the mystery the following day, and though

"I cannot tell how the truth may be,
I say the tale as 't was said to me."

The first Bible published in Amsterdam was printed in this very house by an ancestor of the present proprietor, and is said to be the oldest whole copy extant. The precious book — I use the adjective in the sense of its value as an advertisement — is carefully preserved in the house and proudly exhibited to visitors. It is decidedly venerable in its appearance, having peculiarities in paper, letters, and binding. It bears upon its title-page, in Roman numerals, the date MDXLII.

To anticipate a little, I will add here that on leaving the "Old Bible House," there was nothing in the conduct of the servants that indicated that the name of the hotel had influenced them to bestow disinterested care upon the "stranger within the gates." Early as was the hour of our departure, a grand array awaited us in the hall, the majority of whom we had not before had the pleasure of seeing. Then came an unlooked-for experience in foreign money, which, very annoying at the time, is rather amusing in retrospect. Florins and stivers had unaccountably melted away, and the *portier* indignantly refused to accept other coin; at last, in his rage, threatening to retain the baggage of the party. The conversation was conducted partially in pantomime, though broken French, low Dutch, and high English resounded in the morning air. The affair looked serious: no time must be lost if we would reach the station at the desired moment, and no Holland money was to be had; but a display of firmness carried the day, and we drove away. My last sight of the out-

raged *portier* showed him gesticulating wildly as he exhibited the hated French coin to the others in waiting, who were doubtless speculating as to their share of the spoil. I am well aware that some over-nice people object to anything being said upon the subject of fees; but the money question and the service question are problems that require much wisdom and much currency to judiciously settle, anywhere across the water. Even if one possessed the purse of Fortunatus, the imposition to which he is constantly subjected would be none the less humiliating to his self-respect. Although the experience in each place was unique, I shall not allude to the annoyance often, but may occasionally be tempted to speak of the unjust exactions for services never rendered.

Although I knew, in a general way, that Amsterdam was one of the greatest among the commercial cities, and the great banking centre of Europe; that its financial relations with various nations were close and extensive; that the city first manifested itself to the traveller by the closer clustering of its gigantic windmills; that there were forests of masts, which rose, brown and bare, above the housetops, whose quaint, gabled fronts projected far beyond the foundations, — these and many more items which I had gleaned were all facts, yet when once within the city, I found that my knowledge was so exceedingly general that every individual particular was a surprise.

As most writers quote what Erasmus said, and what Butler wrote, invariably call Holland a “geographical paradox,” and Amsterdam the “Venice of the North,”

and employ other stereotyped phrases to describe the peculiarities of this country, I will only venture to say that the latter is not the title I should apply to this powerful city; although, without doubt, it is as strange in all its characteristics as is the romantic "Bride of the Adriatic."

Numerous canals divide the city into ninety islands, which are connected by more than three hundred bridges of iron, wood, or stone, and so constructed as to admit the passage of boats adapted for inland navigation. Piles, forty and fifty feet long, are driven through the soft morass to the firmer soil beneath, and upon these the city is founded. Many of the buildings are far from perpendicular, owing to the irregular settling of the piles; unsafe as these indications seem, accidents rarely occur, though many years ago a loaded corn magazine sank into the mud, crushed by its own weight.

The three principal canals are semicircular in form, and have two rows of trees on either side, giving a shaded roadway, and also a paved walk close to the buildings.

The houses are tall, built of red brick, and almost uniformly stand with gable end towards the street, and possess other peculiarities of architecture. Upon some of the less important streets, the basements of the houses occupied by the better class of inhabitants are re-rented to the very poor; others live entirely upon the water, in small houses on the decks of their boats. As the women here share in the hardest of out-door toil, they undoubtedly give material aid in loading and

unloading the freight, by way of pastime, — when the lighter domestic duties are finished. These canal boats are shorter and broader than those in our own country; they carry mast and sail to be used when practicable; sometimes they are poled along, at others drawn by horses, and frequently by the women and children of the family, aided by the dogs.

The hulls are either oiled or stained, while the upper and ornamental portions are painted a bright blue, red, or green; at the same time, the sail may be white or gray, though a more frequent color is a dull red, producing a novel and picturesque effect.

The traffic upon the canals does not appear to diminish the number of horses and all kinds of wheeled vehicles required. At times, when waiting for a bridge to close behind one of the lazily floating boats, there would be an accumulation of carts, stages, and carriages, as in any of our large cities whose water privilege is not so extensive.

The entire absence of fresh water has been a great disadvantage to so large a city; and difficulties hard to overcome stood in the way of even modifying the misfortune. All of the better houses have reservoirs for rain-water, and until quite recently the remainder required was brought from a distance in barges, and retailed at the wharfs. Now the city is abundantly supplied with pure water brought in pipes from a reservoir among the dunes in the vicinity of Haarlem, fourteen miles away.

The cleanliness of Holland cities being proverbial, I was not prepared for the disagreeable odors existing in

Amsterdam. As there is water upon every side of everybody, the stagnant water of the canal exhaling its odors—not savory, to say the least—beneath the windows of the finest residences, as well as in the meanest quarter of the city, it may be impossible to prevent such a condition of affairs. It is stated that the natives are blissfully unconscious of any especial properties in the atmosphere, so implicitly do they credit the tradition that the incoming and outgoing tide removes all impurities. Their faith in this regard does not appear to me well grounded; for I am positive that the rain, which fell almost uninterruptedly during my stay there, disturbed some quiet nooks that the tide had not recently affected.

The principal building of interest is the Palace, so called since its presentation to Louis Bonaparte in 1808, and its occupation by him as a royal residence. Originally intended for a state house, all of its embellishments have reference to its use for that purpose. It was built two hundred years ago, and stands upon fourteen thousand piles. Situated in the open market-place, crowned by a turreted tower which looms up seventy feet above the roof, and without any principal entrance, it is in every way unsuited for the home of royalty. The room designated as the old council chamber is grand in its dimensions, being one hundred and twenty feet long and ninety feet high. It is incrustated with pure Italian marble, and decorated with many flags and trophies of the Spanish war.

The galleries of paintings in Amsterdam are considered of inestimable value. The Rijks Museum in the

Trippenhuis, which contains over six hundred pictures, more than two thirds being by Dutch masters, is considered the finest collection in the kingdom. The grandest of all is Rembrandt's "Night Watch." This is an interpretation of the genius of the great painter, in its fulness of conception, gracefulness of detail, and combination of rich colors. One cannot see its beauties through the eyes of another, but it seems well worthy of an especial visit to Amsterdam. There were others from the same hand, as also works by Paul Potter, Teniers, Snyder, Wouvermans, and many more artists of world-wide fame. Again, one of Gerard Douw's small pictures won my warmest admiration. This was the "Evening School," justly celebrated for the marvellous skill displayed by the artist in delineating the charming effect of light and shade produced by the judicious arrangement of four candles. I trust that no one will be wearied by this mention of two pictures selected from the grand collection of choice works by artists, the study of which would be an unending delight to a connoisseur.

There are many thousands of Jews in Amsterdam; and as is the universal custom, they form an entirely distinct settlement. A drive through the Jews' Quarter revealed the same degree of gloom, filth, and wretchedness always associated in my mind with the thought of the Ghetto. Their homes, shops, and markets are simply indescribable. Crooked streets, narrow alleys, stagnant canals, heaps of the coarsest merchandise exposed upon the open streets for sale, with evidences of squalor and extreme poverty on every hand, seemed

to furnish all the requisites for a most miserable neighborhood, where the inhabitants were wretched creatures, who appeared to have reached a depth of degradation almost inconceivable.

Going from this place of horrors towards the Zuyder Zee, what a contrast was presented ! Forests of mast were visible in the distance, as we crossed the solid bridges on the route to the immense quays and wonderful harbor, where the throngs of busy laborers spoke only of enterprise and prosperity. There vessels of the largest tonnage were loading and unloading ; vast warehouses bore the names of many foreign lands and cities ; there were cargoes from every corner of the globe, and stacks of valuable goods ready to be sent in different directions.

The general air of industrial activity which prevailed was sufficient to convince the most casual observer that this kingdom, insignificant in point of area and natural advantages, possessed a great maritime and commercial power. As the "Entrepot Dok" and great harbor are marvels of engineering skill, subjects about which much has and will be written, I will not attempt an impossibility ; that is, to give an idea of the immense foreign trade of this country, of which one forms something of a conception in a brief visit to the enormous docks, where lie at anchor ships from all nations, crowded by cargoes of great value, waiting to be redistributed by the thousands of busy laborers, and loaded upon other ships and barges for farther voyaging.

At the extreme end of one of the quays is a tower which possesses a romantic interest. It is called the

"Criers' Tower," or in Dutch, more expressively, *Schreijerstoren*. Formerly, from this point, vessels sailed for all parts of the world; and the tower derived its suggestive name from the tears of those who there parted with their sailor friends.

For hundreds of years, gem cutting and diamond polishing were almost exclusively monopolized by Amsterdam. To-day, the lapidaries of Antwerp are formidable rivals, and the honors of this branch of industry must also be shared with England.

There are immense establishments called diamond mills, many of them being entirely owned and controlled by Jews; and it is estimated that more than ten thousand Jews are employed in this branch of industry in Amsterdam. It is very interesting to watch the process of cutting and polishing, as I had an opportunity of doing in one of the largest manufactories. The building was six stories high, and filled from basement to attic with whirring machinery and hosts of busy workmen; all were engaged in some part of the tedious process of bringing a diamond from the rough to a perfectly cut and flawless brilliant. This is slow and difficult work, requiring a wonderful degree of care and exactness.

Of this we obtain a slight idea on being told that a stone of medium size often requires two months of continuous labor to bring it to its best condition; while some of the celebrated diamonds of the Old World have required as many years. The process is literally "diamond cut diamond," as one stone is used upon another, each being cemented into a wooden handle.

The workmen have their fingers protected by padded gloves; they hold the stones over boxes, which have finely perforated metal covers, through which the particles fall and are thus preserved. This dust is afterwards used upon a plate, which is made to revolve rapidly by steam power, and polishes the gem held against its surface. I noticed that each workman engaged in polishing had a watch hanging directly over his wheel, every detail of the process being carefully watched and accurately timed.

Should a visitor desire to examine some of the valuable stones, he would be taken into a very small office, where, upon a table covered with black velvet, the exhibit would be made. In such cases, several are in attendance. One package is cautiously removed before another is brought forward; every precaution being taken against mishap, and I might add, misappropriation.

These poor workmen are intrusted with jewels of such great value that a lifetime of labor could not atone for the loss of one. On the finishing touches, only skilled laborers are employed. Among the hundreds, I saw many who, I felt assured, had grown old in the service. I fancied that I could read upon their wan, spiritless faces the impress of such long-continued, monotonous toil, demanding constant anxiety, firm tension of nerve and muscle, close eye-work, and the nicest calculation in the manipulation of the precious gems. Each stone must repay the laborer in part with its constantly increasing brilliancy, while it mocks with its nothingness to him, although of intrinsic worth in its peerless beauty.

The inhabitants in the immediate vicinity of Amsterdam formerly had a high reputation for superior skill in bleaching linen, owing in part to some properties contained in the water used. Since the use of chemicals has come into vogue, the especial advantages of this part of Holland in that regard have not been so apparent. However, the manufacture of linen is still extensively carried on, and the large bleaching grounds are a frequent and interesting sight.

"In the moist, green fields outside the town
The damsels gathered as day went down,
And lightly spread on the clover blooms
Brown webs of linen from native looms;
That the light of day and dew of night
Might bleach the fabric to snowy white."

During the entire journey through Holland the same general features prevailed, as the routes followed all led among the artificially drained lands whose ditch-bound fields stretch away to the dikes of the North Sea. Everywhere the red-tiled or thatched roofs of the farmhouses, the broad, flat meadows, the grazing herds, the busy canals, and the huge, revolving arms of the windmills. For the latter the traveller has a profound respect, if not affection, by the time he has watched their working for several days; as he then realizes that it is their latent power alone that prevents him from knowing, by a dearly bought experience, that this country lies below the level of the sea.

The indescribably strange effect produced by the mathematical exactness of the boundary ditches, the air of quaintness and novelty which characterizes all Hol-

land, make it a most enjoyable place to visit. Although in my own case the almost incessant rain which fell interfered with some plans, and marred for the moment some pleasures, yet in retrospect, all that was disagreeable is so entirely a thing of the past, that the memory of sights and scenes there is utterly devoid of gloom, and invites to renewed acquaintance.

VI.

COLOGNE.

"What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet." — SHAKESPEARE.

"The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash your city of Cologne;
But tell me, nymphs! what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?"

IN approaching the city of Cologne, the spires and towers are eagerly scanned; only a glance is required to select the cathedral, for that conspicuous landmark is the attractive object to tourists in visiting this fortified capital of the Rhenish province of Bavaria, the oldest town upon the Rhine.

The history of Cologne really antedates the Christian era, as fifty years B. C., Agrippina, the mother of Nero induced her husband to found a colony there, which received her name. Of the strong walls of that ancient settlement some traces still exist. Among the ruins have been found sarcophagi, statues, and other remains of undoubted Roman origin.

As in all of the European cities, the new and old parts remain quite distinct, and differ greatly in appearance. While in the newer portion there are broad, smoothly paved thoroughfares, in the old the streets are very narrow, crooked, with rough stones for pave-

ment, and illy drained, are consequently gloomy, and abound in "the rankest compound of villanous smells." A few walks will suffice to convince the most sceptical that the disparaging comments made by Coleridge were well grounded. Certainly, if I did not detect "the two-and-seventy" distinct odors of which he wrote, it was only for lack of time and endurance.

The manufactories of Cologne are quite numerous, thirty of the principal ones within the city proper being devoted to the distilling of Cologne water, each manufacturer claiming to alone possess the secret of the fabrication of this well-known toilet article. At every church door, at your hotel, and upon the street corners anxious retailers are stationed, who remind you that the place is reached where the genuine article may be obtained, and that the firm they represent alone prepares it according to the original recipe, by the real Jean Maria Farina.

Near one of the churches, a house is pointed out as the birthplace of Rubens, which assertion is wholly unfounded. Fortunately for the fame of the house, it has still another claim to public regard, as it is a well-authenticated fact that Marie de Medici died there in exile.

The Rhine is at this point about one fourth of a mile wide, and is spanned by a fine iron bridge. A bridge of boats also affords easy access to the little town of Deutz, on the opposite shore. Of course the town contains a museum and the usual number of churches, which offer attractions to travellers: but be comforted by the assurance that as I did not see the former, I

shall have nothing to say about it ; and of the latter, I shall mention but two.

First, the church of St. Ursula, which cannot be ignored, since upon the very spot where it now stands, according to the tradition, eleven thousand virgins with their mistress, the beautiful English princess, were basely murdered by the Huns on their return from a pilgrimage to Rome.

The alabaster monument to the sainted Ursula occupies a conspicuous place in the grim old church, and the bones of the numerous martyred fair are artistically arranged in grated compartments, distributed throughout the building. The caressing manner in which the attendant priest handled and introduced the skull of Saint this and Sister that was very ludicrous. I could only conclude that he recognized the individual by the particular style of ornamentation ; as an embossed silver cap, gayly embroidered velvet band, or strip of scarlet flannel, in many instances, crowned and added a new horror to the grinning skull. Naturally, we were charmed by the sight of the treasures of inestimable worth contained in the golden chamber. It was intensely gratifying to see the bones of the left foot and right arm of St. Ursula ; then the quarts of teeth in a deep stone crock, which the obliging priest dipped up by handfuls, were pleasantly suggestive. There were sundry and divers other relics ; for instance, one of the jars which held the miraculous wine at the marriage in Cana of Galilee. Considering its years and the long distance it had travelled, I felt no surprise on seeing that it was slightly damaged. There were also two

thorns from the Saviour's crown, and a bit of the true cross. The few that I have mentioned and many more were shown with an air of solemnity as profound as if some indisputable dogma of the church was being proclaimed. I am suspicious that the calmness and utter lack of enthusiasm with which his most marvellous statements were received, must have suggested to his mind that he was dealing with heretics, who were sadly deficient in reverence for the objects so dear to a Romanist. The frequent sight of nails, thorns, fragments of cloth, and small particles of wood, exhibited as true relics of the passion of Christ, soon become abominations in the eyes of a Protestant. The marvel increases day by day as we hear the oft-repeated stories, how men, who are as intelligent and as well informed as the priests appear to be on general topics, can be so credulous upon religious subjects. They certainly act as if they credited the preposterous stories which they gravely tell as historic facts.

During the twelfth century, when there was so decided a revival of architectural interest throughout Europe, Cologne was not behind her sister cities in enthusiasm in this regard. Two centuries later, a second era of art development came to her; then it was in the province of painting.

It was in the height of the first awakening that the present cathedral was commenced, in the year 1248. The site selected was the place where a church once stood, built by Charlemagne during the ninth century, which was destroyed by fire. The work upon the cathedral progressed slowly, and a century had passed

before any portion was ready for occupancy; then the choir was solemnly consecrated. For another hundred years the edifice grew continually, but there followed several decades in which there was an entire suspension of enthusiasm. Another fresh impulse of zeal caused further progress to be made, until at the close of the fifteenth century, when work was abandoned, and all hope of seeing the building completed according to the original plans appeared to be relinquished. In fact, those plans were lost centuries ago, a small portion having been found in Paris within a few years; proving that the later architects worked by faith rather than sight.

Left to itself, the unfinished structure grew more and more dilapidated, until the climax of its degradation was reached when, in 1796, the French appropriated it for a hay magazine, even stabling their horses within its sacred walls; at the same time they aided its further destruction by the removal of the leaden roofing.

The original designer is supposed to have been a Meister Gerard, native of a small village near Cologne. To substantiate this statement is the fact that in the early part of the sixteenth century, the chapter of the cathedral made a grant to his descendants in recognition of his services.

The cathedral stands upon a slight eminence, sixty feet above the Rhine, upon a portion of the veritable camping ground of the Roman soldiery. It is only a short distance from the river, and quite near is the great Central Railroad station, at which point the tide of travel is in full flow; therefore, no time is lost by the

traveller entering Cologne either by the Rhine or the railway, before he may have a full view of this grand mediæval church. Shall I venture to admit that my first feeling was one of disappointment? The clumsy scaffolding still encumbered that portion first visible, and greatly marred the effect. However, in driving around it, in going to the hotel, it expanded into magnificent proportions, and rapidly increased in beauty.

The gigantic towers, which rose so far above the inferior surrounding buildings, seemed almost to touch the very heaven; the great portal and imposing façade were flooded by the bright rays of the mid-day sun, giving all the magical effect of light and shade, and bringing out into bold relief the statues and elaborate ornamentation of arches and pillars. The countless columns, buttresses, carvings, and reliefs caused a feeling of bewilderment; and it is only by taking time to study carefully some small portion of the designs that one is able to appreciate, even in a slight degree, the perfect harmony of detail, which indicates that one grand central idea must have pervaded those centuries of toil, and in a mysterious way have been transmitted from generation to generation, without losing its sublime significance.

Everywhere about the building there is a noticeable difference in the color or shade of the blocks of stone, showing where the crumbling blocks have been replaced by others, fresh from the hands of the stone cutter. Among the workmen are those who have grown gray in the service, as following in the footsteps of their fathers, they commenced work there as apprentices,

and know no other kind of labor. It is said that two or more hundred laborers were constantly employed in different parts of the church, but its great size prevented any knowledge of their presence. Occasionally, one would be seen quietly doing his appointed task; and I recollect, on one occasion, noticing several engaged in putting up a large picture, during the hour of service. I was quite as near as were any of the worshippers, and could see that nails were being driven; but the intervening distance prevented the noise of the hammer from being heard.

For centuries, it seemed as if the old German legend which records the compact between the original architect and his Satanic Majesty, with the final vow of the latter that the church should never be completed, would prove true.

Since I saw the cathedral in its unfinished state, the beautiful open-work spires have been added to the huge towers, and the whole Catholic world rejoiced when, a few months since, there occurred a day of jubilee in commemoration of the completion of the wonderful Dom.

The entrance to the north transept is finished in a comparatively plain style, the one at the south being quite the reverse. This imposing portal is embellished with finely wrought statues by Schwanthaler, the Munich designer; it was the gift of the Emperor William, and cost half a million of dollars.

The west front is the only portion where the original design has been perfected. There are the two towers, the three entrances; the central one being the magnifi-

cent arched portal, above which is the superb rose window. It is claimed that in every detail this façade accords strictly with genuine Gothic architecture of the twelfth century. The deeply recessed, pointed arch of this elegant doorway is more than ninety feet high, and thirty wide; the side entrances being in symmetrical proportion. The traceries, consoles, canopies, and statues embrace a great variety, of which no description can afford any adequate idea.

Midway of the central door, which is divided transversely as well as perpendicularly, upon a massive fluted column stands the life-size image of the Virgin and Child. Beyond the doors, on either side, but parallel with the central figure, the Apostles stand in niches. Above these the recessed arch is a mass of carving, groups, and statues rising tier above tier; the outside having ten rows, which diminish gradually to six. Each group or single statue is supported upon an elaborately carved pedestal, admirably designed to form a canopy for the next lower figure. Within the pediment are four groups, the lowest and largest being a representation of the Last Supper, filling the entire width. Above the arch two Gothic points spring upward; the lower is cut in a series of steps, each upholding a sculptured lion or other device; in the centre is a colossal statue of the Saviour. The second point terminates just below the rose window; within its angle sits the enthroned Virgin; the entire length of the massive beams being covered with fretwork and statuary.

The almost fabulous size of the nave produces an impressive effect. Clustered columns and sharply pointed

arches combine to form a beautiful perspective ; and the noble stained windows of different ages and styles give the necessary light in various exquisite shades. Some of the glass now in use has been preserved from the very earliest churches builded in the city, and the colors are rich and dark, although many of the designs are so antique as to seem extremely odd.

"I lift mine eyes, and all the windows blaze
With forms of saints and holy men who died,
Here martyred, and hereafter glorified ;
And the great rose upon its leaves displays
Christ's triumph, and the angelic roundelays,
With splendor upon splendor multiplied."

There are seven chapels, each with its splendid altar, pictures, carvings, and relics. The most interesting one is that of the Three Kings ; this is behind the high altar, and contains a shrine with fine and curious ornamentation.

Within this is a gorgeous crystal casket, in which, tradition says, rest the remains of Gaspar, Melchoir, and Balthasar. It is affirmed that these remains were taken to Constantinople by the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine ; later, transferred to Milan ; from thence they were brought to Cologne and placed in the old cathedral, in 1162 ; finally obtaining this sumptuous mausoleum. Some daring ones have ventured to inquire as to the precise merits of the Three Wise Men, and have expressed a desire to know upon what grounds is based their claim to adoration by the Romish Church ; but it is not wise to question church tradition too closely.

Undoubtedly the golden star which glistens upon the topmost pinnacle of the central turreted spire has its significance in connection with the legend of the Magi.

“Three kings came riding from far away, —
Melchoir and Gaspar and Balthasar ;
Three wise men out of the East were they,
And they travelled by night and they slept by day,
For their guide was a beautiful, wonderful star.

“So they rode away, and the star stood still,
The only one in the gray of morn ;
Yes, it stopped, it stood still of its own free will,
Right over Bethlehem on the hill,
The city of David, where Christ was born.”

On the payment of a slight fee, the cover of the reliquary will be reverently removed, and the visitor will be permitted to look in upon the tops of three human skulls, circled with crowns, studded with precious stones. I declined the pleasure, as having so recently seen the collection of doubtful bones at the church of St. Ursula, I was more than satisfied ; I had no desire to further tax my very limited stock of credulity,

Amid such a lavish display of the beautiful, incongruities are proportionably noticeable ; and there were several altar-pieces and decorations that were strikingly inappropriate. For instance, in one of the side chapels was a sitting statue of Mary, supporting the dead Christ. The figure of the Mother was life-size, and wore a yellow brocade dress, lace overdress, and gilt paper crown. The Son was represented as about suitable size for a boy of ten years, but with a full and heavy beard.

In a prominent position in the right transept was a group in composition, representing the bier of the Saviour, with several surrounding figures. The head of the one designed for Mary the Mother was crowned with a garland of pink roses, and the expression upon the face was indescribable ; while poor Mary Magdalen, with a coronet of white paper flowers above the discoloured face with its petrified appearance of grief, was an incomparable burlesque upon art. Indeed, the *tout ensemble* of the tableau was so irresistibly ludicrous that not even the solemn thoughts which should have been suggested by the scene, nor my veneration for the grand old cathedral, was sufficient to counteract the risible effect produced by the sight of that group. I sincerely hope that the kind — but not scrupulously clean — brother who was curiously regarding our party ascribed my emotion to quite a different cause.

The degree of inappropriateness shown in the majority of the Romanist churches, in thus mingling the common, and even the grotesque, with the sacred and beautiful, is incomprehensible to a Protestant. An altar of polished marble, with base of artistic bas-reliefs, is not enriched by the addition of cotton lace and cheap gilding ; waxy-faced saints, with beady eyes, clothed in cast-off finery, painfully contrast with tasteful and elegant surroundings ; golden candelabra and choice paintings do not require wreaths or bouquets of tawdry artificial flowers to enhance their effect ; and yet just such inconsonant objects intrude upon your notice, and for the moment force into the background your enjoyment of the grace and beauty found in the creations of artist and sculptor, which exist upon every hand.

Upon this edifice, countless sums of money have been expended ; and every means, legitimate or otherwise, adopted to increase the building fund. It is estimated that within the last forty years, five millions of dollars have been appropriated to this work. If figures were not so largely comparative, it might afford some satisfaction to give length, breadth, height, proportions of nave, and other measurements ; but I refrain, as such an effort would not accomplish the end designed.

If it were possible for one to imagine an immense structure, full pointed Gothic, made up of turrets, buttresses, cornices, canopies, statues, and aught else that could add a grace to a masterpiece in stone, then he might be able to form a more correct idea of the grand Dom at Cologne than mere facts and figures could give.

In its exquisite sculpture and elaborate finish, it seems in very deed fitted for a temple for the Most High ; abounding in signs and symbols, types and emblems, it is in full sympathy with the natural desire of the loving heart for an outward expression of affection and adoration. Commenced at a time when religious enthusiasm found its most complete expression in deeds, one cannot fail to recognize, in this and other mediæval churches, evidence of deep devotional feeling, which manifested itself in these creations of beauty and grandeur. Many generations cheerfully labored upon what must have appeared as an endless task, bringing all that could be gathered of the taste, wealth, and skill of six centuries to consummate the magnificent design. In its perfected condition, it stands to-day as a witness for all Christendom of the fact of possible achievement, even through disaster and discouragement.

VII.

UP THE RIVER RHINE.

" Whoe'er would sing the beauteous Rhine,
Its castled rocks and feudal towers,
And banks all crowned with royal wine,
Where reel the joyous festal hours,
Must wreath his pen with bacchant grace,
Distil the sun into his song ;
With purple joy its moments trace
And crowned with leaves be gentle, strong ;
Flow, like its stream, in varied rhyme,
And gild his verse with spoils of time."

J. D. SHERWOOD.

THE windows of the breakfast-room at Hotel de Hollande, just above the bridge of boats in Cologne, overlooked the quay where the "saloon steamer 'Friede'" was moored, advertised to go to Mayence that day, a journey of fourteen hours. Light goods and merchandise were being put on board, numerous passengers were hurrying thither, and at the moment when the confusion seemed to have reached its height we joined the number.

The majority of the passengers were evidently tourists, some business travellers; while upon the lower deck were the quaintly dressed men, women, and children, whose wooden shoes, odd head covering, and appearance generally does not cease to be a novel and interesting sight.

After a hasty glance at my prospective companions for the day, I looked about for any visible peculiarities. As everything about the construction of the *dampfschiff* was unlike other steamers, I shall not attempt to describe the "Friede," but only mention one or two conspicuous oddities. I noticed that in various places, and printed in different languages, cards were posted containing the regulations of the boat. Some of the rules were quite unlike any I had ever observed before, and strange enough to be easily remembered. For instance, each passenger must procure a ticket immediately upon reaching the deck, or payment of fare from the point of the boat's departure would be exacted. Another was, that if for fog or any other reason the boat should be delayed three hours, each passenger could require repayment of fare.

At last, after much din and confusion, blowing of whistles, and ringing of bells, we were under way. With a long, lingering look at the cathedral, whose prodigal display of beauties is not easily forgotten, I bade adieu to the city of the Three Kings, much cologne, and multitudinous legends, for a day upon the historic Rhine.

It was a delightful realization of the anticipations of years to be gliding along that majestic river, moving towards the peaks, cones, and rounded ridges of the Seven Mountains, one being "the castled crag of Drachenfels." The morning was not clear, — in fact, rain was threatened; but the haze that hung over the mistily outlined heights only made them appear more grand, and could not detract from the immediate scenery,

which was from the first charming. There were villages upon either bank, and glimpses were afforded of others among the hills. Now and again a chapel so isolated upon its lofty perch that until another curve was rounded no way of approach was visible, vines trained upon low trellises, and a background of hills, were only suggestions of what lay beyond.

As the boat neared Bonn, we had a fine view of that attractive city, with its long line of university buildings, substantial villas, blooming gardens, pleasant wooded parks and walks. Passing Bonn, the beauties of the scenery became more apparent, as borne upon the historic stream we reached the region where romance or legend whispered from every vine-clad slope, in warning that we were within the boundaries of the enchanted land. Moving along the stately panorama, we came to where, upon our right, stood the ruin of the castle of Godesberg, whose tall tower rose far above the little village upon the shore; on our left was again visible the Drachenfels.

Now the book of Rhine legends is fairly open before us: we soon glide by the little island of Nonnenwerth; upon the shore nestles Rolandseck, one of the most beautiful villages on the river. Three hundred feet above, upon a point of rock, is Roland's Arch, the last remaining relic of the castle of Rolandseck. You all remember the story of Roland, the Paladin of Charlemagne, who joined the crusade against the infidel hordes, leaving the lovely Hildegunde to await his return. Time passed on, and instead of Roland came news of his death; and the disconsolate Hildegunde,

in her desolation and grief, entered the convent of Nonnenwerth, to devote the remainder of her life to holy thoughts and heavenly deeds. But the bold crusader was not dead; although desperately wounded, he recovered and returned to claim his bride, only to find her lost to him forever. In his despair he built the stately castle, from whence he might overlook the island and convent, and see occasionally the form so dear to him.

“ Yet Roland the brave, Roland the true,
He could not bid that spot adieu,
It was dear still 'midst his woes ;
For he loved to breathe the neighboring air,
And to think she blessed him in her prayer,
When the hallelujah rose.”

At last he missed her ; the tolling bell and the solemn requiem of the black-robed sisters revealed the sad truth. The heart-broken lover never spake again ; but with eyes fixed upon the spot where she was lain to rest, was found sleeping the sleep that knows no waking.

The cloister, now used for an academy for young ladies, still stands gleaming white among the green trees of the peaceful island ; and far above, —

“ There is yet one window of that pile
Which he built above the nun's green isle,”

called Roland's Arch : there, lifted against the blue sky, it keeps watch and ward, in perpetual memory of the faithful knight and the no less faithful lady of his love.

After a few slight showers the clouds disappeared, and under a bright sky we glided past a succession of vineyards and castles, sleepy villages and thriving towns,

Gothic chapels on dizzy heights, wayside shrines and lofty-spired churches, giving a charming variety to the scenery.

At midday we were passing through some of the greatest wine-producing districts of the world. The peculiar arrangement of the vineyards is very unlike the custom at home; and it is necessary for one to remember that the vines are for fruit alone, before he can be reconciled to the straightness and regularity that prevail. Many are planted in serried rows, upon heights so nearly perpendicular that terraces and little walls of stone are requisite to prevent the fertile earth from sliding off the rock. We are surprised at the strong growth, on seeing the soil from which they appear to spring; but in reality they are planted in a thin stratum of arable land, often brought from a distance. Everywhere upon the sunny slopes the women were at work, picking the leaves, tying back the vines, and in all possible ways aiding the sun to reach the fruit; for it is upon their faithful care and labor that the vintage largely depends. Thick stems and stout branches uphold to the ripening sun close clusters of the winy grape; but no dainty tendrils reach out for support, no wayward spray tosses in the wind: all is practical and useful, but not beautiful.

Along the river bank runs the ever-aggressive railway; often in sight, then disappearing within a hill, or behind the wooded heights. The whizzing, shrieking locomotive, and accompanying rumble and clatter of wheels, waken many echoes; but alas! they too destroy many picturesque views.

Watch-towers, chateaux, and numerous ruins of mediæval times, vineyards and churches, quiet landscapes and sunny hills, are mingled in inextricable confusion as I recall those delightful hours. The beauties and realities of the present seemed intensified by their connection with history, legend, and imagination, until one is impressed and enchanted beyond expression.

In the distance appeared Ehrenbreitstein, that wonderful fortress of which history has given so faithful a record, and whose strength poets have embalmed in song. Founded upon a precipitous rock, four hundred feet above the river, it is utterly inaccessible upon three sides ; its massive fortifications have always been regarded as proof of great skill in military engineering. Its time-worn but still impregnable walls frowned upon and awed us with their seemingly increasing magnitude and strength, as we glided from beneath the shadow of the battlemented crag, and crossed the stream to beautiful Coblenz, nestled on the river bank ; behind it sweeps down the "blue Moselle," spanned by a picturesque arched bridge.

" From out the far horizon
The Moselle leads its wavy line of villages
Set in the emerald rim of vines, to meet the Rhine."

Not at once, however, does the lesser stream lose itself in the greater, as for some little distance the blue waters remain distinct from those of the gray, glacier-fed Rhine. The river is at this point one half of a mile wide, and a bridge of boats connects Coblenz with the fortress upon the opposite shore. A section of this

bridge was thrown open for the steamer to pass through, and we floated away from the imposing sight, by island and vineyard, until we reached the royal chateau or castle of Stolzenfels.

"O'er the river's level current Stolzenfels leans wondrous fair,
Like a sunset cloud in summer, pillowed on dissolving air,
With its burnished towers and balcon, and its bannered state and pride,
With fantastic battlements, sun-illumined, glorified."

The late king of Prussia rescued it from its state of ruin, and restored it with high towers and battlements of the Gothic style ; at times Kaiser Wilhelm sojourns there, and then, from the black and white twisted flag-staff on the top of the tallest tower, floats the imperial standard of Prussia.

Soon we passed Lahneck, with its imposing towers, and Königsstuhl of patriotic and political fame. Next came the grand castle of Marksberg, nearly five hundred feet above the Rhine ; this old fortified palace has the distinction of being the only one upon the river which has escaped destruction. It is a subject for congratulation that this old feudal fort has been redeemed from the degradation of serving the government of Nassau for a prison, as since 1866 it has been used for private purposes alone. Two winding paths lead to the fortified height, and a watch-tower guards the pass.

Many years ago, a German friend returning from his native land brought to me the engraving of a village near his home. It was a pleasant surprise to recognize that view in all its details, as we came in sight of Bornhofen ; the little village, with its pilgrimage church and convent, stretched back to the foot of a bold, rocky emi-

nence, upon whose two most prominent points stand the ruins of the twin castles of Sterrenberg and Lieberstein. It seemed as if the landscape had scarcely changed with the passing years. There were the broad fields of grain at the left, the noble walnut-trees along the bank, and the row-boats upon the shore; above, upon the terraced heights, were the vineyards in full fruitage. Under the circumstances, I naturally felt much interested in the legend of the Brothers, and will give it as briefly as possible.

Conrad and Heinrich — sons of the lord of Liebenstein — loved the beautiful Hildegarde, their foster sister. The generous Heinrich, concealing his affection, tore himself away and joined the Crusade, leaving his brother to win the prize. Conrad was successful with his suit; and the old lord, overjoyed at the prospect of the happiness of those so dear to him, commenced the castle of Sterrenberg for their home. Dying ere its completion, the marriage was postponed. Then Conrad, wearied of the fair damsel, also joined the Crusade; leaving Hildegarde in loneliness and sorrow, but in ignorance of his estrangement, hopeful of his return. At length he came, but brought with him a lovely Grecian bride to grace the Sterrenberg castle. Crushed with this proof of the baseness of the one she loved, the deserted Hildegarde remained secluded in her own apartment in the old home. A stranger knight claimed the hospitality of the castle; to meet the demand of that duty, she rose above private sorrow: she found in the wayfarer the chivalrous Heinrich, who had returned to avenge the wrongs of his foster sister. But when

the brothers met in deadly conflict, the loving Hildegard interposed and effected a reconciliation ; she then retired to the cloister of Bornhofen. The Grecian bride proved as faithless as fair ; the Sterrenberg castle was left to crumble unused, while the united brothers lived together and died in the home of their childhood.

I think that a fitting *finale* to this story would be, that at the witching hour of night the lovely Hildegard is seen to pace back and forth upon the narrow chine of rock which unites the ruined castles.

Then the immense ruin of Rheinfels was pointed out, as being the finest upon the Rhine. In its glory, this fortress was second only to Ehrenbreitstein in strength. At one time, it resisted a siege of fifteen months' duration, when the besiegers withdrew. Later, a force of 24,000 men was sent to take it : they stormed its massive walls in vain ; they were defeated, and the comparatively small garrison continued to hold the fort. At last, French powder laid it low ; and a magnificent ruin, the property of the Emperor of Germany, is all that remains of the old stronghold.

Upon our left rose the precipitous rocks where the water nymph, Lurlie, sat and sang so enchantingly that the sailors forgot to trim their sails, or bend to their oars ; bewitched by the sweet strains, they were drawn to their destruction in the whirling pool that seethed at the base of the siren's home.

Oberwesel, its churches, walls, and pinnacled towers, were supplemented by the extensive ruins of Schönberg ; then Cant, with its olden-time fortifications, and the lofty turrets of the castle of Gutenfels. Soon we reached the

small six-sided building called the Pfalz, which stands upon the rocks in the middle of the stream, and bears upon it the lion of the Palatinate. This has turrets and projecting corners; the only entrance being a window, six feet from the rock, which is reached by a ladder. This is supposed to have been originally intended for a toll-house; it certainly was conveniently located for the purpose of exacting tribute from passing boats, in the persuasive manner of the robber knights of the olden days.

“ Above the river’s hurrying swirl,
Cliff-anchored Rheinstein lifts its walls;
The kingly banners there unfurl,
And turret unto turret calls;
A mimic show of feudal state,
With donjon, barbican, and keep,
Where toy-like tower and modern gate
Rise o’er the piled and well-made steep;
Where warders show large storied wealth,
And share the gains they take by stealth.”

As we neared this picturesque fortress, fully restored in the style of its ancient splendor, the setting sun threw its golden rays upon the heavy pinnaced towers, the floating flag, and the ivy-clad projecting balcony, and gilded every sloping hill and jutting crag; in this mellowed light, the wooded heights and distant peaks took on new beauty.

Twilight slowly deepened into night, and on shore and hill twinkling lights succeeded to the glowing sunset and the hour of eventide. Under the starry sky, we went on our winding way; passing the rock amid stream upon which stands the Mouse Tower, deriving its name from the well-known legend of the cruel bishop of Hatto. The

sight recalled to my thought the fervor with which, in my childhood, I recited (?) Southey's familiar rendering of the story; even to the delicious horror I experienced in picturing the coming of the rats:—

“And in at the windows, and in at the door,
And through the walls by thousands they pour;
And down from the ceiling, and up through the floor,
From the right, from the left, from behind and before,
From within and without, from above and below,
And all at once at the Bishop they go.”

Then the increasing delight which the climax brought, when, in as sepulchral a tone as I could command, I repeated:—

“They have whetted their teeth against the stones,
And now they pick the Bishop's bones;
They gnawed his flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do judgment on him.”

Soon we passed “fair Bingen,” and glided onward beneath the bright starlight towards Mayence.

“And if reluctantly my eyes resign
Their cherished gaze upon thee, lovely Rhine,
'T is with the thankful glance of parting praise.”

Among our travelling companions upon that day of rare delight were the English tourists with their Mur-
rays, the Americans with their Baedekers, while the Germans in the more sensible way drank in all the enjoyment of the lovely scenery without consulting any book of reference. With the variety was the sociable American, whose efforts were persistent to induce one and all to express an opinion as to the relative merits of the rivers Rhine and Hudson; or at least to hear

his very decided and loudly expressed conviction that "the Hudson could not be beat."

To me the streams appear so entirely unlike that truly, "comparisons are odious." Upon the Rhine, every feature possesses the charm of novelty. The castled heights, the ivy-garlanded ruins, the sunny hills covered with vines bending under their luscious burden, the noble river reflecting in quick succession a series of varying landscapes, beyond the near ranges the loftier peaks,—all combine to form charming pictures, which are, in retrospect, as unreal and misty as was the blue haze that hung above them that glad day, and wavered in the glowing sunlight. While the Hudson is bluer and clearer, I cannot believe that any river runs that can truthfully lay claim to more natural beauties and interesting associations than the Rhine, —

"Gathering, as it proudly marches on its grand triumphal way,
States and empires, fair and hoary, founded at the peep of day;
Folding in its wide embraces, in its glittering jewelled arms,
Lordly mansions, towns, and cities, cottage meek, and bosky farms
Till at last, with hoarded treasure, full it leaps into the sea,
Like our lives, whose amplest measure onward flows to mystery."

VIII.

HEIDELBERG.

"This Heidelberg, rained on by cannon seven times,
Twice gutted by fierce pillage, thrice by flame."

FIRST the green valley of the winding Neckar, and the sloping hillsides covered with vineyards; then the town of Heidelberg, in its situation of romantic beauty, quaint and time-worn, but full of charm.

Crowded by the Castle Hill—or more correctly, the Jettenbrühl, a spur of the loftier Königsstuhl—to the brink of the Neckar, there is but space for three streets, which stretch along the river's bank for two miles. The expanding town sent its highways and byways to the base of the hill, and then, not content, they have struggled up the slope in the most picturesque manner.

Fronting the little square called the Corn Market, stands the Prince Charles Hotel, where we were soon established; finding pleasant rooms, excellent table, prompt attention, and every requisite comfort. Among the latter I desire to mention one item which might with propriety be deemed a luxury,—the light, warm beds of down, ready for use those August nights.

From our windows, we could look up to where the castle seemed perched above our very heads, and also see the continual procession of comers and goers, climbing the steep footpath, or driving upon the much

frequented road which leads to the castled height and beyond.

A drive up and down the principal streets revealed the characteristics of Heidelberg. The houses were queer in appearance, many of them being built of solid stone; tall, gray, and quaint, with towers and heavily barred shutters; others had steep roofs and odd projecting casements. The women walked the streets with the same firm, masculine tread as the women of Holland; their strength was so evident that the carrying of heavy burdens on their heads only suggested an easy task. I observed that a pad or cushion was worn, upon which the load rested; the hands were swinging idly at the side, not being required to balance the well-filled basket or heavy bundle.

One of the great attractions of Heidelberg, particularly to scholars, is the University, one of the first established in the German Empire. Its reputation is world-wide, and at different periods it has numbered many Americans among its students. Its numerous scholastic branches, extensive library, hosts of professors, and record of centuries, combine to make it a popular institution.

The fine macadamized road which winds up the hill soon attracted us thitherward; ivy-grown walls guarded the outer edge of the way, which in numerous curves ascended to the castle, which we passed to go beyond to the Molkencur, and still above that to the Königsstuhl. From that point a fine view is afforded, including many landscapes of varied beauty. Descending upon the other side of the hill, our way led by farms, with

their fields of grain, grazing flocks and herds, and small, productive vineyards. Before us was a constantly changing panorama, a mingling of woods, hills, rivers, and towns, as we wound down to the fertile valley.

Reaching the shallow river, we crossed upon a rope ferry, primitive in all its belongings, and drove along the level shore to the little village of Nouenheim. Quite near stands the well-known Zur Hirschgasse, the famous hotel where the students' duels take place. This barbarous custom has in a measure been done away with; but the frightfully scarred faces so frequently seen in this part of Germany afford evidence that the practice is not entirely obsolete among the ambitious youth.

We returned to Heidelberg across the handsome stone bridge, adorned with statues of Minerva and the Elector; under whose auspices it was constructed.

After this hasty glance at Heidelberg and its immediate surroundings, we again turned our attention to the chief attraction to strangers, the famous castle, standing half-way down the wooded slope of the Königsstuhl. Its extent, beautiful situation, historical associations, with remaining evidences of its former grandeur, have given to it the reputation of being "the most magnificent ruin in Germany"; experienced travellers add that with the single exception of the Alhambra, it is the most impressive relic of mediæval times. Hoary and old, it still dominates town and river. Behind, in fine relief, are the pine-crested hills; above and beyond, deeper hues from denser forest shades.

Erected at the close of the thirteenth century, it

stood unharmed through numerous wars and revolts, until Louis XIV. began the conflict which resulted so disastrously for this beautiful castle and many others, whose desolate walls to-day make historical ground of all Rhineland. At the time that the castle was burned, the town was also set on fire, and efforts were made to blow up the fortifications. The attempt was only partially successful; for the enormous charge of powder placed beneath the great round tower, instead of lifting the massive structure to fall in shattered fragments, broke off nearly one half of the cylinder, which still lies in the deep moat where it fell, a wall of solid masonry, twenty-one feet in thickness. Four years later, the destructive process was repeated, with gratifying results to the French. In 1794, lightning struck the doomed edifice, and its ruin was complete.

This building is a blending of palace and fortress; its cemented walls of fabulous thickness contrast strangely with balconies, terraces, and façades rich in ornamentation. Designed for a stronghold and thoroughly fortified, its exterior was plain, little being added in the line of embellishment, even upon the portion overlooking the town. Within the Schlosshof, the style of the architecture is extremely elaborate; though, as there were several buildings erected at different periods, there is quite a variety shown, both in form and ornamentation. Arms, statues, medallions, and various devices, elegantly wrought, abound; conspicuous upon one of the fronts is the imperial eagle with the arms of the Palatinate. The most striking façade is upon the structure known as the Otto Heinrich's Bau. This was built

three centuries ago, and the numerous niches of the three stories are filled with sculptured figures, or the remains of them; they are allegorical, Biblical, and mythological. The parapet is adorned with colossal statues of Apollo and Jupiter. Each window arch contains a medallion of an eminent man of antiquity; each window cap is supported by a carved lion, flower, head of griffin or other animal, arabesque figure, or odd device. The cornice of the grand portal is upheld by bronze caryatides.

In its original perfection it must have been grand, as now, one is enchanted by the splendor of its ruined state. The effect of all this shattered magnificence is really so bewildering, that whoever attempted a description would of necessity fail to do the great ruin justice.

Standing upon the terrace, an extensive and beautiful view is spread before us. At our feet sleeps the quiet town; beyond the town and bridge, the narrow Neckar broadens to mingle its waters with those of the Rhine, which winds through the expanse of country, revealed to our vision from this height. On the opposite shore is Heiligenberg: the crumbling ruin of an old chapel crowns its summit, and its slopes are rich with the clusters of the ripening grape; we catch sight occasionally of the noted Philosopher's Walk, as it appears now and again in its windings among the groves and vineyards. Beyond stretches the Odenwald, and afar, in the dim mist of distance, we faintly discern the Alsatian mountains. That scene is incomparable, and one is rich who has stored in memory's halls a copy of so magnificent a landscape, framed in by the everlasting hills.

Close at hand is the majestic ruin, whose only roof is the blue sky : but over broken arch and crumbling bastion, ruin-loving vines hang their clustered masses ; festoons of ivy wave in the wind, surround the broken columns, and drape the shattered windows ; rich masses of foliage conceal the moss-grown stones, and delicate ferns sleep in the shade of wall and moat. Still, tottering terrace and roofless hall speak eloquently of that day when in the beaks of the French eagles were borne

“ Fire-brands above the doomed Palatinate ” ;

and still are

“ The rugged halves not welded yet
Save by the ivy's pitying thick veils.”

IX.

STRASBURG.

"Lifting majestically to peopled heavens
Awe-struck stone anthems, not unheard of God,
Cathedral epics, voice of man's tall hour." — JOSEPH COOK.

WE reluctantly left the comforts and delights of Heidelberg after two restful, charming days; but we might not further delay, therefore an early hour found us *en route* for Strasburg for a glance at its famous cathedral, and then onward to Basle, as we purposed to sleep in Switzerland that night.

A few hours brought us near the old, strongly fortified city; and even in the environs, evidence of its importance was shown in the prevailing air of military activity. In every direction, earthworks were being raised, and massive fortifications of stone and brick being built; while soldiers in their fatigue uniforms were laboring at the works, waiting at the stations, or crowded into fourth-class cars being transported to another military point.

The extensive line of fortifications surrounding the city, upon which work has been in progress for years, fairly bristled with soldiers. Sentinels and standing guards were a perpetual reminder of the fact that we were traversing ground more than once warmly contested, and whose ownership on different occasions was

extremely doubtful. The warlike preparations seemed to indicate that the Germans intend to keep that which they have with difficulty regained from their avaricious neighbors.

In driving about for a look at the city in general, we came to the statue of Gutenberg, which stands in a *platz* bearing his name. This handsome memorial to the "father of printing" is of bronze; upon the pedestal are a series of bas-reliefs, symbolizing the blessings which his invention has brought to all parts of the world.

The cathedral at Strasburg claims to antedate all others yet seen, as King Clovis, of sixth-century fame, is said to have been its founder. Looking at its façade, the two square towers and immense rose window seem very like Westminster Abbey; but there the resemblance ceases. The carvings upon and around the principal entrance are so numerous as to appear excessive; as a consequence of this embellishment, much, otherwise full of significance, is crowded out of sight and memory. Artists and sculptors assert that the statues and reliefs include many specimens of the finest ancient Gothic work of that kind now in existence. Above the grand entrance are four equestrian statues: one of Clovis, date unknown; two others, the work of thirteenth-century sculptors; and Louis XIV., added in 1823.

During the bombardment in 1793, several hundred of the ornamental statuettes were thrown down and destroyed. The beautiful spire alone owes its preservation to the fact that it wore at the extreme point of its

surmounting cross a red metal cap, the badge of republicanism. Again, in the siege of 1870, many of the decorations were broken, numerous windows shattered, and the huge cross at the apex of the spire seriously bent by a projectile sent thither with malicious intent. Fortunately the interior escaped injury, and the damages to the exterior have been repaired.

The general design of the interior is similar to all the large cathedrals one sees abroad; but the superior breadth of nave and great height produce an unusual impression of stately grandeur. Fourteen clustered columns support the arched roof, which rises one hundred feet above the pavement. The light, admitted through the large windows of beautifully colored glass, adds to the harmonious effect of the grand perspective. We wandered through the side chapels, with their rich altar decorations and elegant memorials; but as I weary of this churchy repetition, will for this once spare my friends.

However, this cathedral contains one novelty: the astronomical clock, which is a wonderful piece of mechanism. It was built by a clock-maker of Strasburg, to replace one which had stood in one of the transepts for hundreds of years. This has been well described; but any person who saw the accurate model — one-seventh size, if I remember rightly — which was exhibited throughout our country several years since, would have a more correct idea of this curious and complicated machinery than could be obtained by any attempted description.

Standing upon the pavement, we look up, up to the

extreme point of the graceful, tapering pinnacle, which springs from one of the massive square towers to a height only rivalled by one spire in Europe, that upon the cathedral at Hamburg. This steeple mounts two hundred and fifty feet above the tower, making a grand total from the ground of four hundred and seventy feet. Nearly four hundred stairs are required to reach the platform of the tower; from this, four unfinished turrets rise, containing winding stairs, leading through lattice-work of stone to the lantern, so called, — really an observatory.

Higher still the venturesome climb, up the steps upon the outside, with no protection save the wall, to which they are supposed to be securely fastened. From the circular gallery of the tower, the turrets and lantern, the view is extensive and grand. This assertion I make positively, while candidly admitting that my knowledge upon the subject is purely imaginative.

This spire is a combination of grace and boldness; we know that it is builded of stone, while in appearance it is as light and delicate as filigree. Exquisite tracery and minute exactness of detail are revealed upon every stone; and the patient labor of the builder speaks in the noble result. Viewed as a whole, with its carvings, Gothic points, pinnacles, and network of open arches, the sublimity of this uplifted memorial of past ages is incomparable.

While waiting at the station, I was reminded, by the peculiar head-dresses of the women, that Strasburg is the capital of Alsace. The knots of ribbon, which the ladies at home had so gracefully worn, and called Alsa-

tian bows, seem very diminutive compared with the genuine ones upon their native soil. Those that I saw were made of black ribbon, about eight inches wide; each loop was ten or twelve inches long, wired into a curve, and the deeply fringed ends floated over the shoulders. As it would be impossible to wear any further covering upon the head, undoubtedly the fashion in Alsace demands no more.

X.

BASLE AND LUCERNE.

FROM Strasburg to Basle was a ride of five hours ; and as long as daylight lasted, there was much to interest in the varying scenery. Old castles and watch-towers upon distant heights were as much a feature of the country traversed, as upon the Rhine, although our great distance from the majority of them prevented more than a general view of outline.

It was evident that we were nearing the Alpine regions ; for some ranges could be discerned in the distance, before the sun set and the rain came. Then darkness seemed to settle upon the earth, and we entered Switzerland by one of its northern gates, without even the glimmer of a star ; and the twinkling lights of Basle only served to make "but rather, darkness visible."

A half-day in Basle gave ample time for a sight of the old-fashioned town, which has in some regards become partially modernized. However charming it might have been under other circumstances, it was not satisfying to linger long upon the threshold of Alpine scenery ; I, for one, was all impatience to press forward and possess that which had stood from time immemorial and waited for my eyes to see.

Therefore, the afternoon found us running through the midst of fertile lands, and by the little homes among

the hills, which were a surprise to me, in the evidences of taste and care which surrounded them. Plants in the windows and little beds of flowers were so frequently seen as to attract notice, amid the signs of poverty everywhere to be observed. The sloping hillsides were thoroughly cultivated; and although the middle of August, the farmers were haying, while the fields of grain were untouched. More women than men were working in the fields, and being served by various apologies in the way of teams. Sometimes four cows were harnessed to a hay-cart; frequently, a mule and cow driven together.

As the hours passed, we climbed higher up the outlying mountains; we ran around spurs of loftier heights; we crossed bridges which appeared to be suspended between heaven and earth; we ran into rocky depths, where sight was a thing of the past, only the blackness of darkness around us, and thick smoke.

Onward we went through a succession of such changes, until more and more clearly defined before us stood the precipitous crags and rugged cliffs of Pilatus, and near at hand, in pleasing contrast, the long fresh ridge of Rigi. We passed through groves of firs; we wound around the banks of the river Reuss, whose green waters, clear as crystal, emerge from Lake Lucerne with the swiftness characterizing a mountain torrent; and then, crossing a long bridge, we were at Lucerne, — Rigi and Pilatus on either hand, and afar the snow-clad heights. To me this seemed, in very deed, entering into the glory, and with the new experience came an uplifting of body and spirit.

"Who first beholds the Alps — that mighty chain
Of mountains, stretching on from east to west,
So massive, yet so shadowy, so ethereal,
As to belong rather to heaven than to earth —
But instantly receives into his soul
A sense, a feeling that he loseth not,
A something that informs him 't is a moment
Whence he may date henceforward and forever?"

Every one says that there is little to interest the tourist in Lucerne, and what everybody says must be true; but we will take a hasty survey of the place. A long line of handsome hotels faces the lake, but is separated from it by an avenue shaded by walnut-trees, a well-kept boulevard, and a substantial quay. There are several streets of shops, filled with the finest of embroideries, curiosities of carving, and many novel and attractive articles. Then the quaint old covered bridges, with their numerous faded-out paintings, are something of a curiosity: one has illustrations of Swiss history, mingled with representations of incidents in the lives of the patron saints of Lucerne; the other has the cheerful adornment of the "Dance of Death."

Upon the lake, little steamers are coming and going, to and from various points upon the shore; pleasure boats filled with gay parties, joyous with song and laughter, are floating over the blue waters.

Beyond is a superb view: the green hills, then loftier rocks brown and bare; farther, peaks above peaks are seen through the blue haze. Grim Pilatus is a prominent feature of Lucerne; it is believed by those who regard tradition to have been so named from the ignominious Pontius Pilate. The story is, that remorse drove him

out a wanderer upon the face of the earth ; and reaching the then desolate mountain, from a high, barren cliff, he plunged into the lake, and thus ended his wretched life.

The "Lion of Lucerne" is in more than one sense the lion : that noble monument to the memory of the Swiss guards who fell in defence of the Tuileries. Who will say that being designed by Thorwaldsen does not give an additional charm to this monarch among lions ? Reclining in a cool, shady grotto, transfixed with a broken lance, dying, he still guards with his paw the shield of France and lily of Bourbon. Shrubs grow thickly around the edge of the huge sandstone cliff, and vines creep over and drape the massive rock with their drooping sprays. At the base is a deep, quiet pool, into which ever drips, drips, the trickling stream from an unseen source.

Nearly out of the town stands the old cathedral ; still farther back are the watch-towers and ancient wall ; and that is all that recurs to my mind at present. All ; for if one attempt to analyze a charming town, upon the shore of a lovely lake, in the very heart of Switzerland, the effort must be a failure. To me, Lucerne seemed one of those delightful and attractive places where it would be a joy to "bide a wee."

XI.

RIGI.

"If Pilatus wears his cap, serene will be the day;
If his collar he puts on, you may venture on the way;
But if his sword he wields, at home you'd better stay."

THE sign included in this old saying was favorable, and we ventured to take passage upon the small steamer for Vitznau, the terminus of the Rigi Railway. Although, to inexperienced eyes, many indications of rain seemed apparent, no one presumed to be sufficiently weather-wise to dispute the predictions of Pilatus, the trusty barometer for Lucerne and vicinity.

As we moved from the quay, leaving behind the rugged mountain, upon our left in striking contrast rose the grassy slopes of Rigi; each in its peculiar characteristics seemed like an old friend, after the brief acquaintance of a day. Removed from our close surroundings, there were to be seen in the distance an endless number of piled-up mountains and great peaks painted against the sky; and to crown all, a glimpse of the solemn, white-robed Jungfrau.

It was a delightful sail upon this fairest of lakes, with the mingling of the grand and picturesque in its varying scenery, and the two hours were quickly passed. At Vitznau, the train was awaiting the arrival of the boat, and looked, as it was, adapted to steep inclines,

with the locomotive apparently standing at an angle of forty-five degrees.

But I have no intention of being tiresome with dull, useful information concerning this route; I simply desire the privilege of stating briefly that I shall never, never again speak disrespectfully of the "fifth wheel of a coach": for to middle rail, pinion wheel, and cog we owed our safety in the ascent of that inclined plane. We made the distance of four and one half miles in one and one half hours; a slow progress, that gave ample opportunity for the enjoyment of the ever-changing views. One of the wildest spots was where an iron viaduct, supported by two pillars of the same, crossed a deep, wide gorge. It appeared as if suspended in mid-air, and looked frail as gossamer, compared with the might of its surroundings. Down in the depths of the ravine, where the mountain torrent rushed and roared, forming falls and cascades in its rapid passage over the huge boulders, I only saw a silvery thread winding among the rocks one hundred feet below. Then we were lost in the darkness of a tunnel, and emerged from its gloom upon the verge of a cliff whose perpendicular wall rose high at our right, while at our left the precipitous rock hung over space and depth that seemed unlimited.

As we went up, up, the world — our immediate world of Vitznau, Lucerne, and the lake we had just left — gradually fell away from us, while in the natural sequence of the law of compensation, new beauties and glories revealed themselves; new peaks and domes came out from the mountain mist to bid us friendly

welcome, as we climbed the fresh, green slopes of the northern peak of the Rigi range.

It was at the midway station of Rigi-Staffel that I saw the first Edelweiss. Some tourists claim that it grows only upon almost inaccessible heights; others go to the opposite extreme, and insist that it is easily gathered at any point among the Alps. As I saw none growing, my experience was necessarily different; for want of the opportunity, I neither plucked it from the verge of a precipitous rock nor from the wayside: I bought mine from a little mountain maid, at ten pfennigs a bunch. I know that it is quite the fashion to disparage the Edelweiss, while many wax eloquent in descriptions of the Alpine rose. Tastes differ: I like the former, while I think the latter ugly; and am sure some will agree with me, when I add that its color is magenta. However, I gratified my especial preference by frequently purchasing from the children the "noble white," and sending it to friends in home letters; simply because of the significance of the legend that peace and happiness would abide with those who received and cherished the modest Alpine flower.

When we left the cars, at the station behind the last projecting shoulder of the mountain, Rigi-Kulm Hotel and the summit seemed just before us. But mountain distances are proverbially deceptive, and the air was quite too light to afford breath and strength for the remaining climb, without experiencing great fatigue. At last, breathless and nearly exhausted, I gained the hotel, only to take a brief rest before ascending the trifling rise to stand upon the very verge of the tall, flat cliff.

The isolated situation of this peak, more than its great altitude, makes it the desirable point from which to secure an uninterrupted view; the gazer from Rigi occupies a radiating centre, from which in clear weather he may command a singularly beautiful and varied panorama, whose grand circumference is three hundred miles.

Rigi is about the height of Mount Washington, but what a contrast! Our mountain is bleak and bare; the white, dwarfed, dead skeletons of the pine-trees telling the story of arctic chill and desolation. Upon the fertile slopes of the Rigi flourish the almond, fig, and chestnut; hundreds of cattle graze upon its pasture lands, and on every side is to be seen the chalet of the peasant.

Though the pleasure of a clear sunset was denied us, the clouds lifted for a moment, giving a charming glimpse of the valley; then, rolling away in the distance, we had a vision of the Bernese range, with the Matterhorn and other famous peaks: these only suggested to our minds beauties and glories as yet unrevealed, for which we must await the morning. As the sun disappeared, fog and mist enveloped us; and groping our way to the hotel, we gladly sought the cheerful parlor and the comfortable fire.

Warned that the horn would sound at four o'clock the following morning, if there was a prospect of a visible sunrise, I retired at an early hour; but alas! not to sleep. The rarefied air so increased my circulation and poorly supplied my lungs, that I found a recumbent position impossible; so, snugly packed in a down bed,

with numerous wraps (for the night air was filled with a chill and penetrating dampness), I watched the long hours through, and as my windows looked towards the east, I saw the first indications of the approach of morning.

Finally, when the dull gray of the heavens began to show a flush of color, the horn sounded its welcome call. Then what a buzz and whirr ran through the corridors of Rigi-Kulm! Ten minutes later several hundred shivering, chattering people were standing upon the high platform, or leaning over the balustrade that guards the edge of the cliff, all in a state of excitement and eager expectancy. A party of lunatics, hastily attired, might present a similar appearance to the crowd there gathered. Most of the toilets possessed the charm of novelty, and there were some unmistakable articles worn which could not properly belong to the effects of a traveller; and I felt fully persuaded in my own mind that a portion of the number had neglected to read the warning notice, posted conspicuously in each room, in reference to the appropriation of any article of the bedding as a wrap. Pardon this digression, which however may give something of an idea of what was really part of the scene, as we waited in the chill, gray dawning, with ardent hopes that we might not wait in vain for the sight denied to many.

To my fancy, we were like the fire-worshippers of the East, as we watched for the coming of the god of day. We were no more of the earth: clouds, white, fleecy, and foaming, wavered beneath our feet, without a glimpse of land or water; and in the dim, hazy light,

far up among the shifting mists, rolling above us, grand mountain ranges were outlined on every hand.

To our mortal eyes was given a wonderfully expansive view, and the boundaries of our vision were heaps of everlasting snow. The clouds rolled forward and backward; detached billows of vapor touched the point upon which we stood; at last, as if a mighty hand had rent the veil between heaven and earth, a vista was opened at our feet.

Lake Lucerne lay sleeping in a gulf that held in its depths, towns, villages, lakes, and rivers; the lower surrounding hill-tops showed through the retreating mass of white, billowy clouds, like emerald islands in a sea of foam. Then a new radiance came in the east; bright, warm hues spread to the zenith; the far-away heights took on tints varying from rose to blood-red, and their snowy sides glowed with color. Brighter grew the heavens with flaming tints, until the sun, like a burning globe, appeared and flashed his splendor upon the mountain-tops. Ranges, needles, cones, and peaks received the baptism of fire, and stood arrayed in raiment of gold.

Then, more uplifted might pierced the mists of space, and was fully revealed; grand, magnificent in the glory of the morning sun. Streams of light flooded the world below, and all nature smiled beneath the beams; rivers flashed in the rays, and eleven lakes showed their sparkling faces, scattered through the valleys and among the hills. Villages and solitary chalets awakened to activity, and a superb landscape of wonderful loveliness lay at our feet.

" I return, and leaning
O'er the parapet of cloud,
Watch the mist, that intervening,
Wraps the valley in its shroud.
And the sounds of life ascending
Faintly, vaguely meet the ear :
Murmurs of bells, and voices blending
With the rush of waters near."

Recalling that scene, limited only by the distant
domes and peaks, robed in white raiment, I marvel if
the vision Bunyan saw was more fair, when from the
Delectable Mountains he beheld the Celestial City.

XII.

DOWN FROM AND AROUND RIGI.

A HUNDRED happy people were ready for the early train, down from the heights into the world. All had realized the consummation of their hopes, by the sight of that glorious sunrise; and each one was willing to believe himself exceptionally favored on hearing an American gentleman — of leisure, presumably — state that he had waited three weeks upon Rigi, in the daily expectation of witnessing the spectacle of a clear sun-rising, and until that morning in vain.

In passing through the mountainous districts, it was a continual source of wonderment to me how the inhabitants managed to exist. Their resources appeared so limited that I was not surprised to learn that with the majority of the peasantry, life was an unceasing struggle barely to keep the wolf from the door. Men and women alike bear the burden of out-door toil; they carry hay, cheese, and every kind of commodity in long baskets, strapped upon their backs, and which rise far above their heads.

The women have hard, misshapen hands, faces wrinkled and browned by unremitting toil and exposure to wind and storm. It was painful to see the discouraged, hopeless expression their faces wore, as if life for them held neither comfort nor gladness. The children, too, wore the anxious, business look belong-

ing to maturer years, as they offered their flowers or bit of carving for sale, as if they fully realized that the tourist season was their harvest.

The emblems of the religious faith of the Swiss are strewn over mountain and valley. In obscure places is frequently to be seen the cross, upreared in memory of Him who bore it; and in niches of the rocks or within wooden shrines are rudely carved images of one or more of the saints; in front of these, the poor women are often seen kneeling, with folded hands and air of deep devotion.

The steady down-dropping to the lake was very enjoyable, and the time seemed only too short until we were at Vitznau.

Again we went upon the little boat, and steamed out over the bright waters, shadowed only by the passing cloud or the abrupt cliffs that lined the shore.

Lake Lucerne is made up of inlets; here and there, it thrusts out a long, narrow arm, which penetrates the rugged crags and receives a new name. At Brunnen, to all appearance, we had reached the extremity, as dark rocks and perpendicular walls hemmed us in. Suddenly a rift was visible in the heart of the bluff; our boat rounded a jutting crag, and we floated into the Lake of Uri, surrounded by impressive heights.

We had reached the centre of the land of heroes, and the fact was recalled to us on every hand. At our right, upon a pyramid of rock, in huge gilt letters, was an inscription to "Frederick Schiller, Bard of Tell."

A little farther on, and a spot was pointed out, conspicuous in its rich verdure among barren crags, where

the brave men from the three cantons of Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden met to form plans for the deliverance of their country. It was in arranging for this conference in some secret place that Schiller makes one of the trio, good Walter Fürst, say :—

“On the lake’s left bank,
As we sail hence to Brunnen, right against
The Mythenstein, deep hidden in the woods,
A meadow lies, by shepherds called the Rootli,
Because the wood has been uprooted there.
Thither by lonely by-paths let us wend
At midnight, and deliberate o’er our plans.”

The tradition among the simple peasantry is that upon the spot where the confederates stood to take their solemn oath, three fountains sprang forth, and that there the noble three yet remain to keep watch and ward over their loved country.

A German poet wrote :—

“The three great Tells are sleeping
In noble Switzerland;
Their motionless watch they’re keeping
In Rutli, on the strand.
By the lake where the roaring waters
Of the forest cantons flow;
They ceased from wars and slaughters
Five hundred years ago.”

Here, surrounded by grand heights, clothed with the stately mountain pine, is the very place concerning which Ruskin wrote: “Leaving the most sacred spot of Swiss history, the Meadow of the Three Fountains, you bid the boatman row southward a little way by the shore of the Lake of Uri. Steepest there on its western side, the walls of the rock ascend to heaven. Far in

the blue of evening, like a great cathedral pavement, lies the lake in its darkness; and you may hear the whisper of innumerable falling waters return from the hollows of the cliff, like the voices of a multitude praying under their breath. From time to time, the beat of a wave, slow lifted, where the rock leans over the black depth, dies heavily as the last note of a requiem. Opposite, green with steep grass, and set with chalet villages, the Frou Alp rises in one glow of pastoral light and peace; and above, against the clouds of twilight ghostly on the gray precipice, stand myriad by myriad the shadowy armies of the Unterwalden pine."

Upon the shore at the base of the Axenberg, bathed by the waters of the lake and deeply shaded by stately trees, is the romantic chapel named for Tell, and which contains coarse frescos rudely illustrating scenes in his life.

Landing at Fluelen, we drove to Altorf for the purpose of seeing the fountain with the colossal statue of Tell. It is claimed that this stands upon the identical ground where the unhappy father stood during the painful moments when he was so cruelly tested by the tyrant Gessler, and not found wanting.

The village of Bürglen stoutly maintains its right to the honor of being the birthplace of Tell; and quite near it, on the banks of the river Reuss, — where he was drowned in the attempt to save the life of a child, — is another chapel devoted to his memory. It is to the first-mentioned of these that the Swiss make their annual pilgrimage, and with various festivities celebrate the day. It has been handed down as a historical

fact that at their first gathering, at the close of the fourteenth century, one hundred persons were present who had personally known Tell. Sceptics say that Tell was a myth; but history and tradition record his deeds, and besides, that sublime faith in the intrepid deeds of the man who has been for centuries, and still is, the highest ideal of bravery and patriotism in the heart of every child in every civilized land, utterly forbids that one should do such cruel violence to his better feelings as to doubt what each one wishes to believe.

Under the brightness of an unclouded sky we moved towards Lucerne; on through sparkling waters, whose green depths mirrored the gigantic crags, which at times seemed to spring perpendicularly from the lake and almost overshadow us with their might. There were rifts through the rocks, which afforded glimpses of quiet hamlets among the hills; or a dominating peak pushed white head or shoulder above the lesser points within our vision.

Passing the forest-clad Bürgenstock, we glided among a series of grand panoramic views, until again nearing frowning Pilatus, and facing Rigi, smiling in her verdure and bloom, we were at Lucerne.

Exceeding all of the visible sources of enjoyment with which the two days of absence had been filled, was the fact of an added personal experience; that sight which enabled me now to know, what before was dimly discerned by the eye of faith, that over and beyond the purple-crowned heights were the Eiger, the Jungfrau, the Schreckhorn, and a host of mighty peaks, whose feet were in the clouds and whose summits pierced the heavens.



XIII.

BRÜNIG PASS.

"O Nature, mother Nature, she hath borne us on her breast,
Till her own great heart is beating in flow with our unrest.
She hath mountains, weird and kingly, with the clouds upon their head,
She hath fearful thunder-places, where the storm is bred;
But strength and safety gird her, sea-depth and mountain-bars,
And peace is where eternity dwells among the stars."

CARL SPENCER.

It was raining when we left Lucerne; but we were ticketed for the Brünig Pass, so we must and so we did. The lake was cold, gray, and dull; Pilatus was enveloped in thick clouds, and every indication was unpropitious. The boat was small and crowded to an uncomfortable degree; and as there was no cabin, all must be sheltered beneath the awning. Fortunately, all of the passengers were in an amiable mood; consequently, gloomy weather and personal discomfort were not allowed to materially mar our pleasure.

On arriving at Alpnach, a new difficulty was encountered; arrangements had not been made to accommodate nearly all who desired to make the pass that day, and a perfect Babel ensued. Again telegraphy served us well, and we were soon in a comfortable carriage, with a party of Friends from Philadelphia, to make out the complement, and started over the smooth, hard road upon the long-anticipated pleasure ride, in a genuine down-pour.

8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

For several miles we were continually beset by peasant women, girls, and boys, to buy fruit, berries, milk, eggs, cookies, flowers, and other articles. At first, it seemed rather romantic to thus have refreshments brought to the carriage door ; but its repetition at every turn, or steeper grade where a lesser rate of speed was necessary, finally became rather monotonous.

We ascended in long windings, through shady forests ; now and again emerging to look at the valley we were so gradually leaving, where were quiet hamlets, so isolated that it seemed as if no influence from the outside world could ever penetrate their seclusion.

It was not long before we came to the Rossberg, which so long ago sent down its mountain-tide of earth and rock, covering Goldau and its five hundred villagers, leaving them in the deep, wide grave where the swift avalanche found them.

"Mountains have fallen,
Leaving a gap in the clouds, and with the shock
Rocking their Alpine brethren, filling up
The ripe, green valley with destruction's splinters ;
Damming the rivers with a sudden dash,
Which crushed the waters into mist, and made
Their fountains find another channel : thus,
Thus in its old age did Mount Rosenberg."

Although nearly a century has elapsed, the broad, bare strip adown the mountain-side, upon which no verdure has since grown, is still a perpetual memorial of that fateful day.

By the time that we had passed through the forests, the rain had ceased, and the bright sunlight brought out every little detail of the valley lying at our feet in

perfection. The clustered villages to which the brown threads of road led, the white houses with red roofs, the churches with tall spires, the prim rows of trees, were duplicates of the toy villages in which the American children delight. I could readily imagine how the idea of that miniature hamlet originated in that land of carving, where such pigmy landscapes are always to be seen from the heights.

The river rolled past the well-tilled farms and through the little villages; between these hamlets strips of road wound to and fro; on the opposite side of the broad valley the rocks were lifted high; and farther beyond, loftier peaks pushed their dazzling snows into the sunshine.

At the summit we stopped at the Brunig-Kulm Hotel, to dine and to rest the horses. The experience there was rather amusing; and as we sat down to the thoroughly uninviting table, at least one member of the party thought regretfully of the neatly served and appetizing viands, so easily spurned before the mountain appetite was gained. The register, with its broad column for remarks, contained good evidence that our experience was not unique. It was apparent that the inmates of the hotel were not familiar with the English language, and that the criticisms had not wounded their feelings; for the book was pressed upon our notice, with an earnestness which could only be accounted for by the suggestion made by one, that they expected to receive more complimentary (?) testimony. I only added after my name the short but expressive portion of the German proverb, — "Silence is gold."

The descent was even more delightful than the ascent, as the view was more extensive. The perfect road, level and smooth as the floor, clung to the side of the mountain, guarded by posts of stone : each long, winding curve showed some new beauty.

The river Aar was always in sight in its valley bed ; although at that season an inconsiderable stream, its dull, glacier-tinted water suggested possibilities of strength and power from unseen sources. Before us lay the beautiful valley of Meyringen, with its clustered hamlets and solitary homes, in the midst of surroundings of great grandeur.

Across the wide, green valley, where gray peaks and upright walls were the boundary, appeared to be the home of waterfall and cascade. The queen of all was the Staubbach, or Dustbrook, as it came tumbling over the edge of the cliff, and long before half of its leap of a thousand feet was accomplished, broke into a veil of shimmering mist and spray ; and upon this, rainbows played and fantastic forms appeared. Later we had the superb Oltschibach, and a sight of the Reichenbach, with its wonderful bound and curved down-dropping into atoms of brightness among the sombre-hued evergreens on either side.

There were grand old woods whose shaded by-paths invited into glens where turf like velvet was bright with Alpine flowers, whose faces yet sparkled with the undried rain ; and beyond grew the mountain pine, whose breath is fragrance.

Again the abrupt crag above us, and dropping as far below ; then a broad, overhanging rock, under which

we passed ; next a terraced Alp, whose grassy sides were dotted by grazing flocks ; the musical tinkle of their bells was the only sound that broke the silence, save the burst of some tiny waterfall from the bowlders at our right, or a cascade, dancing, foaming, bubbling, gliding over the broken masses of rock.

To me, the most charming feature of all was revealed when in our zigzag ways we came to a shady, rocky nook where ferns grew, of undreamed-of luxuriance. Moss, nourished by the trinkling mountain rill, formed velvety drapery for rough stones ; over this, vines trailed and ferns nestled between, nodding their delicate fronds to each other across tiny threads of rivulets.

Again, upon lichened rocks, dainty flowers bloomed in their brightness, moistened by the spray from a wandering cascade, rioting regardless of bounds ; then within a deep forest shade, fragrant with spicy odors, another vagrant waterfall made glad music, as it tumbled from its home, and in foam-burst and mist sought a new course in hidden by-ways. Vines veiled the darkened stones, and mosses of vivid color lit up the enchanted recesses.

Does such a showing of Nature in her loveliness accord with your ideas of Alpine scenery ? If not, raise your eyes, and behold her grandeur in the unending chain of cones, peaks, and needles which bound your horizon.

It is in this unceasing variety that the charm of Swiss scenery is most apparent : from the quiet valley to the sublime heights where the torrents spring and

the avalanche gathers force for its down-crushing ; from "green pastures and still waters" to solemn glaciers. Such diversity in a succession of landscapes made that day a gladness.

It sometimes seems to me as if the mountains have voices which speak in accord with our mood. Are we troubled? In full sympathy with our depressed condition stand the pitiless heights ready to crush us ; the gray rocks wear the sombre livery which blends with our sad feelings ; the sighing of the restless wind among the melancholy pines is only the echo of the storm raging within our soul, and whispers of mysteries, tragedies, crushing defeat, and hopeless sorrow.

In another mood, when happiness floods our very being, we find additional joy and strength in the grand uplifting presence of the everlasting hills. The purple-crowned heights are sublime, but full of hope and gladness. We are thrilled with the song of a bird, and hear strains of melody in the rushing stream ; the gloom of yesterday is all brightness to-day ; the whisper of the pines breathes only blessing and cheer, as we await its message. The glamour of beauty rests upon all nature with the peace of a benediction, and we are lifted into a haven of calm repose, in the pure joy of simply living.

"Our tender mother Nature, she has a word for each :
To-day, or else to-morrow, she'll name you in her speech."

XIV.

GIESSBACH FALLS.

“ Gliding from ledge to ledge, from deep to deeper,
Went to the under-world.”

It was our original intention to proceed at once to Interlaken ; but we were easily persuaded to so modify our plans as to remain at Giessbach over one night, to witness the illumination of the falls.

Therefore when we arrived at Brienz, the terminus of the Brunig road, we went directly on board a little steamer, and crossing Lake Brienz, only two miles in width, were landed at the foot of the wooded height, down which come the seven cascades of Giessbach ; only one, the lowest, being visible from the lake.

Far above us were hotels, to which a winding road led. As the ascent looked formidable, I took a *chaise à porteur*, which was carried by two mountaineers ; I enjoyed the novel experience greatly, and rejoiced at every turn that I did not attempt to walk, as the height from the lake to the terrace was six hundred feet. Upon the broad plateau stands a large hotel, and at one side and lower down is a second, built several years since, but which does not command as fine a view. The Giessbach was thronged with people ; guests crowded the porches and balconies ; new-comers were negotiating for rooms, and in every department were bustle and general activity.

In fact, the scene was similar to that at a New England watering place in the height of the season, and quite unlike anything before seen on that side of the Atlantic.

In full view from the hotel and its surroundings was the little stream as it issued from the rock at the summit of the wooded elevation, 1,200 feet above the lake. The hill was particularly attractive, owing to the variety of shades in the foliage of the trees, shrubs, and vines which covered the slope; forming a rich and variegated garniture for that charming bit of nature, amidst the impressive grandeur of the Bernese Oberland.

We found the hotel delightful, and the attendance all that could be desired. The service was given by girls, who wore the national costume, which is exceedingly pretty. The dress is usually of some black material, with low bodice of black velvet, the yoke or collar cut square. The chemisette and full sleeves are of white linen, stiffly starched. At the shoulders, chains of silver are fastened, brought forward under the arms, hanging loosely to the waist, and then secured to the front of the bodice with ornamental clasps. The clasps are sometimes of filigree, at others they are sets of Alpine crystals; but in some variety are universally worn, being considered quite an essential ornament. Only among the extremely poor is steel substituted for silver.

The night closed in with great darkness, and later, a fine mist fell. The spacious verandas afforded shelter for all, and seats were secured there long in anticipation of the hour appointed for the illumination. At half past nine o'clock the great bell rang; then from

out the darkness a fiery rocket shot heavenward, followed after the interval of a moment by a second.

When these signal lights had burned out, and all was again darkness, far above our heads, from out of the gloom of a starless night, burst forth a fairy waterfall ; then another above ; a third and a fourth below, lighting the gorge as with a noonday radiance.

The four cascades came down towards us in a brightness which made every leaf and twig visible : the first dashed between the evergreen banks like foaming silver, and plunged from sight only to reappear as the second, with increased volume ; in the third, the broadened current wildly leaped the precipice ; in the fourth and last, the broken waters bubbled, seethed, and foamed amid the rocks ; finally, with a rush and roar, the added impetus derived from diving into hidden abysses and secret clefts, disappeared beneath our feet.

Gradually a sapphire brilliancy spread over tree, crag, and picturesque ravine, through which leaped an azure flood ; it lasted but a moment, and then was changed : a series of ruby cascades descended with a glare too suggestive of war, bloodshed, and conflagration to be beautiful, though intensely dazzling in their fiery hue. Another transformation, and a glow like the glory of sunset diffused itself through the ravine. A glare as from molten gold was upon the rushing stream which poured through the bed of the cascades, and gold-dust for spray fell on tree, shrub, and rock.

Yet the most beautiful was reserved for the last. By degrees, a vivid green enveloped every portion of the hill, chasm, and tumbling waters. It was of that exqui-

site emerald hue which suggests enchanted grottos, the nereids' home, and the cavernous depths where the mermaids dwell. It was too beautiful to last: the brilliant hue died away in delicate opaline tints, faded into white, disappeared; then, darkness.

"With a new color
The last still loveliest, till — 't is gone — and all is gray."

XV.

INTERLAKEN AND THE JUNGFRAU.

"Vast as mysterious, beautiful as grand,
Forever looking into Heaven's clear face;
Types of sublimest faith, unmoved ye stand,
While tortured torrents rave around your base."

It was a short journey to Interlaken, by rail, through a recurrence of the scenery which the past few days had made so familiar. The little village, literally "between the lakes," lies upon the plain, called the Bodeli, which stretches from Lake Thun to Lake Brienz.

We went to the Hotel Victoria, a handsome house with spacious grounds, from which a fine view of the Jungfrau may be obtained at such times as her white-robed Majesty deigns to show herself. To our regret, the hotel was full; apartments were shown us in a *dépendance*, and remembering Him who was under similar circumstances cradled in a manger, in all humility we accepted the proffered rooms.

Interlaken is a favorite resort for tourists, particularly the English. It was evident that the loyal subjects of the worthy queen patronized her namesake, as a thoroughly English air pervaded the house; in the large, gloomy, uncomfortable drawing-room they were in full force, and there was no possibility of mistaking their nationality.

The characteristics which distinguish an English

gentleman are too well known to require any mention. In the case of the lady, even if one did not observe the ugly, broad-crowned satin hat, the illy shaped shoes, the dress of sage-green, faded drab, or other nondescript hue, there would still be one unfailing sign remaining: she can always be recognized by her stare. This distinctive accomplishment of the majority of the Englishwomen with whom we meet in travelling abroad has reached a degree of perfection which I trust will always remain unattained by the American women. As our humble names were registered along with lords, ladies, and other titled grandees, it is possible that the annoying staring, which might be considered a rudeness in plebeians, was simply characteristic of the nobility, and one of the privileges of their exalted position.

Interlaken has one fine avenue, the Höhweg, shaded by grand old walnut-trees; upon this are situated the largest hotels and the attractive shops. Between the oft-recurring showers I visited many of the latter, finding most exquisite carvings in wood and ivory, a great variety of Alpine crystals, delicate hand embroidery, and dainty netting. One is constantly tempted by the especial novelties displayed in each place visited, although not able then to fully realize how much more desirable they will appear when removed from their wholesale surroundings. It is often questionable if the little mementos, so painstakingly gathered, are not really more valuable to the purchaser than to those for whom they are designed. Not that our friends fail in appreciation of our efforts to please; but upon the principle that the most troublesome child is usually the pet

of the family, so the box or parcel, which is an additional annoyance at every customs examination, which is daily packed and repacked when each inch of space must be husbanded, becomes after a few weeks, worth its weight in gold to the one taking such thoughtful care.

As clouds were thick around and above, there was scarcely a hope of seeing the Jungfrau that day; but a delightful surprise was in store for us. A short time before the sunset, we were hastily summoned. Across the Lauterbrunnen Thal, through a gateway of the nearer hills, we looked—not where we would seek for an ordinary height, near the horizon, but seemingly midway to the zenith, where the Jungfrau stood, with her icy crown and mantle of eternal snow, which shone with the brightness of whiteness. At her right was the Silberhorn, at her left the Schneehorn, while wooded heights appearing to belong to the same range made a striking contrast in color; in reality, twenty rough miles lay between.

If to my eyes, unaccustomed to mountain scenery, Rigi and Pilatus had seemed majestic, what could I say in that impressive presence? Only that standing in the sheltered valley, amid bloom and beauty, I had looked afar, where the queen of the Bernese Oberland fascinates with her imperial loveliness, though but a type of endless winter and desolation.

With surroundings of grandeur and sublimity on every hand, commonplace amusements appear more than ordinarily ignoble; but a rainy evening in a grand caravansary, though near majestic mountains, need not be

passed in sighing for the unattainable. It is certainly better to be entertained by strangers than bored by yourself; then, too, such an excellent opportunity to observe human nature and study national peculiarities should not be ignored. It would be impossible to mention a tenth of the amusing idiosyncrasies noticed; but in a general way, the gayety of the evening is worthy of portrayal.

Shortly after dinner, the sound of music drew me to the drawing-room; thinking that I detected the familiar tones of different wind and string instruments, I supposed that the musicians were in an adjoining room, and naturally ascribed any little peculiarities to the fact that it was foreign music. I realized my ignorance later, on learning that a species of hand-organ represented the orchestra on that occasion.

After the waste of much sweetness, a German couple stepped upon the floor, and were soon whirling in the rapid waltz so familiar to them. Several of the English soon followed their example; affording—in those rare intervals when they were not colliding with the Germans or each other—an opportunity for observing their method of dancing. If any can, “let these describe the undescribable”; I shall not attempt it. Their dancing could hardly be called a dissipation; on the contrary, each face wore a fixed look of determination, a “do or die” expression, as they frantically galloped up and down the room, regardless of music or time; or halting abruptly to disentangle themselves from a critical situation, resumed their wild chase. I wondered if in every mind the predominant thought was

not concerning the length of time that it would be possible to endure such violent exercise.

Even while wishing that the festive throng might have an opportunity of witnessing our style of dancing, my thought was answered by the entrance of one whose neatly fitting dress of black silk, and entire toilet, from the tie of her simple French hat to the tip of her dainty shoe, bespoke the American lady. Her sweet young face beamed with intelligence and animation ; and when at the proper moment, with her escort, she stepped upon the floor, and glided around the large room in the graceful curves of a quiet waltz, every eye was upon her. I overheard numerous comments : such as, "Who is she?" "She must be an American"; "I never saw any one dance like that!" Probably the latter statement was true, and the contrast between their own awkwardness and the grace of the young stranger must have been a revelation. I trust that no one will be shocked to learn that I experienced a profound sensation of pride while watching my fair countrywoman. In each movement was natural grace ; but the charm of charms was in her seeming unconsciousness.

While the significance of the difference in the two modes of dancing may not "point a moral or adorn a tale," I am sincerely hopeful that our English cousins, on that occasion, comprehended the breadth of the chasm which separated their uncouth movements from the ease and polished elegance of the young lady from America. After she withdrew, the mad careering of the others continued ; but as the entertainment was not sufficiently inspiring to win to the dissipation of late

hours, I did not remain long, but soon walked meekly out into the night and sought my humble apartment.

The following day was Sunday, and the morning dawned gloriously ; it was, in very deed, a day of rest. Attended morning service, and was delighted to find an American clergyman occupying the desk, my uncultured ears being thus assured of relief from the monotonous intoning common in all of the churches abroad. At four o'clock, a second service was held at the same church, and a new pleasure enjoyed in the privilege of hearing the bishop of Central Pennsylvania. In its deepest sense, I appreciated the blessedness of that Sabbath, after passing so many "first days " which had seemed very like all other days of the week. There was the restful calmness of a perfect day, the joy afforded by the double service, and the charm of the continual presence of the white glory of the Jungfrau in her unclouded queenliness,

" And her, whose throne is inaccessible,
Who sits withdrawn in virgin majesty,
Nor oft unveils."

XVI.

BERN.

"Once upon a time, there were Three Bears, who lived together in a house of their own, in a wood. One of them was a Little Small, Wee Bear, and one was a Middle-sized Bear, and the other was a Great Huge Bear."

THE above quotation, being considered sufficiently brilliant for an introduction to an article in one of our standard magazines, I am sure it will not be deemed unworthy in point of literary merit to serve as a significant heading for the little I may say concerning Bern; that city which has, at least in legend, a mythical origin in which Bruin bore a conspicuous part.

Bern is regarded as a characteristic Swiss city, having preserved its ancient and peculiar features more fully than any other of the large towns of Switzerland. In the old portion of the city the streets are very narrow, and the houses are built partially over arcades; beneath these covered galleries there is a paved way for pedestrians, upon which numerous shops open. The old houses are massive in appearance, being constructed of hewn stone, and look capable of resisting a siege.

Throughout the city, the ornament most frequently to be seen is the bear; if one had never heard of Bern, a few moments there would convince him that what the stork is to Holland and the ibis was to ancient Egypt, so is the bear to Bern: a species of tutelar deity. On

first entering the city, you observe, high upon the posts of one of the principal gates, two of these creatures of colossal size, cut in granite. They figure also on towers and pedestals in different parts of the city, and the bear is one of the chief devices upon the municipal escutcheon.

For centuries, living specimens have been kept at the expense of the government; appearances indicate that no care or expenditure has been spared to render them comfortable. They live in a spacious den, with granite floor and walls; the top finished with coping of cut stone, over which their visitors may lean and interview them with ease and safety. Their sleeping apartments are caves within the rock, furnished luxuriantly, as bears count luxury; and reservoirs furnish bathing facilities. To add still further to their present enjoyment is the fact, that they are relieved from all apprehensions of poverty in the future; a wealthy citizen having by legacy secured to themselves and their successors a competency.

As a visit to the Clock Tower was on the programme, we timed our going in order to be present when the clock should strike two. A moment before the hour, a wooden cock gave the signal by crowing and clapping his wings; then a troop of bears came out from a small door in the tower, and marched in front of the statue of an old man with a long beard, supposed to represent Time, and disappeared within a door upon the other side. The cock repeated his signal, the hour struck. Time turned an hour-glass, also marking the strokes by raising his sceptre and opening his capacious mouth;

at the same instant a bear at the right graciously bowed twice. Then a stone image appeared upon a balcony above the recent performers, and struck two powerful blows upon a large bell, with a hammer. The cock crowed lustily for the third time; and as there was no reason to doubt that it was two o'clock, the crowd dispersed. This performance always attracts many visitors; it is said that there are those living within sight of the clock who have not for years missed an hour, unless unavoidably. It is really quite an interesting exhibition, and worth seeing as one of the curiosities of Bern.

One of the largest fountains is ornamented with a bear in full chain armor: helmet on his head, sword at his side, and banner in his paw. The most famous one, however, is the Kindlifresser-Brunnen. This is surmounted by a monstrous, hideous ogre, in the act of devouring a child; others, destined to the same fate, protrude from his pockets and writhe in his girdle. A troop of bears stand guard below, in most amusing attitudes. This is a large fountain, in one of the principal squares of the city; yet around the granite wall forming its base, a number of women were gathered engaged in washing,—rubbing, pounding, wringing,—all of the time accompanied with a lively flow of conversation and merry laughter.

At still another fountain, a score of men, women, and children were engaged in washing bottles, regardless of the passers-by. The mentioning of these common street scenes may serve to give an idea of some of the customs, which strike the traveller as extremely novel.

After exhausting the bears of Bern, the wood carving next claimed attention. The shops devoted to this class of goods are numerous, and the variety exhibited is unlimited. Aside from the specimens of ornamental carving to be seen in all of the Swiss towns, in Bern, the bear necessarily received due attention ; and I think we saw thousands of bears in wood, for every one before seen in stone. They included every size, age, and description, and they were placed in every position or engaged in every occupation in which men could be imagined ; many of the designs being very ludicrous.

Back of the city, and one hundred feet above the Aar, upon a sandstone rock, where the fortifications were originally, the plateau has been transformed into a terrace or promenade, called Schänzli. From this commanding position a complete view of Bern and environs may be obtained, and also of distant and extensive mountain ranges. The outlook was superb, even though clouds obscured the view ; these, with the light mist which fell at intervals, dispelled all our hopes of seeing the Alp-glühen, for which that position was particularly desirable.

Yet as we waited in the shadow, the rays of the lowering sun struck upon the snowy sides of the distant mountains of the Bernese chain, and then touching their icy peaks, they were changed to gold. It was a beautiful scene, though only a suggestion of what "might have been" if the wonderful phenomenon of the glow of the Alps had been fully revealed.

"Only far up in the blue sky
A mass of clouds, like drifted snow
Suffused with a faint Alpine glow,
Was heaped together, vast and high,
On which a shattered rainbow hung,
Not rising like the ruined arch
Of some aerial aqueduct,
But like a roseate garland hung
From an Olympian god, and flung
Aside in his triumphal march."

In the cathedral is a very fine organ, the rival of the celebrated one at Freiburg. As it is played at a regular hour each evening during the summer season, we went at the appointed time to the old Gothic church, whose walls rose more than three centuries ago, and in the "dim, religious light" which prevailed, groped our way through the long aisles and among the clustered columns. That immense edifice of gray stone was feebly lighted by a few candles, placed within lanterns, which were fastened against some of the huge pillars; the result being that the rays of light were not as conspicuous as were the broad shadows. The magnificent organ is over the vestibule, and the audience was seated at the opposite end of the church, directly in front of the altar. Possibly fifty persons were present, who in silence and semi-darkness waited.

At last a master hand awakened the keys to life, and the full tones of the grand instrument flooded the building. All agreeable sounds were included in the waves of melody, from the sweetest minor strains to the deepest, richest chords.

The selections were all beautiful, but the one descriptive of a storm was grand. The introduction was soft

and low ; then, mingling with the harmonious notes, came the prolonged sighing of the wind among the trees and the sound of rustling leaves, followed by the low patter of the first scattered rain-drops, the muttering of distant thunder, the break and fall of tiny twigs. Gradually the wind increased in violence, the rain fell faster, the twinkling of the mountain brook became the rush of a wild torrent, and the rumbling thunder changed to a continuous roar. The rising gale whistled and shrieked as the down-pouring floods came more heavily. The fury of the storm increased ; there were terrific blasts of wind, succeeded by the crash of falling trees ; the thunder burst above our heads like the report of artillery, echoing in the vaulted arches of the dome, in growling, slow-dying murmurs like an imprisoned fiend. Peal on peal resounded, and each was supplemented by nature's own addition to the effect, in the vivid flashes of lightning which lit the cathedral with a dazzling glare ; for a genuine storm was raging without.

By degrees the strength of the tempest subsided, the roar ceased, the rush of the dashing torrent again became the gentle murmur of the rivulet, and reviving, smiling nature spoke in strains of ravishing sweetness. The music was grand to the point of sublimity, and was listened to in almost breathless silence.

"Till at last the work was ended, and no organ voice so grand,
Ever yet had soared responsive to the master's magic hand ;
All the vaulted arches rang with the music sweet and clear,
All the air was filled with glory, as of angels hovering near."

XVII.

THE RHONE, GENEVA, AND LAKE GENEVA.

"Thou royal river, born of sun and shower
In chambers purple with the Alpine glow,
Wrapped in the spotless ermine of the snow
And rocked by tempests. . . .
A king among the rivers : on thy way
A hundred towns await and welcome thee ;
Bridges uplift for thee the stately arch,
Vineyards encircle thee with garlands gay,
And fleets attend thy progress to the sea."

LAKE GENEVA, its picturesque scenery, and many associations of deep historic interest, with two days of rest and quiet enjoyment in Geneva, are pleasant memories.

To see Geneva in its completeness, it should be regarded in the light of history ; but for such study the ordinary wayfarer has neither the time nor inclination. Yet the relations of past and present may not be wholly ignored, even in the most hasty visit there. You feel that you have taken a step backward when looking at the grim cathedral, whose towers rise among the tall, queer houses of old Geneva, now crowded back to the very hillside ; for you remember that there Calvin the Reformer preached, and also, from thence John Knox went out on his mission.

Lake Geneva and the towns along its shores have furnished homes for many of the unfortunate and op-

pressed. At Ferney, Voltaire built his "little Paradise," the hospitality of the people, as well as the charming scenery, being his temptation. It was in the little hotel at Ouchy called the "Anchor" that Byron wrote some of his most beautiful poems, while nourishing his morbid fancies; but it was at the Villa Diodati, out of sight of the lake and Mont Blanc, that he finished "Childe Harold" and wrote "Manfred." In the village of Coppet stands the villa in which the Neckars lived; where Madame de Staël held her intellectual court, gathering about her an illustrious society. Between Ferney and Geneva is pointed out the chateau once occupied by the beautiful and famous Empress Josephine; later, by the brilliant but infamous Lola Montez.

Planted in deep waters upon a jutting rock rises the battlemented Castle of Chillon. The old fortress, it is claimed, was used for a prison as early as the ninth century, but owes its celebrity to the story so delightfully clothed in verse by Byron; legendary though it may be, we all look with additional interest upon the walls which tradition says imprisoned Bonnivard, the heroic advocate of Swiss independence, for six long years. Towers and turrets, darkened by time, give to the exterior so dismal an appearance that one can readily believe that within are dungeons where "the damp vault's dayless gloom" was never lightened.

De Saussure, the geologist, Merle d'Aubigne, the founder of the Free Church of Geneva and theologian of world-wide fame, a host of philosophers, scientists, and celebrities, have claimed this city as their birth-place, or in later days added to its intellectual fame and helped to make its history.

"Here the self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau,
• • • • • first drew
The breath which made him wretched."

Here too, after his stormy life was ended, his native city honored his mad genius by calling the first little island in the Rhone by his name, and placing thereon his bronze statue, surrounded by a few tall poplars.

To omit a rhapsody upon this lake may seem like a pointed omission in one who has found so much everywhere to enthusiastically admire. Remembering that Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Rousseau, and Voltaire have immortalized it; that Byron sang in sweetest strains the praises of its beauty, finding in its clear depths a warning

"To forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring,"

I am content to indorse all their eulogies, and remain silent while my heart pays full homage to its charms.

The deep tint of its blue waters has always attracted attention; it is said to be even more noticeable in winter than in summer. The lake is certainly very blue, as is the water of the Rhone at this point. The crystal purity of this sparkling stream is in decided contrast with the infant river, described by the ancient Romans as "issuing from the gates of eternal night, at the foot of the pillar of the sun." The last is a guide-book quotation, and I suppose that it is the poetical rendering of the fact that the Rhone has its origin in a glacier. From this home it starts a feeble rill, but brings down its constantly increasing volume, travel-stained with plunging among rocks and grinding over mountain-

sides, to the southern extremity of the lake, which it enters a gray, turbid stream.

Purified by its journey of fifty miles through the clear waters, it comes forth blue and sparkling, just by the quays at Geneva, and darts its arrowy current beneath the bridges, hastening on its course to the Mediterranean.

The old and the new cities, united by six long bridges, have a picturesque as well as a prosperous appearance. There are broad streets, massive quays, substantial buildings, and well-ordered pleasure grounds, with ornamental fountains and statuary in abundance. Although the public edifices are neither numerous nor elegant, there are several that possess a claim upon our regard, apart from any architectural consideration.

In many ways Geneva seems like a French city, that language being generally spoken and in its purity. Among the laboring class, the maids wear the tidy regulation cap, and the workmen the blue blouse, as in Paris.

Among the unfamiliar street scenes noticed upon the Continent, with none was I more impressed than the appearance of the washerwomen. My recollection is that I was rather pleased with the sight, in passing through the Netherlands, of the women kneeling in little boxes by the side of canals and small streams, engaged in performing a very common task in a novel manner; but to see the shores of Lake Geneva and the banks of the Rhone appropriated to laundry purposes, while of interest as a feature of foreign travel, was still a blot upon a scene of beauty. With the

promise that I will not allude to this subject again, I trust I may be pardoned for stating how the business is managed in Geneva.

Long, open sheds, or covered boats, which can be anchored wherever it may be desirable, are the places used for this purpose. Near our hotel, in full view from the quays, the business streets, and the principal promenade, one of these boats was stationed, with its long line of boards extending into the water. There every day the women assembled in full force, and went through the various processes connected with washing, from morning till night; among them, pounding the linen with a wooden paddle was a prominent and noisy feature. The business was accompanied by laughter, singing, and scolding; also, as I found to my embarrassment on venturing near for a closer observation, with jest and merriment at the expense of the looker-on. I wondered if the swift-flowing Rhone never swept away in its impetuous race some valued article from the family wardrobe, a bit of linen, or a web of lace.

I am reminded that English tourists, observing this out-of-door performance of what is at home considered a household duty, are very prompt in affirming that they are the only nation using hot water and soap for laundry purposes. Think of the cruelty of that libel, American housekeepers! when we all know by actual experience that in every well-regulated home, fifty-two days in each year, some member of the household is doomed to a species of self-immolation within a room redolent with the odor of boiling "suds," and where the presiding priestess of that altar often reaches an

unenviable mental state while undergoing the process of being parboiled by heated vapor.

Owing to the delightful situation of the Beau-Rivage, it was only necessary to lift the eyes to behold a scene of varied beauty. It was a charming landscape, in which the blue, rushing Rhone, Rousseau's Island, and the Bridge of Mont Blanc, formed the foreground. Looking across and beyond the old city, there were to be seen the ample slopes which nourish some of the richest vineyards in Switzerland; farther, there were the wooded heights; and still onward, the wondrous Alpine world.

Those Geneva days were like the summer that we left at home, so intensely warm that we were content to take sight-seeing in a passive way; for the sun's rays beat down pitilessly upon every living thing, and the blue of heaven held never a passing cloud.

Under such a sky, and through the soft haze which hangs over distant objects in such an atmosphere, I first saw Mont Blanc, — far away, but pure and bright with its own shining.

“Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains :
They crowned him long ago
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow.”

XVIII.

ONE DAY'S JOURNEY.

"O gift of God, O perfect day!
Whereon shall no man work, but play;
Whereon it is enough for me,
Not to be doing, but to be;
Through every fibre of my brain,
Through every nerve, through every vein,
I feel the electric thrill, the touch
Of life, that seems almost too much.
And over me unrolls on high
The splendid scenery of the sky;
. . . steep sierra far uplifts
Its craggy summits white with drifts."

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

FROM Geneva to Chamouny is said to be the finest and most popular diligence route in Switzerland; and as it is a full day's ride, the start must be made at seven A. M. Therefore, promptly at the hour, we were at the office of the *Messageries Nationales*, where we found a number of others in waiting; at the appointed time, four diligences left the Grand Quai, each with its complement of passengers.

It is possible that every one knows just what a diligence is; but I did not until that morning, — although I felt intimately acquainted with the vehicle before the day closed, and Chamouny was reached, a distance of fifty miles. I am not positive that I can clearly describe it at this late day, but will make the attempt.

It is a large and very high stage; the seats are upon the top, to which the passengers mount by the aid of a ladder. There are four wide seats which carry five each, and are protected by an awning open at the sides. The driver and guard occupy a position somewhat lower; the ladder, baggage of the passengers, and supplies for the horses are all carried within the body of the diligence. Thus arranged and with every available space filled, the load is drawn by from four to six horses.

With all due respect for those companies in Switzerland and Italy who adopt that style of vehicle almost entirely, I can but think that some inventive genius might improve upon it; making it not only safer, but more comfortable and less taxing to the horses. Those were first changed, after we had traversed possibly fifteen miles; as the road for that distance was nearly level, they showed little fatigue. With the next relay it was quite different. The grade was steep, and the utmost efforts of guard and driver, with voice and whip, did not prevent them from frequently coming to a dead stop, while their exertions were painful to witness.

The gentlemen, in the hope of lightening their sufferings, often walked long distances; the ladies doing the same on several occasions. Modesty forbids that I should mention the feats of pedestrianism which I performed that day; but as mounting to my position upon the diligence was the most of an ascent that I made while among the Alps, I am duly grateful for the opportunities which the day afforded.

Our route first led through the new suburbs of

Geneva, where are many handsome villas, with ornamental surroundings; then through the gardens of the valley, the fertile farms, and little French villages, — for we were going into the province of Savoy. Fortunately for us, that frontier is exempt from impost, and for once we escaped the tiresome custom-house formalities.

The scenery became more picturesque as we advanced towards Bonneville, a town of considerable importance, being the capital of the province. It is situated in the midst of a highly cultivated valley; on the right are rugged limestone rocks; on the left, a wooded pyramidal-shaped height, called the Mole, bounds the landscape. The hard, smooth road wound among the fertile fields and through the picturesque hamlets until we crossed the river Arve, and commencing to ascend more rapidly, penetrated deeper into the gorge, as we realized by the narrowing of our boundaries.

It was on that day that I saw for the first time those miserable creatures, the cretins. At every place where we halted, one or more would appear with outstretched hands; each exhibiting, if not with pride, certainly with no appearance of shame, his particular deformity. When repulsed from one side of the diligence, they made all possible speed to gain the other; in many instances we were followed by them for long distances, importunate for further alms. Nothing which I had heard or read concerning them had conveyed an idea of their repulsiveness; the idiotic grin, the shambling gait, the misshapen bones, the pallor, and the hideous deforming goitre told the sad story of their affliction. The prevalence of such a scourge, so widespread and

terrible, among the fertile valleys of the Alps, may well enlist the thoughtful attention of scientists and philanthropists.

Onward and upward as we went, we were never out of sight of the wildly rushing Arve. Bolder precipices shut us in; immense barriers of rock seemed directly in our path and looked impenetrable. Over the craggy heights, beyond the river, stray mountain torrents leaped to join the stream so far below.

Among the many, the beautiful cascade of Arpenez was a reminder of the Staubbach, though its fall was not nearly so great. But it poured over the cliff with just such a burst, scattering into atoms; those gathered themselves again and yet again, to tumble anew among the jagged rocks. That white, foamy, animated bit of nature was before us for many miles; and its persistent efforts to bring together mist and spray to form a new current won our enthusiastic admiration.

Higher and higher we climbed, and the scenery grew proportionately wilder; great crags, bare and brown, towered hundreds of feet above our heads; others, dropped as far below, down to the milky Arve, which dashed over the huge boulders that formed its bed with an impetuous speed indicating power sufficient to sweep all obstacles from its path.

We dove into tunnels, and crawled around dizzy steeps; there were hours filled with a repetition of grand and impressive sights, to which no description can do justice. The freshness and sweetness of the high mountain air came to us through the firs that clothed the wooded crags near at hand, and we were

fanned by the cool breath of glacier and ice field which reached us from afar.

Then the cliffs opened, the valley seemed to expand; forward at the limit of the great gorge was an appearance of misty, mighty shapes, that were neither earth, sky, nor cloud. Gradually those took more clearly defined form; a broad expanse of luminous whiteness was revealed.

"To me they seemed the barriers of a world,
Saying, Thus far, no farther;
And they before me still, oft as I looked,
A strange delight, mingled with fear, came o'er me."

I had seen Mont Blanc from Geneva, flooded in the noontime radiance of those perfect summer days, which brought to my very window the glitter of the blue-white mass fifty miles away. Now I realized that I was within the domain of the "Monarch of the Alps"; not a faint, a doubtful view, but the king revealed in his glory.

Surrounding peaks and domes resolved themselves into palaces and temples; icy needles, those isolated pinnacles seen through a thin veil of silvery mist, were imploring fingers stretched heavenward. All around were uplifted heights; between were the vast glaciers and the "Sea of Ice"; in the midst, white and shining, was the ice-crowned king, and his royal robe of ermine was everlasting snow. It seemed so near heaven that the blue sky rested upon its white brow, as if in blessing; so near earth that mortal eye might look upon its majestic beauty, without mist or vapor or fleck of passing cloud between: yet so far, in its impressive majesty,

purity, and glory, that with a feeling akin to worship, I thought only "of the great white throne, and Him who sat upon it."

"Who whispered unto us of life or death
As silence closed upon our hearts once more?
On heights where angels sit, perhaps a breath
May clear the separating gulfs; a door
May open sometimes betwixt earth and Heaven,
And life's most haunting mystery be shown
A fog-drift of the mind, scattered and driven
Before the winds of God; no vague unknown
Death's dreaded path, — only a curtained stair;
And heaven but earth, raised into purer air."

XIX.

CHAMOUNY, OVER THE TÊTE NOIR AND BRIEG.

ENTERING Chamouny, at the close of that day of rare enjoyment, was going again into the world, into an immediate recognition of bodily wants, and into a full appreciation of personal comforts. We cannot dwell forever upon the heights; and it is noticeable that in descending to common levels, we very soon forget recent stirring events, and even experience a positive relief in engaging in the most ordinary occupations of life. The day had been simply another of those delightful Swiss days, which I believe to be unequalled in depth, breadth, and fulness; but it was past, and although the contrast was great, it was pleasant to be quietly settled in comfortable rooms in Hôtel d'Angleterre, just by the clouded ice-stream whose erratic course we had followed from dewy morn to dusky eve.

Still in our sight was the lordly Mont Blanc, while we rested in a well-filled, busy hotel, as I found on going upon the lower floor. There were weary tourists, returning from the day's lengthy expeditions; new-comers were with great enthusiasm negotiating for mules and guides for the morrow; and the general activity was a decided change from the experience of the day, spent among scenes of impressive grandeur.

A lively atmosphere pervaded the crowded *table d'hôte*; conversation in a half-dozen languages was to be heard

on every hand ; there were viands in season and out of season, — in fact, luxuries which one could hardly expect to find so far out of the world of traffic and trade.

I fear that I have omitted to give to this delectable gathering of the guests of any hotel upon the Continent the notice which its especial attractions merit. The courses, from ten to fifteen, are certainly sufficiently numerous ; nevertheless, it is often a decided trial to the weary, hungry traveller to be obliged to go through a series of formalities, exhausting to the patience, but not appealing to the appetite.

By the time that one has tasted a little of this and a little of that, passing the intervals between a dozen courses in speculating as to what the next one will be, or still more important, of what it will be made, he is quite apt to feel as if much precious time was being wasted, without being followed by the desired result. As each article is served in solitary grandeur, accompanied only by an abundance of ceremony, the traveller is inclined to the opinion that less style and dress coat on the part of the waiter, and more to eat on the part of the table, and promptly served, would be a very satisfactory arrangement. If he ventures to omit one course, invariably that omission becomes a source of deep regret when the next in order appears ; after spending usually two hours in that delightful manner, he leaves the dining-room, filled only with regretful longings for the substantial home table and its familiar viands.

When another day came, I witnessed the morning's greeting to the royal mountain and its numerous satellites. The towering peaks, rending pinnacles, snow

fields, glaciers, and gorges welcomed the sun with warmth of color and radiance of shining, while Chamouny slept in the gray dawning.

The fair promise of the early morning was unfulfilled; as by the time that the little village was astir, clouds had gathered heavily. Mont Blanc was hidden by thick masses of gray vapor, and before long the rain fell; showers were frequent during the day, most of them being accompanied by thunder and lightning. But as Chamouny weather is no criterion by which to decide what it might be upon higher points, parties were continually starting out on expeditions in different directions, seemingly regardless of the rain. I watched the several cavalcades as they wound away, in single file, with both interest and amusement.

I visited during the day every accessible place in the village, collected views, and found ample occupation in observing the peculiarities of place and people. Chamouny, of itself, is insignificant; but its surroundings are incomparably grand. In unobstructed view are the lower mountains, which have at their base the rich green of the pine and fir, — above they stretch upward into great brown peaks, or sharp, glittering spears; the impetuous streams which course through the profound ravines; grand glaciers that lift themselves into the sky; and over all Mont Blanc, pure, vast, and sublime.

It was decided that we should go to Martigny on the morrow, by the Tête Noir; when the day dawned, we were overjoyed to find a cloudless sky, and promise of pleasant weather. An early hour was again a necessity; therefore, not long after sunrise our party of six started

upon the rough ride. Two walked, while four were in a vehicle which in country parlance would be called a "double buggy." It was a dilapidated affair, and whatever spring it once possessed was then a thing of the past. The seats were high and wide, and as to backs, there were none to speak of.

The morning was perfect, the air was cool and bracing; and as we drove away from Chamouny, we had glorious views of the mountains and glaciers that we were leaving. After possibly an hour had passed, our driver stopped his horses and said abruptly, "*Descendez!*" Without question or argument we obeyed; while he drove over the badly washed-out road and embankments with considerable difficulty, we made our way as best we might over hills and across fields. We passed quite near several women at work, who appeared to be greatly amused at the slow progress we made climbing the slopes; they seemed very steep to us, but undoubtedly to them were as easy to walk over as the level ground. We learned later that there was the veritable place where the owner of the land, in collusion with the drivers, had for some days exacted exorbitant toll from the passengers for the privilege of crossing his land. The interference of the government the preceding day alone prevented our being victimized.

The road did not compare favorably with others that we had traversed; on the contrary, it was rough, rutty, and stony. It was so narrow that by mutual agreement, all going from Chamouny and coming from Martigny meet at the summit of the Tête Noir; indeed, at no other point upon the route would it be safe to attempt to pass.

Several times it became necessary to walk over exceedingly rough places; on those occasions I never failed to gather an abundance of flowers, as the sloping hillsides were thickly dotted with the white, delicately tinted lavender and yellow crocuses, that last day of August. Pressed between the leaves of my memorandum some yet remain, along with buttercups and violets; all mementos of that ever-to-be-remembered ride.

Even in the most dangerous places, the road was insufficiently guarded; often the posts which supported the protecting rail were partially washed out, as a result of the recent heavy rains, and hung outward over the ravine. The frequently seen track of the avalanche, which had roughly ploughed its way through forest and over cliff, while adding to the solemnity of the route, was not conducive to increasing our feeling of safety.

The scenery grew constantly wilder; we crossed and recrossed the river Arve, which had lost all resemblance to an ordinary stream, being in turn a brawling torrent, a wild cascade, and a thundering fall. The road climbed along the very verge of deep precipices, while across the rocky ravine pleasant farms covered the lesser slopes, variegated with the hues of different crops and the yet standing grain. At times majestic peaks, with sharp horns and jagged points, stood like guarding sentinels in our way; the brown rocks were seamed with fissures, and in the depth of the forest the pine looked almost black. The mountain pine, as seen among the Alps, possesses something which, for want of a better word, might be termed an individuality.

Whether standing alone, or ranged in serried rows where each one is precisely like its neighbor, the dreary effect is the same. The solitary one becomes a sentinel; the others are gloomy troops, and "terrible as an army with banners." Looking as if only anchored upon the surface of the rock, yet they endure unmoved the storms of centuries. Only the rough voices of nature, the blast of the hurricane, the crash of the avalanche, and the wail of the dying gale can penetrate to the depths of the solitude where, like soldiers under military discipline, they await the hour of their downfall.

Owing to the heavy condition of the road, our progress was slow; and it was high noon when we reached the summit, having just before passed through the Pierced Rock, — that hewn gallery through the black crag, without which farther advance would have been impossible. For quite a distance before reaching that point, our path clung to a very narrow ledge, from which had it been possible to drop a plummet-line to touch the river or the little hamlet by its side, more than one mile of cord would have been required.

We drew up to the Hôtel de Tête Noir, as did all the conveyances upon the route, from either way, until the contracted pass was literally filled. Then a long delay occurred, and at last we learned that all arrangements had been changed, and that we were to finish the journey with an entirely different outfit and driver. This was not wholly satisfactory, but as our wishes had not been consulted, we decided that it was probably one of the customs of the country, and that it was the part of wisdom to be resigned.

The hotel was a coarse, unfinished structure, and the appearance of the table, prepared in the one room which served for all purposes, enabled us to turn with due appreciation to the lunch brought with us from Chamouny ; this we ate and drank under peculiar and mirth-provoking circumstances, which none of the party can have forgotten. While waiting there, we saw two fine specimens of the St. Bernard dogs, that celebrated monastery being but a few miles distant. They were magnificent fellows, brown and white, with smooth coats and large, mild eyes. I cannot believe that it was fancy alone that caused me to see an expression of marked benevolence upon their faces, and evidence of more than ordinary intelligence in their eyes.

We found that the change in the arrangements had neither added to, nor detracted from, our comfort ; the springless wagon seemed the twin of the one in which we had passed the morning, the horses were quite as fresh as the former ones, and the driver was only a shade less taciturn.

Resuming our journey, our route led around the Tête Noir, through the grand but sombre forest of Trient. At the foot of the mountain ran the noisy river of the same name, which was soon joined by the Eau Noire ; we crossed the latter upon a bridge which looked quite too high and frail to deeply impress one with a feeling of safety. Occasionally the gloom of the dark forest, coupled with the silence which reigned, was oppressive ; sometimes for miles there was no habitation or sign of human life ; there were depths which we penetrated from whence the only prospect was the sight of a dis-

tant aspiring height, or through an opening in the dense growth a glimpse of the world beyond.

When we emerged from the deep woods, our descent became much more rapid; a noble view was afforded us of the valley of the Rhone, which lay spread like a map at our feet, with the numerous villages upon its banks, and scattered over the plain. The necessity of constant bracing to avoid being thrown from the wagon, as we rattled over the stony road or flew around curves upon the steep grade, was very wearisome; the continuous effort required detracted materially from our enjoyment of the scenery, and none were sorry when Martigny was reached. There we rested and dined; later we took the train for Brieg, from which place the Simplon road leaves the Rhone valley.

I was very weary the following morning; but not wishing to do any injustice to the Chamouny and Martigny route, am willing to admit that the distances necessarily traversed in my own room at Hôtel d'Angleterre may have added to my fatigue. I should judge that its dimensions could not have been less than twenty-five by thirty feet; at all events, it contained three beds, the same number of wash-stands and bureaus, a large sofa, five tables, and an uncounted number of chairs, leaving an abundance of space. On first entering my apartment the previous evening, I found it extremely difficult to determine which bed to occupy; but finally selected one in the corner, as less lonely in appearance.

Notwithstanding the pleasure of occupying an apartment of such magnificent proportions and so completely furnished, I felt no inclination to tarry there; I was not

fascinated with Brieg. On the contrary, I thought it the most inexpressibly lonely place that I had ever visited. Not that its surroundings were unpleasant, for the village lies in a fertile, well-watered, and mountain-encircled plain. From the near hills, extensive views may be obtained of glaciers and mountain ranges, including Mont Blanc and the peaks of the St. Gothard group. Brieg is a town of small importance, containing but a few hundred inhabitants; it has an old church, but its most conspicuous building is the castle of the Stockalper family, whose four tin-capped towers rise upon a little eminence a short distance from the centre of the hamlet.

To me there was an air of melancholy pervading the town, that was most depressing; the atmosphere seemed stifling, as if pestilential odors were in every breath. Sitting upon the porch of the quiet country hotel, watching the people on their way to church, that feeling was deepened. Wan, sickly looking men and women were the rule; and the majority of those who had reached middle life were disfigured by one or more goitres, misshapen and dwarfed.

Brieg occupies the centre of one of the regions which is the most afflicted with the fearful disease goitre, and the still more pitiable one of cretinism. The poor creatures did not seem entirely destitute of sense, appeared perfectly harmless, and were roaming the streets with entire freedom. Several drew near and gazed curiously at the strangers; they mumbled and gestured, and I imagined that they asked for alms, although their motions were too vague to be understood.

Such sights are a sad blight upon scenes which so charmingly impress the traveller, and it is painful to even allude to this feature of Swiss travel; but in order "to nothing extenuate," it must be touched upon in passing.

XX.

THE SIMPLON PASS.

“O'er the Simplon winds
A path of pleasure. Like a silver zone
Flung about carelessly, it shines afar,
Catching the eye in many a broken link,
In many a turn and traverse as it glides ;
And oft above and oft below appears,
Seen o'er the wall by him who journeys up,
As though it was another, not the same,
Leading along it knows not whence or whither.
Yet through its fairy course, go where it will,
The torrent stops it not, the rugged rock
Opens and lets it in ; and on it runs,
Winning its easy way from clime to clime
Through glens locked up before.” — ROGERS.

AT sunrise we were in readiness to commence our two days' journey across the Alps. We had the desirable number of six, which was the complement for the carriage, having had a pleasant addition to our party, of two ladies and a gentleman from Central New York. The carriage was a clumsy affair, drawn by five horses ; and as is the custom there, one of the rear ones was ridden by a youth, while the *cocher* proper walked much of the way with whip and lines in hand.

It is needless to mention that we left Brieg with the usual fusillade of whip-snapping ; in this art the post drivers of Italy become very proficient, and an exhibition of their skill always accompanies an arrival or

departure. So, with flourish, shout, and loud report we were on our winding way; for the ascent actually begins in the little village, which we soon left, to pass between meadows and fields of standing grain.

The anticipation of crossing the Alps over the famous Simplon road had been long fostered; and I was prepared in a measure to enjoy the novelty, variety, and grandeur of the scenes which the reports of travellers have represented as incessantly presented and incomparably picturesque.

The changes were constant; from Brieg to Domo d'Ossola, it is stated that the road rises over 4,000 feet, and descends more than five. When but three miles from Brieg, we passed the first house of refuge; of these there are twenty on the route. They were designed for the accommodation of travellers, as well as to furnish shelter for the large number of workmen constantly employed upon the road.

Our progress was slow, for although the long curves caused the grade to appear less steep, the rise was continuous, no level ground being reached for many miles. As we leisurely ascended, the heights grew bolder, the scenery more grand and impressive, while the summit seemed unattainable.

Something of a realization of the magnitude of that undertaking came to me, and as the hours wore on, I was fully convinced that the Simplon Pass was a more lasting and worthy memorial to Napoleon the Great than the beautiful crypt in Paris. In spirit, I bowed in homage to the superior mind that could conceive, and the persevering skill and ingenuity which, overcoming

all natural obstacles, could consummate so grand a work.

The road was smooth as a floor, without even a rut or pebble to mar its surface; hewn from the solid rock, or when necessary built up in massive stone terraces of masonry, which hugged the mountain-side, up which we climbed in unceasing zigzags. The perpendicular wall, ribbed and rutted by the action of rushing water, towered on the one side far above; on the other dropped as far below, to the ravine of the Saltine. The dizzy heights above the foaming torrent were spanned by frequent bridges; dark tunnels pierced the heart of the projecting cliffs; great galleries of stonework protected the road from the avalanches, which at some seasons come from unseen sources with fearful down-crushing power.

The most dangerous place upon the entire route is between the fifth house of refuge and the summit. We are told that at this point the difficulties in the way of the construction of the road seemed insurmountable. It was necessary to suspend the workmen from the crags above with ropes while they built a platform, or in some other manner secured a footing.

We penetrated the Glacier Gallery, above which the Kaltwasser comes from its icy source, rushing downward to the sheltering tunnel, leaping it at a bound, plunging with a deafening roar into the deep ravine. In going through the gallery, as we passed one of the openings it was completely draped by the water, spread out into a sheet of sparkling foam.

Just before we arrived at the little hamlet of Simplon,

a glance backward revealed a comprehensive view of the Rhone Valley, as far as Sion, with Brieg and her children of desolation nearly at our feet ; amid scenery of awe and grandeur we gave a parting look at the Bernese Alps, with their white crowns and glittering glaciers. The windings of the highway, so recently traversed, appeared like gray threads leisurely dropped from a skein, in their long, sweeping curves to and fro ; before and above us were other threads which seemed unattainable, for dark rocks barred our way, and the deep ravine lay between.

After we had passed through the Algaby Gallery, we crept along the shelving side of the mountain wall for some distance, and at length came to a gorge, magnificent in its gloom. Dark, beetling crags hemmed us into narrow bounds, where there was only road and river ; the falling verge touched the margin of the dashing stream ; before us rose a cliff, tall, broad, and to all appearance impenetrable. But the rock opened, and we entered a tunnel cut through the solid mountain for many hundred feet.

We emerged from that sombre cave, to behold a scene of unparalleled grandeur. At the right and the left the perpendicular rocks towered above us for two thousand feet, to meet the blue of heaven. In our very path leaped the lovely Alpjenbach Fall, then passed beneath the splendidly arched bridge spanning the gorge, to break into spray and foam, as onward it pressed to join the rushing river. It was the one glimpse of life and motion in the midst of the jutting crags that stood out black and threatening.

Among those vast depths and immeasurable heights, what atoms were we! Still following the insignificant path which clung to the precipitous wall, we went beneath the projecting crags, and looked down where the frightful precipices fell away from our feet, to the mad Diveria, that seethed and bubbled in its cavernous bed, as it tumbled over the worn boulders and the fresher heaps of *débris* left by the desolating avalanche

It was about four o'clock when we passed the granite post which marks the Italian boundary; and soon after, we stopped at the frontier custom-house. Arriving at the same time as the public conveyances, a long delay ensued; for as they carried the mail, the passengers therein must receive the first attention. Although we had but touched the border of Italy, I felt sure that in the venders of fruit, and the beggarly troupe of the lame, halt, and blind at once surrounding us, I recognized the characteristics of a different race; and was still more positive that I observed peculiar traits as well as features in the swarthy-skinned, black-eyed, but handsome official who showed his fiery temper and his white teeth during the examination of the baggage. The delay did not prove tiresome, as ample amusement was afforded by those who were undergoing agonies of suspense while their trunks were being overhauled and their treasures inspected. Naturally, our enjoyment of the entertainment thus kindly provided was greatly enhanced by the fact that none of our party experienced any difficulty. In some instances the surveillance appeared mercilessly severe; it was upon one of those occasions that the merry young lady of the party drew

upon herself the withering, angry glance of the high official, by her amusement at the expense of his wounded dignity. Woe betide the luckless individual who presumes to enter Italy with any considerable amount of wood carving in his possession, as each piece is carefully weighed and appraised at a high rate. Tobacco and cigars are also particularly obnoxious articles of import; but as far as my experience goes, I find that it is reserved for inspectors at Liverpool, the great seaport of cultured, exclusive England, to inquire of each lady tourist, "Have you tobacco, cigars, or scents?"

There was also taken an accurate description of each private conveyance; every little minutia regarding our horses and carriage was written out, and the driver deposited one hundred and seventy francs, to be repaid on his return with the same turnout.

It was nearly sunset when we were again on our way, and the drive in the long twilight was very delightful. As it grew dark, the carriage lamps were lighted, and onward we went beneath the starry sky; but the high-reaching crags on either side caused sky and stars to look very far away. The doubtful light from the flickering lamps only served to strengthen the shadows from rock and tree, until to my intensified thought the stories concerning the Italian banditti became verities; I experienced no difficulty in selecting dark caverns and lonely shades adapted for their lurking-places, and was momentarily expecting to see several surrounding our carriage.

Though vision was obscured, I knew that on the downward grade we rattled over bridges that were

suspended high, that tall cliffs stretched away to the stars, and brinks fell away, I dared not think whither.

At nine o'clock the twinkling lights of Domo d'Ossola appeared, and soon we were driving through a long street; the horses were encouraged to fresh exertions by lively exclamations and much cracking of the whip, as we rattled over the paved way through an arched entrance, and were within the court-yard of Hôtel de Ville. Landlord and obsequious attendants were in waiting, and we were at once shown up a flight of stairs upon the outside of the house, and into comfortable rooms.

In the morning the peculiarities of the old hotel were still more apparent: for instance, an effort to find the dining-room resulted in finding ourselves in the kitchen; from thence we were with extreme politeness escorted into the proper apartment. That opened on the court, as did every room upon the ground floor; while around the second story a wooden gallery extended, forming a balcony for all those rooms. Not alone was the business of the hotel performed in this court, but it was the stopping and starting point for all the carriages and diligences over the Simplon; with the management of the affairs of the hotel, settling of accounts, bargaining and planning between drivers and passengers, all being conducted at the same time, naturally there was much activity, and a general Babel was the result.

The morning was bright and warm, and as we drove over the perfect carriageway, in its slight descent, we missed the bracing air of the past two weeks for the breath of summer came to us from the sunny land. On either hand were to be seen the dark-skinned peasant

women busily at work in the fields ; they generally wore bright-colored dresses, little plaid shawls over their heads, or a very broad-brimmed hat, and the wooden sandals : those are only a broad, thick wooden sole with heel, and secured by a strap across the foot. Black-eyed children, not immaculately clean, were playing by the wayside, while the majority of the men seemed to be resting, either in the vicinity of the wine shops in the little villages, or in the shade of the trees in the country. A short time under the burning Italian sun causes one to feel more indulgent towards the indolent natives ; for the climate is enervating, and must test all powers of endurance. Convinced of that fact, I am still at a loss to comprehend how it is that the women are able to endure the burden and heat of the day, while the sturdy-looking men indulge in "sweet idleness."

Most of the peasants had near their houses a field of corn ; it is of an inferior quality, a Turkish variety, which ripens forty days after planting. Many of the women were working in those fields, and many more were hatchelling flax, which was done with very rude implements. In Italy, as soon as the crops are gathered, the stalks of the corn, flax, or grain, whichever it may be, are hung across frames built for the purpose, and thrashed or prepared for storage as soon as dry, which requires only a few days in that atmosphere. As they have no barns or granaries, I suppose that the results of the harvest are stored, with everything else belonging to them, in the house.

The mountains gradually withdrew into the background as we went onward through the small villages,

mostly stretched out upon one long street, the swarthy complexions and piercing black eyes of the inhabitants constantly affirming that they were the children of a southern clime; on into a landscape whose foreground was olive groves, on which festooned vines wandered hung with the ripening grape. Looking backward, we could still see the glimmer of white upon the far-away peaks of Switzerland, from whose uncertain weather we were running down into summer days, where we expected to be regaled with the fragrance of flowers and the rich odor of fruitage.

One of the trials of the traveller is the necessity of turning away from the charms of some locality where it would be a joy to linger. I experienced that feeling of regret when, going down the outlying slopes of the mighty mountains, I realized that to look upon new scenes of interest was to bid adieu to the Alps.

The charm of mountain scenery is like that of a lovely face, which changes with each passing emotion. A thousand variations appear in the mountain landscape: light and shadow, condition of the atmosphere, brightness of the sunshine, glow of its setting; the morning, noon, and evening hour; moonlight and starlight,—all the influences which impress one's own mind,—are among the causes which produce each moment a varied picture.

It had been evident all day that we were entering a more thoroughly Catholic country, as the wayside shrines became very frequent, and the crucifix was often to be seen on the higher points of land. The ability to represent in some manner the sorrow of the Mother

and the anguish of the Son appeared to meet the demands of the religious nature of the ordinary Italian mind ; those figures were the most frequently seen, and usually in a coarse way indicated extreme suffering, and were often repulsive. The images were of wood or plaster, painted in bright colors, and the embellishments as incongruous as possible. The Madonna was often dressed in absurd attire, and profusely ornamented with flowers. Where those were lavishly bestowed, and the offerings from different persons at different times permitted to remain and perish under the scorching rays of the sun, the image would be covered with dry stalks and withered leaves, destitute of any semblance of beauty.

Being far beyond the dividing line, and upon the sunny side of the bold barriers, we heard no more harsh-sounding, consonant-ending words ; all was changed. We passed Vella and Pallanzeno, Vogogna and Ornavasso ; Gravellona, which is upon the Strona, and is joined at Omegna by a stream from the Lake of Orta, and finally falls into the Tosa. No more long windings of smooth roadway, but the level straight line leads us by the great granite quarry at Fariolo ; then we learned from whence came the handsome gray granite posts, sixteen feet high, and used for telegraph poles, which had for many miles attracted our attention.

It was an added delight when Lake Maggiore came within our vision, and we were fanned by the fresh breeze across its blue waters. As we drove along the shore I could imagine no more delectable panorama than the one there unrolled : the cloudless sky, reflected

in the clear lake, which had scarcely a ripple upon its smooth surface and no agitation of its clear depths : tranquillity in the atmosphere, and everywhere luxuriance of foliage and mellowness of tint. Upon the shore slept the quiet villages ; upon the hill rested the long monasteries, the isolated chapels, and the lonely shrines. On every hand, mingled with the vine, were groves of the almond, olive, chestnut, and fig.

“ And the promised land
Lies at my feet in all its loveliness ;
To him who starts up from a terrible dream,
And lo ! the sun is shining, and the lark
Singing aloud for joy, to him is not
Such sudden ravishment as now I feel
At the first glimpses of fair Italy.”

Reaching Stresa, we went directly to the Hôtel des Iles Borromées, which is in a little park, surrounded by fountains and parterres, and fronting the lake, from which it is only separated by the pebbly beach. Within sight were anchored the four Borromean Islands, their rocky sides covered with rich verdure. Across the shimmering water, above the wood-crowned hills, we still caught glimpses of a girdle of snow-crowned peaks, while we rested beneath a tropical sun.

XXI.

ISOLA BELLA.

"Landing soon
Where steps of purest marble met the wave."

THE comfort and luxury of the charming hotel seemed doubly delightful, owing to the disagreeable anticipations in which we had indulged, concerning Italian cookery and room discomforts.

After a brief rest, but two hours before sunset, we engaged one of the little pleasure boats with a gayly striped awning, and were rowed across to Isola Bella, the "Beautiful Island."

Although the most wonderful of the four Borromean Islands, it is too thoroughly artificial to accord with my highest ideal of the beautiful; but the worthy Count Vitalio, a member of the renowned Borromeo family, who lived in the seventeenth century, certainly succeeded in converting a barren rock into a blooming and fruitful garden, which is a curiosity, both novel and interesting.

This island, of small area, rises in a series of terraces one hundred or more feet from the lake; and one can readily overlook the excessive formality and regularity, on seeing the massive crag which is made to uphold and nourish vegetation from every clime. Its ten terraces are covered with fertile soil brought from the

main-land, and upon them grow the lemon, date, orange, citron, fig, mulberry, and many other fruits ; while the laurel, magnolia, cedar, oleander, Chinese pine, palms, and other rarities from a more southern land add their grace and variety to the terraced hill. The upper platform is paved and guarded by a marble balustrade ; upon this and all other available places stand statues and groups, in marble and bronze. Against the walls of the lower terraces the fruit-bearing trees are carefully trained ; and mingled with them is a mass of verdure, where exotics and rare shrubs grow side by side with the evergreen and laurel.

Near the water's edge in the crevices of the stone wall are many varieties of the cacti ; among them the gigantic-leaved aloe is very conspicuous. The American aloe or century plant is thoroughly naturalized in the Italian climate, and grows with the same luxuriance as in more tropical regions. I am ready to admit that it is an imposing addition to a rocky wall or terraced slope ; but I have lost all regard for the aloe as a flowering plant since seeing several specimens in the perfection of their growth and bloom.

I had formed an ideal of the flower which would be an adequate return for a hundred years of sunshine and the sacrifice of the mother plant. The specimens that I saw had colossal leaves, and an immense stalk which rose to the height of forty feet ; but instead of being crowned with a grand, cylindrical pyramid of color, redolent of sweets, there was a slight approach to the anticipated shape, and that was all. Upon the radiating stems were tufts of greenish-yellow flowers, destitute

of either beauty or fragrance. Those in a more advanced stage had turned to a reddish brown, and the entire plant bore indications of rapid decay.

Contrasting the visible result with my anticipations, I was readily reminded of the fable of La Fontaine, commencing, —

“A mountain in labor announced the new birth
With clamor so loud that the people all thought
'T would at least bear a city, the largest on earth ; —
It was merely a mouse that the incident brought.”

At the western extremity of the island stands the chateau. Its exterior appearance is not particularly imposing, although it contains some delightful rooms, in which royalty has often been entertained ; but I cared less for the apartment occupied by Queen Caroline, the chamber in which Napoleon the Great had slept, and the collection of paintings, — more numerous, perhaps, than valuable as works of art, — than I did for the grottos. These are formed between the arches upon which the palace is built. The floors, walls, and ceilings are made entirely of the variously colored pebbles taken from the lake, arranged in regular mosaic patterns. There are also decorations of shell and marble. Numerous pieces of statuary standing upon pedestals of the same tessellated work added to the peculiar and pleasing effect.

In these shady nooks, ivy and other vines draped the walls ; beneath, there were niches filled with a great variety of ferns and mosses, growing in exquisite beauty.

“And the long fern swings down the slippery stair,
Over thresholds curtained with maidenhair.”

The enclosing wall of granite upheld vases of choice plants and blooming shrubs ; over the boundary climbed the wandering vines, dropping their long, graceful sprays into the calm waters.

When we were ready to again take the boat we found awaiting our appearance, gathered upon and around the marble stairs, slatternly women and unkempt children who had fruits and flowers for sale. We were only too happy to avail ourselves of the opportunity thus afforded of purchasing delicious grapes and peaches such as before I had seen only in visions.

Shall I ever forget that return at sunset, gliding over Lake Maggiore? The sky was clear, the waters were calm and mirrored its blue ; the air was soft, and the scene one of tranquil repose. As the sun went to his rest, great billowy clouds of purple and crimson floated up out of the west ; towards the zenith those hues changed to amber and rose as they mingled with the blue. Over all was the gold of sunset, which no word can better define and whose radiant glow no painter can portray. A path of splendor led to the rose-trellised balconies of Stresa ; behind us the gently rippled water assumed a myriad of opaline tints.

As we moved across the gleaming way, the sweet chimes of the vesper bells sounded soft and clear through the calmness of the hour. Evening fell slowly ; we floated over the placid lake until the phantom-like headlands and shadowy cliffs grew more unreal, as the mellow tints faded and twilight dimmed the scene,

" And soft clouds creep
O'er isle and wave like the wings of sleep."

An elaborate *table d'hôte*, with elegant appointments, was not an unsuitable ending for that day of rare delight and also great fatigue. It only confirmed the previously expressed opinion, that amid such scenery, and with such a pleasant hotel to receive us after each day's wandering, it would be a joy to linger for many days.

The evening was made memorable by the surprise and pleasure of meeting a charming friend from the far-away land called home, and whom I left the following day among the Swiss-Italian lakes.

XXII.

THE LAKES OF NORTHERN ITALY AND BELLAGIO.

"Gray mists were rolling, rising, vanishing ;
The woodlands glistened with their jewelled crowns ;
Far off the mellow bells began to ring
For matins, in the half-awakened towns."

ALTHOUGH familiar with descriptions of Italian sunsets, I have no recollection of having heard of an Italian sunrise ; however, I had the pleasure of witnessing that spectacle one September morning, as we were called at half past four o'clock, in order to take the steamer for Luino. That town is above Stresa, and upon the opposite shore of the lake ; the ride thither was very enjoyable, through a series of lovely landscapes, which passed like a panorama before our eyes, softened in the hazy morning light.

At Luino we took a carriage for Lugano, upon a lake of the same name. The road wound upward among the steep hills for several miles, affording numerous opportunities for still another parting look at the lovely Lake Maggiore we were so reluctantly leaving. Many women were at work in the fields securing the hay, others were beating flax ; as comparatively few men were visible, I concluded that they were engaged in their usual occupation, "*dolce far niente*."

At Lugano we again went on board a steamer and had a delightful sail "upon the dear little middle lake of

Italy's border three," across which came the cool, refreshing breeze to subdue the noonday heat, as we passed a succession of scenes similar to those of the early morning. At short distances from the shore were numerous villas with delightful surroundings; many of those lovely homes looked as if planted in the midst of groves of the fig, almond, and olive, while the vines that covered the sloping hillsides were left more to nature than in the more northern lands. Frequently the vineyards were planted among the trees, and upon their trunks and boughs the long branches wound, while the clustered grapes drooped beneath the arches of green.

"The vines in light festoons
From tree to tree, the trees in avenues,
And every avenue a covered walk
Hung with black clusters."

Upon the opposite shore, wooded banks rose abruptly from the water, until nearing Porlezza, at the northern extremity of the lake, precipitous rocks towered high. Arriving at Porlezza, we landed and went immediately to the custom-house, as examination was necessary there. The official duty was conducted in such a manner as to leave many of the travellers indignant, as well as depressed. For instance, bouquets and small packages of grapes were rudely snatched from the hands of ladies and thrown into the street; one lady was obliged to abandon a valuable herbarium of Alpine flowers, carefully prepared by herself. No explanation was given, or at least understood; although a circular upon the wall, printed in Italian, was pointed out, as if there

might be found the solution of the mystery. As none of those particularly interested nor the sympathizing lookers-on could read that language, there was nothing to do but to stare at the document and look as wise as possible. The cuts of small bugs among the printed matter suggested that possibly the apprehension of introducing some insect destructive to the vine was the cause of the insulting treatment.

After considerable delay in securing a sufficient number of conveyances to take the large party across to Lake Como, the procession at length started on its winding way. Only an accurate photograph could do justice to that array of vehicles and steeds; I forbear any attempt at description.

The drive was most delightful, through a repetition of the scenery which I have so often attempted to depict.

"A glory of oleander bloom
Borders every bend of the craggy road;
The lemon and spice tree with rare perfume
The lingering cloud-fleets heavily load;
And over the beauty and over the balm
Rises the crown of the royal palm."

Our enjoyment of an uninterrupted succession of beautiful views was intensified when from near Croce, the highest point between the lakes, a magnificent prospect was afforded, which included nearly the entire length of Lake Como; and that superb view was before us the remainder of the drive to Menaggio upon the shore.

Our destined point was Bellagio, which was two miles distant and across an arm of the lake. Still further

variety was given to our day's journeying by making that short distance in a gayly covered, cushion-seated row-boat, managed by two boatmen, whose powerful strokes bore us rapidly over the green waters of the lovely lake. The deep green tint of the water is said to be owing to its great depth, as at some points it settles in its rocky bed for two thousand feet.

In regard to scenery in Italy, the land of poetry and song, there is but one style of composition, whose flowing numbers are adapted to the delineation of such natural charms. Longfellow's poetical description of the beauties of Lake Como must find a responsive echo in the thought of every one who has, like the poet, whiled away idle hours by this loveliest of lakes.

"The hills sweep upward from the shore,
With villas scattered one by one
Upon their wooded slopes, and lower
Bellagio blazing in the sun.

"And dimly seen, a tangled mass
Of walls and woods, of light and shade,
Stands beckoning up the Stelvio pass
Varenna, with its white cascade.

"I ask myself, Is this a dream?
Will it all vanish into air?
Is there a land of such supreme
And perfect beauty anywhere?"

Bellagio is justly considered as the most delightful among the many resorts with which the lake district of Upper Italy abounds. It stands at the head of the promontory which divides Lake Como into two arms; the smaller taking the name of Lake Lecco. Our party

went to the Grande Bretagne particularly on account of its situation upon the shore. There we found everything quite imposing, and deemed ourselves very fortunate in securing apartments that overlooked the beautiful lake, and also showed us the charms of the opposite shore.

During the evening we visited the rival hotel, which is upon the hillside. This pretentious home, formerly the palace of the Frezzoni family, is now, without loss of stately beauty, devoted to hotel purposes. I am sure that its external appearance would recommend it to the most captious traveller. Its extensive gardens, terraced slopes, marble balustrade crowned with vases of choice plants, seen under the bright rays of a southern moon, formed quite the stereotyped Italian scene.

The specialty of Bellagio was olive-wood, and in our wanderings up and down the queer, arcaded streets of the quaint town, we looked into a number of the stores, which contained a variety, including every conceivable article which could be made of wood. It is probably unnecessary to add that from the enticing display some small pieces were selected ; these were placed in a trunk, from which they were resurrected at every frontier, price and full particulars given. This ceremony, repeated frequently for two months, caused them to so increase in value that by the time New York was passed they were of inestimable worth to me.

After we crossed the Italian boundary the number of priests noticeably increased ; the "shaven and shorn" were to be seen on all occasions. The dress of those seen in Northern Italy was invariably the same : a

cowled robe of coarse brown stuff reached to the feet, which were sandalled; the waist was girdled by a rope, and the head protected by a broad-brimmed hat. Whenever I saw one seated, whether upon car or boat, he was mumbling over his prayer book and telling his beads. A rosary with cross hanging from the rope at his waist represented the ornamental part of his wardrobe.

I have often heard the expression "odor of sanctity": if it is the same as cabbage and onions, then the cloistered brethren possess that grace; but if in very truth "cleanliness is next to godliness," I greatly fear that few of them are in a condition to be translated to a purer realm. But there is not the shadow of doubt in my own mind that a majority of the priests I saw while in Italy were entitled to have a degree conferred which would at once admit them to the brotherhood which the poet Gay termed "The unwashed Knights of Bath."

The natives of Italy turn night into day; and while at Bellagio, I was convinced that I had solved the mystery regarding the scarcity of men during the morning hours. Masculine Italy does not retire until daybreak, as they prefer the cool night hours for their pleasure. This opinion, the result of inability to sleep during the continuance of street carousal, was confirmed every subsequent night spent in Italy.

"I heard strange music in the dead of night
Passing the house I slept in; first it fell
On slumber's ear like some faint, far-off sound, —
The silvery purr of rivulets in the woods;
. . . . but the music grew,
And so my sleep was broken."

Looking from my window, I saw stationed at the landing, in front of the hotel, a large pleasure barge brilliantly illuminated by thirty round, variously colored lights. From thence came the sweet sounds ; I recognized the throb of strings, the sympathetic strains from wind instruments artistically played, and the mingling of many harmonious tones.

The scene was enchanting : the placid lake reflected the numerous lights, and the sparkle of the far-away stars ; shapely boats lay idly on the water, or one moved quietly over the smooth surface, leaving in its wake a track of rippling light. Long gleams from windows on the opposite shore darted across calm waters, which mirrored every detail of the scene. To gaze upon Lake Como, brilliant under the intense rays of the moon, and at the same time to listen to the melodious strains borne on the midnight air, was to bid adieu to a world of practical utility, and enter a realm of fancy, where Nature and Art, hand in hand, strove with beauty and song to beguile the stranger.

The next day, on our way to Milan, still another opportunity was afforded for the full enjoyment of the incomparable scenery. Those hours upon Lake Como were an unceasing delight. The day was perfect ; a gentle breeze sprang up, which lightly rippled the clear waters and made the air delightfully cool. We passed by many of the elegant villas of the wealthy Milanese, which lie scattered along the banks, or farther back among the hills. Some were in the midst of gardens, gay with bloom, adorned with statuary, and gleaming with the spray from gushing fountains ; elaborately

carved balustrades guarded the steps of marble which led up from the lake, and the rarest plants and flowers crowned the granite wall. Then another home, royal in its magnificence, was half hidden among the variegated foliage which clothed the hillside; the vivid green of the glossy-leaved orange contrasting with the gray tint of the olive. Again, a garden and park, seemingly perfect in every detail, sloped to the massive stone wall draped to the water's edge,

" And nameless twining vines so thick and nigh
Unto the parapet, that unconfessed
The stones lie hidden in luxuriance."

The high walls that surrounded many handsome homes shut in much of beauty, and also served to shut out our possibly too curious gaze. But luxuriance of growth and a world of loveliness were more than suggested by the overtopping trees, laden with luscious fruit; and the clambering vines which, refusing to be confined within bounds, hung their pendent branches adown the guarding wall.

Vineyards climbed high upon the sunny slopes, rich with the promise of an abundant vintage. Then a village nestled close to the shore; another rose upon a height towards which wound a narrow road; shrines peeped out among the wooded hills, and Gothic chapels appeared now and again. Amid the extensive gardens and groups of ornamental trees could occasionally be seen the more tropical palm, proudly rearing its crested head in significant isolation.

There were gorges, deep and dark, through which

tumbled the foaming cascades ; there were abrupt crags, over which fell sheets of sparkling foam. Through rifts in the near hills we had glimpses of aerial heights, blue in the haze of that glorious day, that cast a glamour over every object. In fact, the whole ride was a continuation of the charming and varied impressions which have been constant since we entered Italy, and which every hour has aided to make an enduring memory.

Como was, of necessity, only a stopping place, as relentless time pressed us hardly. I dimly remember some discomfort connected with dust and heat in Como ; but I more vividly recall the fact that there are historical associations which invest that ancient Roman town that never can be separated from its name,—one prominent claim to our regard being that it is well authenticated that it was the birthplace of the two celebrities of the Pliny family.

XXIII.

THE CATHEDRAL OF MILAN.

"How strange the sculptures that adorn these towers !
This crowd of statues, in whose folded sleeves
Birds build their nests ; while canopied with leaves
Parvis and portal bloom like trellised bowers,
And the vast minster seems a cross of flowers.
But thieves and dragons on the gargoyle eaves
Watch the dead Christ between the living thieves,
And, underneath, the traitor Judas lowers !
Ah ! from what agonies of heart and brain,
What exultations trampling on despair,
What tenderness, what tears, what hate of wrong,
What passionate outcry of a soul in pain,
Uprose this poem of the earth and air,
This mediæval miracle of song." — H. W. LONGFELLOW.

As we rushed across the Lombardy plains, this pinnacled mountain of marble showed itself from afar, growing in grace, strength, and beauty as we drew near. It appeared as the radiating centre of the city as we entered its streets ; it seemed close at hand as we drove within the arched gateway of our hotel ; it towered above and was visible from every point, whether we walked within the surrounding arcades or upon the open promenade. I saw it again at sunset, glorious in amber and gold, every pinnacle clearly cut against the glowing sky, and thought that it must be the most beautiful creation which had ever emanated from the brain of man.

Recalling how wondrous it seemed to me as I looked upward from the base, through the tiers of bass-reliefs, to buttresses, parapets, cupolas, and beyond to the sky-rending pinnacles rising like a forest of white masts in the blue, I admit that I am shocked at my own presumption in daring to attempt anything of a description of this pile of sculptured art, where every part is finished with an exactness of detail one could only expect of the genius so lavishly bestowed upon the sons of Italy.

The memory of that wonderful temple, as it first impressed me, remained in my waking thought and came as a vision of the night. Before that exquisite and poetical structure, all other cathedrals or other specimens of architecture ever seen sank into comparative insignificance.

This magnificent building is not called by its name, as is the usual custom, but simply "The Cathedral of Milan"; an appropriate naming for a structure so peerless, so unique.

Walking again and again around the great square, with eyes fixed upon that combination of strength and beauty, of grandeur and airy lightness, was only to attain to a condition of deeper bewilderment. Five hundred years of history, told in the writing of the chisel, which endures; a religious record of ages, builded in fretted marble. As the original plans were lost centuries ago, each succeeding architect has given to the edifice whatever he might recognize as fitting, until from granite steps to topmost spire, with the crowning statue of Mary the mother of our Lord, it stands unrivalled.

Five handsome portals open from the broad steps of gray stone which cross the entire front. On either side of the central door is a column of polished red granite thirty feet high ; these support an elaborately carved balcony containing colossal figures. Above is a window of rainbow hues ; within the arched space, in letters of gold, the words "*Maria nascenti*," or, in its beautiful and poetical rendering, "To the Virgin who ariseth."

Among the carvings that surround the doors are fruits and flowers ; the ash-tree, the plane-tree, the cedar-tree, whatever they may typify. Side by side stand colossal figures of Moses and John ; near are the symbolical figures of the Old and New Revelation. Two hundred groups and statues are on the façade alone, which terminates in twelve steeples, each surmounted by a gigantic form. In this marble population are mingled with the human saints and martyrs the divine and the ideal ; typical figures, as seen in the visions of artists, and brought down in the legends of ages, to be wrought out by the skill of the sculptor.

From the base of solid masonry rise massive groups of pillars, with their epochs of history, telling the story of trials and temptations, wrestlings and triumphs ; mostly Old Testament narratives, which come back to us with the vivid meaning that they had in childhood, as we trace them along from the creation to the dawning of the new dispensation. There are reliefs, telling in the patient chiselling of years some incident of history. Colossal statues, standing alone, reveal another page. There are radiant windows whose arches and

angles are filled with later-day saints, apostles, and evangelists; other figures stand on latticed console or fretted bracket. Everywhere is pure, lustrous white marble, pointed, arched, and grooved, abounding in delicate tracery and exquisite sculpture.

"In the elder days of art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part,
For the gods see everywhere.

"Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean."

As the eye reaches the point where the roof springs back in its perfect slope, fierce, hideous heads appear; the gargoyles, those grotesque representations of the evil, baneful things of earth. We recognize the eternal fitness of things in the builder's art, as we note that they are crowded out from beneath the eaves, projecting beyond any part of the hallowed edifice; each shape thus becoming a purifying agent, bringing away from the white roof the dripping of the gentle shower, or increased volume of the heavy rain.

From the lofty roof springs the seemingly interminable maze of carved pinnacles, attractive in their majestic height; one longs to approach nearer, and see what he may bring away from that white wilderness for his very own. The sacristan directs to the right transept; from thence ascends a winding staircase with broad white marble steps; when one has climbed one hundred and fifty eight of these, he will be among flying buttresses,

beams, and pillars, all of marble and splendid with carving. Walks lead hither and thither over the stone flagging to little squares, in whose centres stand statues designed by such artists as Raphael, Michel Angelo, and Canova. The countless spires thrust their sharp points far above into the blue sky, that shows through the symmetrical tracery. Richly carved beams lead to the verge of the roof, and above the heads of dragons, crocodiles, and vultures are more uplifted pinnacles. In one enclosure, termed "The Garden," upon the great stone arches that round to the eaves, in addition to all the ornamentation mentioned is a profusion of leaves, flowers, and fruits, in thousands of varying patterns, faithfully copied by the chisel of the sculptor.

Around and upward, in spiral coils within a turret, we ascend to another granite floor, and are now so near that we can easily see each crowning life-size statue, many of them being easily recognizable. With the saints stand warriors with lances, martyrs with crowns, heroes in armor, and a host of the great names of history; those who, noble by birth or ennobled by deeds, have thus won so grand a memorial. Napoleon I., in the zenith of his power, ordered the completion of this cathedral; and for a time, gold flowed in freely in obedience to his command. Great progress was made in the work, although the reverses which soon overwhelmed Napoleon prevented the fulfilment of his mandate. Upon one of the pinnacles over the great nave stands his statue, in the familiar dress, and with the air of thoughtful meditation so frequently seen in pictures of the Emperor.

From this point we can better appreciate the grace and lightness of each hollow spire, which holds within its carved niches eight, sixteen, twenty-four, or thirty-two statues, many of them being of rare workmanship. Standing in a labyrinth of these exquisite creations, we readily credit the statement that one hundred and forty of these latticed shrines of beauty lift themselves heavenward.

In the centre is the vast cupola; from the platform rise twenty-five encircling steeples, each surmounted by a saint, prophet, or martyr, the crowned and uncrowned of church history. Above those, angels and cherubs soar with outstretched wings, while the lesser intermingling points gleam with the light from golden stars.

Towering still higher is the central, delicately pointed shaft, outlined against the sky, and bearing as the blossom of this wondrous growth, at the apex of this dedicatory spire, the golden figure of the Virgin Mother, bearing the cross and wearing the crown.

To my mind there is a pathetic side developed as we study the church architecture of the Middle Ages: those massive structures of hallowed marble, ascending in a multiple of forms, symbolical of the church militant and the church triumphant; are yet made up from fragments of patient toil, and the idea of individuality will intrude as we take the most superficial view of the complex design. Each portion finished speaks of the personal devotion of some one to that particular detail of the grand whole, which completed represents possibly the labor of years, by many a master hand long since crumbled into dust.

The finish and elegance of the interior correspond fully with the exterior magnificence. A wonderful vista is spread before the one who stands within the central door and looks down the five long aisles upon a landscape of stone. The mosaic floor of variously colored marbles is the pavement; clustered pillars are the stately trunks, from which wide-spreading arches branch to the vaulted ceiling and intermingle above the grand aisle; the groined vaulting bears leaf, bud, and blossom in fine carving; beyond float soft, gray tints in delicate fresco, which one can easily imagine to be the changing hues of the far-away sky. Each group of columns bears aloft a massive capital, which contains many sculptured figures.

The twoscore windows have rich coloring in rainbow hues; they are vivid or soft in the smile of the sun or the shade of the cloud, and speak to the eye as music to the ear, and charm with their harmony. The light which streams through the rich, dark glass is in turn ruby, emerald, topaz, or sapphire; and as the shimmering rays fall upon some portion of the grand nave or upon the network of carved foliage, they seem to give the radiance of the sunset glow or tint with the splendor of the autumnal shades.

Three inscriptions span the arched doorways, and in their deep significance they are worthy of their exalted position. Above one is carved a beautiful wreath of roses, and underneath are the words, "All that which pleases is but for a moment." Over another is sculptured a cross and this inscription, "All that which troubles is but for a moment." The great portal of the

middle aisle is circled by the grand central thought, expressed in the words, "That only is important which is eternal."

Near two of the great clustered pillars are elegant pulpits upheld by bronze caryatides ; these in one represent the fathers of the Church, in the other the four Evangelists. Between them are exquisite bass-reliefs illustrating sacred history.

On either side are chapels rich in marble, bronze, mosaic, and painting ; they also have splendid altar decorations of gold, silver, gems, and royal hangings. Stone tombs, sepulchral urns, carved oak confessionals, dark with age ; the walnut of the choir graven with the various symbols pertaining to the Roman ritual ; the rich ornamentation surrounding the superb windows ; vases and fonts of rare porphyry ; busts and statues in black, white, red, and Carrara marble, — all of those objects abound, and are only a small portion of the astonishing display within the walls of this magnificent temple.

In front of the high altar an elaborate bronze railing surrounds an opening in the pavement ; around this there are always to be seen some of the faithful kneeling in prayer, for below is the subterranean chapel of St. Charles Borromeo. A fee to the attendant, and a door was unlocked ; we descended a flight of nine steps, passed through a doorway whose polished pillars were ornamented with rich gilding on base and capital, and stood within a small octagonal room.

Each of the divisions contained an alto-relief in silver, illustrating the most noteworthy events in the life of the

canonized bishop ; in the angles were caryatides, allegorical of his virtues. The altar was draped with splendid tapestry ; cardinal silk of the heaviest texture was covered with embroidery in gold thread, following the designs of an eminent painter. Above and behind the altar was a bronze sarcophagus mounted in silver. An extra fee was given to the attending priest ; he added to his costume some churchy vestment of lace, made necessary changes in the ornaments upon the altar, reverently crossed himself, took a position at the head of the sarcophagus, and slowly turned a windlass. The bronze cover opened, and was folded from sight, revealing a casket of pure rock crystal, bound with silver and ornamented with statuettes of the same metal ; it also bore the cipher of the royal donor, Philip IV. of Spain.

The good man, the worthy bishop, the canonized saint, who relinquished all worldly ambition for the sake of the poor and suffering ; who consecrated his life to the succor of the plague-stricken, selling his principdom for means to relieve their wants ; the zealous reformer, who, in the attempt to modify the abuses which abounded in the church of his devoted love, brought down upon himself not alone opposition, but murderous attempts were made, a conspiracy being formed against him among some of the brotherhoods of the priests, — the remains of this man, who throughout his whole life was an exemplar of meekness and humility, were there exhibited, clothed in full pontifical robes, stiff with gold embroidery and studded with glittering gems.

The feeble rays from the wax tapers flashed back in vivid brightness from diamonds; rubies, sapphires, and emeralds gleamed with brilliancy of color. In the centre of the shrine was suspended a cross of almost priceless value, the gift of Maria Theresa. In the blackened, withered hand was held the pastoral staff, thickly set with magnificent jewels. Above the fleshless skull, with its dark skin and sunken eyes, rested in hideous mockery a crown of gold, a regal ornament, one radiant mass of precious stones.

It was a fearful, a ghastly sight, — that shrivelled, mummified figure in the gorgeous robe and splendid gems; the display of all the “pomp and circumstance” of glittering show shockingly contrasted with the presence of the stern majesty of death.

Thus the Romish Church proudly displays the mortal remains of one who has “put on immortality,” for the sake of the francs to be added to her coffers. “To us it seemed so good a man, so kind a heart, so simple in its nature, deserved rest and peace in a grave sacred from the intrusion of prying eyes.”

We turned from the crypt, whose contents — exclusive of the saintly mummy — are valued at six million francs, to be besieged by hosts of beggars, who would draw if possible from the heretic, “for the love of the Virgin,” some amount, that they may in turn donate it to increase the gorgeousness of the mausoleum of the worthy cardinal who died three hundred years ago. From such importunities a Protestant feels to turn indignantly away, strengthened in his detestation of a religious system that lavishes wealth upon tombs,

or hides it away in treasure vaults, yet mercilessly wrings from the ignorant and credulous the pittance needed in their poor homes. It is confidently asserted that the trifles thus accumulated enable many, who profess to stand as mediators between God and man, to live in idleness and revel in luxury.

Nothing can be more diametrically opposed to our Protestant ideas of worship than its conduct in those great churches: the numerous altars, the images, the pictures, the hasty mumbling of the service in an unknown tongue, the bowings and turnings, the waving of the hands, sign of the cross, the hasty dropping on one knee and rising in the same manner, and all the ceremonial, which appears to us a succession of senseless mummeries.

But I have seen poorly clad women kneel unmoved for hours upon the stone flagging of those chill churches, whose attitude and manner expressed so much devotion that I have felt to heartily rejoice that the lowly, the poorest, shut out from all of beauty elsewhere, might come into that hushed stillness and kneel to pray, wherever they would, unrebuked. Amid the purity and loveliness of the signs and symbols that surround them, they may comprehend some meanings and find rest and peace in the shelter of the uplifted power where they humbly bow in prayer; the act of service may prove indeed to their needy souls "as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

True, each may hold in her hand the rosary, over which the fingers glide as she numbers her different *paters* and *aves*, suggesting to us penance rather than

prayer ; her gaze may be fixed upon the face of a smiling, expressionless Mary or a more repulsive image of the Man of Sorrows : but as we note the dress of poverty, the wan, hopeless face, and air of deep sincerity, we can but hope that her devout soul, worshipping in the true spirit, will find that for which it seeks, even though it be at the feet of a brocade and lace bedecked Virgin, with her silly face and paper crown. So, whether or no we are in accord with her particular form of worship, we feel to tread lightly and reverently the hallowed court where the suppliant kneels, that no movement or sound may disturb the moments consecrated to humble devotion.

In the Cathedral of Milan was a noticeable absence of the tawdry finery which so frequently abounds ; there was not one really ugly statue or coarse picture ; no wreaths or bouquets of unnatural paper flowers ; no hideous images of painted plaster with glittering crowns ; no altar trimmings of coarse muslin, coarser lace, and tarnished gilding. There was no one object so commonplace as to mar the beauty of the whole.

Over one altar, in graceful sculpture, was a Madonna, white and lovely ; in her arms was the beautiful child, the infant Saviour. In his perfectly rounded form I almost thought to see the movement of life. Upon her face was a look of wondrous love and peace, and with it an expression which was to me as a recognition of the mystery of motherhood from the human side. To gaze upon that and catch the depth and purity of its meaning would, I am sure, have the effect of weakening some prejudice in the stoutest Protestant breast and

touch the stoniest heart. It was so sweet, so saintly, that I could partially comprehend how the heart-hungry, ignorant soul could bow in homage at the Mother's feet and deem her almost divine.

Notwithstanding there is a general resemblance in the appearance of the cathedrals built during the Middle Ages, at least to one who possesses no architectural knowledge, there are differences felt, though too subtle to define. Therefore I cannot give my reasons, though the fact remains the same, that in my heart the Milan Cathedral holds the first place among the many grand old churches seen abroad. Noble, majestic as it is in its vastness, it possesses an additional charm in the effect of grace and lightness produced by the gleaming whiteness of the marble, in its color the symbol of purity. Its beauty and grandeur were not alone impressed upon my vision, but taking possession of my outward senses, were still more fully realized in spirit.

"Oft have I seen at some cathedral door
A laborer, pausing in the dust and heat,
Lay down his burden, and with reverent feet
Enter and cross himself, and on the floor
Kneel to repeat his *pater noster* o'er;
Far off the noises of the world retreat;
The loud vociferations of the street
Become an undistinguishable roar.
So, as I enter here from day to day,
And leave my burden at the minster gate,
Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to pray,
The tumult of the time disconsolate
To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
While the eternal ages watch and wait."

XXIV.

PASSING REMARKS.

“Perhaps a truth
Is so far plain in this, that Italy,
Long trammelled with the purple of her youth,
Against her age’s ripe activity,
Sits still upon her tombs, without death’s ruth,
But also without life’s brave energy.” — E. B. BROWNING.

FOR years, in every article that I have read pertaining to Italy, more or less has been said concerning the necessity for the regeneration of that nation. Without attempting any elaboration of that idea, I desire to make a quotation from a paper in one of our leading magazines: “No nation tolerating such a system of railway administration as hers holds the germ of regeneration in its organization.”

I deeply sympathize with the writer in the experience suggested in the above sentence, and am fully in accord with the sentiment contained therein, as it enables me to state briefly that the reason why I did not see Genoa the superb, and visit the Leaning Tower and Campo Santo of Pisa, was entirely owing to the fact that Italy was still unregenerated.

The numerous criticisms which are heaped upon Italy, owing to the general mismanagement of the entire railroad organization within its borders, are usually concentrated, as far as the ordinary traveller is concerned, upon the fact of his inability to go whither he would upon her

railroads, but the rather must go where the officials will ; all of which, and much more that is disagreeable, is too true to be pleasant, even in retrospect.

Having been myself a victim to that necessity, I feel entitled to a certain degree of warmth in expressing my views upon the subject ; but am willing to waive that claim for the pleasure of alluding to one luxury connected with railroad travel in Italy, which seems to be overlooked by the majority of travellers. I refer to the station houses, which appeared to me to be models for buildings of that kind. They are frequently elegant structures of cut stone with ornamental cornices, niches filled with statuary, and a general look of solidity and comfort. In the interior are spacious waiting-rooms, floors carpeted or laid in marble mosaic, ceilings delicately frescoed, and the different apartments furnished with tables, sofas, chairs, and every requisite.

Although I saw comparatively little in Italy that I would care to have copied at home, yet I would like to commend the comforts, not necessarily the elegances, of the Italian station houses to the officials of two prominent railroads in my own State. At an important station, two hours from the metropolis, where many changes are necessarily made by the passengers upon the rival roads, their patrons are frequently obliged to wait for hours in a room destitute of every comfort, and whose foul air, I greatly fear, would make an ordinary Italian ill.

Pardon this digression, which followed an allusion to my disappointment in having only a dissolving view of two cities that I greatly desired to see.

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For this seeming misfortune, ample compensation was received in the additional days spent in Rome, which were filled with the most satisfactory sight-seeing of my journey. It was with reluctance that I turned away from the Eternal City, where dingy modernism rivals the splendor of antiquity, and whose wealth of buried and unburied treasure is boundless.

It was a glorious day, and although very warm for September weather, the seven hours' ride to Florence was really restful after the weariness of a succession of days, filled with the novel sights and interesting associations with which Rome abounds.

Our little party had a compartment to ourselves, if I except the tall, portly, black-robed priest. His presence proved no interruption to the flow of conversation, as after bestowing one glance upon his fellow-travellers, and carefully laying aside his shovel-shaped hat, he became to all intents and purposes absorbed in his prayers. He varied the monotony by occasionally reading from a small volume of Dante, and snuff-taking mingled uninterruptedly with both occupations. He read comparatively little, and returned with fresh zeal to his prayers after every such pastime. It was quite evident that he was behind in some of his duties, and those quiet hours must have enabled him to make some amends for past neglect.

On leaving Rome, we passed over the ground which had once glistened with the showy mausoleums of consuls and patricians, along by the wooded hills where the homes of the noblest Romans once stood, and near which the statues of their divinities raised high, or even

surmounting their heathen temples, once bade defiance to the enemy ; over the military roads, where the conquering armies had marched, and across the ground which had been the battle-field of ages.

Everything seemed vague and misty that day ; history appeared as a dead and buried myth, as we thundered through the hills beneath the very earth which had once trembled under the tread of the Carthaginian hordes, where the Roman legions had encamped, and where, among quiet lakes and peaceful plains, tumult and bloodshed had held high carnival.

Later, we dashed through many tunnels which are so numerous on many of the Italian railroads, as to make the comparison "threading the tunnels like beads on a string" very appropriate. The warning notice to travellers to keep heads and arms away from the windows suggested extremely narrow passages through the black rock.

After we left the Umbrian Mountains behind, we were never out of sight of other ranges ; although upon the valleys the drought of summer had laid its desolating blight, yet there were hills fair to see, green with the vineyards which no adverse circumstances seemed to seriously affect. They were the agreeable feature of the landscape in connection with the groves of the dusky-hued olive ; they often grew in pleasing contrast side by side with the richer foliage of other fruit-bearing trees ; and over them all the wandering vine sprang from bough to bough, laden with incomparably fine fruit.

XXV.

FLORENCE.

“The day was such a day
As Florence owes the sun. The sky above
Its weight upon the mountains seemed to lay
And palpitate in glory, like a dove
Who has flown too fast, full-hearted !”

UPON the province of Tuscany natural advantages have been lavishly bestowed ; sheltered by the Apennines, watered by the Arno, both being favorable conditions which, added to the fertility of the soil and salubrity of the climate, enable the smiling plains to be clothed in a garb of perpetual beauty.

Florence, the chief Tuscan city, lies in the hollow formed by many hills, and is largely indebted to its surroundings for the beauty which has made it famous, and to which art has added its grace and power. Hemmed in by the varying heights of the Apennines, whose lesser hills are dotted with charming villas, and divided by the golden Arno as it runs on its seaward course, its situation is extremely picturesque.

The Arno is said to be a most capricious stream. At the time I saw it, the slaty, rocky bed was scarcely covered with water, as it is always fordable in summer. At other seasons it swells into a fierce torrent, rises to a level with the embankments, and dashes wildly against the massive stone bridges whose piers seem to impede

its course. Inundations have frequently occurred, when the city has been submerged to a depth of several feet.

The very thought of Florence suggests loveliness; its name has come down from the earliest centuries, and is supposed to have originated from the abundance of flowers, which brightened the hillsides and bloomed in the valley. It yet bears gracefully and truthfully the title "City of Flowers," though receiving others, such as "The Daughter of Rome" and "Athens of Italy." To the right of those suggestive names its claim is well established, even though it has not entered yet into its full inheritance, for within comparatively narrow bounds Florence holds vast treasures of art, standing in that regard pre-eminent among the cities of Europe.

Where, as in Italy, there is such a wealth of painting and sculpture, where every church is a picture gallery and every palace has its museum, the traveller must necessarily lose the sight of much of value, owing to the abundance as well as the superiority of the works of art. Not only unlimited time, but a great amount of physical endurance would be required to see, even superficially, the choicest collections. By the time that the ordinary traveller has reached Florence, after weeks or months of continuous sight-seeing, he is surfeited with cathedrals and galleries, yet is again confronted by the necessity of making the weary round, in order to see those especial objects which have given to Florence the fame of being one of the most artistic cities of the world.

Florence has so many halls and galleries, that to even see the celebrities of each would be wearisome, there-

fore I shall endeavor not to be tiresome with details which any guide book could give more clearly, but content myself by alluding to a few among the many interesting works of art which I had the pleasure of seeing during my short stay in the city.

Depressed with the knowledge of my own ignorance, as I mentally confronted the display awaiting me, I yet found an atom of consolation in the thought that while I knew so very little of art in general, and possibly still less of Florence, its growth, reverses, and rulers, I was not entirely unfamiliar with the names of some whose great deeds had helped to fill its records in the past, and with a few of the immortal works its sons had bequeathed to the world.

Was not this once the home of Dante, Buonarrotti, Galileo, and Savonarola? Had not Petrarch, Benvenuto Cellini, Leonardo da Vinci, and Lorenzo the Magnificent often walked these same streets? Is not the model of womanly beauty to be found here in the sculptured Venus by Canova? Can we not find here the portrayal of mother love in its perfection, where the divine and human meet in the expressive Madonna della Seggiola? And to my thought came other names among the host of mighty masters, whose genius created those objects which have placed Florence in the position she occupies in the art-world to-day.

The first impression of the stranger is one of surprise at the abundance of effective statuary to be seen on entering the city. Every little piazza has its ornamental fountain, stately monument, or group of figures. The Loggia de Lanzi, an arcade upon a public street, open

to vision, sun, and air, has numerous arches which are supported upon Corinthian columns; within these are sheltered valuable specimens of ancient and modern sculpture. The celebrated Perseus by Cellini and the bronze Judith by Donatello stand there as representative figures, executed by Florentine sculptors of the sixteenth century.

Michel Angelo is so thoroughly identified with this place, that one finds his name associated with the majority of its attractions. Assuredly, to those who admire the genius of the painter, sculptor, architect, and poet, no apology will need be made for the frequent mention of his name. In fact, it would be almost an impossibility to avoid doing so where the impress of his power and force of imagination are constantly realized.

In accordance with my theory that it is wise to observe any strange city as a whole, before attempting to comprehend its details, the eminence crowned by the piazza Michel Angelo was selected as the point of observation, and naturally, I imagined there could be no more favorable outlook. It was a reminder of the mountain roads — traversed ages ago, it seemed, in remembering how much lay between — as we wound up the lovely hill in long, sweeping curves, and stood on the overlooking terrace. The view embraced city and valley lying in the rounded basin formed by the mountains, whose heights were variegated by the hues of the sombre-tinted olive, the pale foliage of the ilex, the blue-green needles of the stately pine, and the rich verdure of the groves of orange and pomegranate.

Solitary monasteries among the trees, and charming

country homes half hidden in the luxuriance of growth which surrounds them, are scattered upon the hills. Terraced walls uphold the vineyards that climb the heights, and these serried rows the practical hand of man has caused to serve the double purpose of beauty and utility. There is an appearance of abundant prosperity in the scene, from the pleasant landscape at our feet, over the sunny slopes and rounded summits, beyond to the distant mountains that bound our vision.

The piazza on which we stand has marble seats and parapets, paved walks, clustered trees of poplar and birch, blooming parterres, and its crowning ornament in the colossal statue of David, copied from the celebrated marble of the great master, now in the Academy of Fine Arts; the four surrounding statues being also copies of his works in the Sacristy. Beyond this terrace is the church and campanile of San Miniato, upon a hill of the same name. This is one of the churches built in the eleventh century, and is filled with interesting memorials of the past; its façade is of variously colored marbles.

Now we turn to the city spread like a panorama before us, with its bisecting, slow-flowing Arno and connecting bridges, and notice particularly the galleried one which connects the Pitti and Uffizzi palaces.

Then we mark the conspicuous battlemented tower of the Palazzo Vecchio, which causes it to look more the fortress than the palace. Indeed, it was a veritable stronghold; for from its tall watch-tower flashed forth the beacon light in the hour of danger, and the bell rang out its warning peal.

The Campanile comes next to our vision, with its marvellous appearance of strength and lightness. Close at hand the peaked lantern of the Duomo cuts the blue of heaven ; and lower is the octagonal dome of the Baptistery, whose magnificent doors are marvels which my eyes long to see. This lofty tower is Santa Croce ; that graceful campanile belongs to Santa Maria Novella, the mystic bride of Michel Angelo. As this list might be extended to a great length, we will pass unnoticed the remaining two hundred churches in Florence. The objects enumerated are among the first and prominent features noticed ; then we observe, as in all the cities of the Old World, the mingled broad and narrow streets, the red-tiled roofs, the projecting windows, a confusing number of spires, belfries, turrets, domes, crosses, and flag-staffs : from some of the latter floats the banner of the Florentine lion.

Without the walls of Florence, upon a slight eminence, is the Protestant cemetery, where among the many who there sleep their last sleep lie the remains of one whose name involuntarily rises to our lips, Mrs. E. B. Browning. Over her quiet resting-place the stone pine stretches its long arms, and the solemn cypress lifts its tapering spire heavenward. It is through the writings of Mrs. Browning, more than in any other way, that the English-speaking world has learned to know "this Florence of ours," to her the centre of "Italy, my Italy." It is fitting that she should lie near the shores of the golden Arno, in the home of her adoption, and where the happiest years of her life were spent. Her hope for Italy was boundless, and when believing

that the fulfilment of her desires was at hand, and but the master was needed to make of Italy a nation in deed as in name, how sweetly and trustfully she sang, —

“This country-saving is a glorious thing;
And if a common man achieved it? well.
Say a rich man did it? excellent. A king?
That grows sublime. A priest? improbable.
A pope? ah, there we stop, and cannot bring
Our faith up to the leap, with history's bell
So heavy round the neck of it, — albeit
We fain would grant the possibility
For thy sake, Pio Nono.”

In her continued plea for a better future for her foreign home, she did not hesitate to speak brave words against the papal power; giving her creed in the touching words so dear to all Protestants, —

“My words are guiltless of the bigot's sense;
My soul has fire to mingle with the fire
Of all these souls, within or out of doors,
Of Rome's church or another. I believe
In one priest and one temple, with its floors
Of shining jasper gloomed at morn and eve
By countless knees of earnest auditors;
I hold the articulated gospels, which
Show Christ among us, crucified on tree;
I love all who love truth, if poor or rich
In what they have won of truth possessively.”

The style of Florentine architecture is very peculiar: the majority of the palaces and churches are situated upon obscure streets, and so crowded by the surrounding buildings that a complete view is impossible; they must be seen in fragments. Among the ancient customs in Florence was one of placing lanterns upon the

walls of the buildings ; some few of these are yet to be seen. They were called *fanali*, and were usually made of iron in a dainty pattern, and secured to the house corners ; in some instances they projected from the balconies. They were distinctive in the sense that they were only placed upon the homes of distinguished Florentine patricians, and usually bore upon them the coat of arms belonging to the family.

The Pitti Palace is generally regarded as a fair specimen of architecture in Tuscany. It was commenced in the fifteenth century by Luca Pitti, a Florentine trader, who, proud of his wealth, desired to show his power by eclipsing the magnificence of the Medicis, and at the same time humiliate his rival Strozzi, by building a palace sufficiently capacious to contain the entire ducal residence of that family within the court. Pitti was ruined, and the unfinished structure became the property of his hated antagonist, and after two centuries was finished by the family as we now find it ; its long arms still outstretched in readiness to absorb the lesser castle. Constructed of hewn stone, many of the blocks being huge in their dimensions, twenty or thirty feet long, it has the appearance of great solidity and is severe in its simplicity. It has neither columns, balconies, nor other ornamentation, if we except the few engaged columns upon the façade, which, however, are as massive and rugged as the remainder of the building. All is austere and immense ; in fact, the exterior has more the appearance of a governmental building than the residence of an aristocratic family. Like all the palaces built in those times, which must serve also for places of defence, it

has small grated windows. The centre has three stories, which lessen to two, and from the corners where the parallel wings commence there is but one. The palace overlooks the Boboli garden; there are spacious avenues with evergreen borders; clusters of pine, laurel, and cypress form a delightful shade along the terraces and walks, among the blooming parterres and refreshing fountains; groups of fine statuary adorn the niches cut from the vivid green of the enclosing hedges,—all this variety of beauty uniting to form a charming retreat in the very heart of the city.

The splendor of the interior is in striking contrast with the severe grandeur of the exterior. Although the Pitti Palace does not contain the variety which is in the Uffizzi Gallery, it is considered to have the finer collection of paintings; this consists of five hundred select pictures, distributed through fifteen saloons. Each of these rooms is named for a mythological hero, and the ceiling, elegantly frescoed, illustrative of imaginary scenes in the history of the presiding deity. As everything in Florence, not associated with Michel Angelo, has the glory of the Medici family in view, these frescos are supposed to represent Cosmo I.; commencing with his youth, he is attended by Aphrodite, Pallas Athene, Zeus, and all the Olympian deities. This series of apartments, open to the public, is filled with paintings of rare merit from the hand of such artists as Angelo, Raphael, Carlo Dolci, Fra Bartolomeo, Salvator Rosa, Andrea del Sarto, Rubens, Titian, Guido Reni, Tintoretto, and a host of others whose names were not "writ in water."

Among the delineations were seers and prophets, with the conscious power of far-seeing in their faces ; mythological heroes and heathen deities, grand and imposing ; coronations and entombments ; Madonnas and saints ; apostles and evangelists : until in the fourth hall, after long gazing at Guido Reni's Rebecca, I stood enraptured before the Madonna della Seggiola. Although one may think themselves familiar with it from copies, the original gives to the infant Christ and little John an unexpected beauty ; while the sweet, holy expression upon the face of the Mother seems like a new revelation, and holds depths of meaning.

The Three Fates fascinated while it chilled ; Cleopatra was beautiful enough to drive an Antony mad ; Rubens's Holy Family, Dolci's St. John, and a score of others remain fixed in my memory, each as a thing of beauty which will be a joy forever.

Among the marbles I will allude to but two : the Venus of Canova, and a small bust of the first Napoleon by the same sculptor. I simply make the statement without further remark, as I am well aware that they could attain no higher standard by any praise of mine.

There were tables in every room which were marvellous works of art, made of malachite, jasper, and every kind of *pietra dura*. Some of them, with ground of alabaster, had landscapes in mosaic. One exquisite piece, representing Columbus discovering America, was set in Spanish emerald, encircled with black marble. No description can convey an adequate idea of the beauty and delicacy of the workmanship, and their value is fabu-

lous. There were also cabinets of ivory filled with Sèvres vases, artistic carvings, bronzes, intaglios, miniatures, and specimens of the rarest stones.

It was not my intention to mention as many of the priceless works of art within those walls, which, delightful to look upon, are rather a bore to read about. One becomes surfeited with such a feast of loveliness as is found there, and would need to go again and again, if he wishes to bring away more than a confused impression of grace, beauty, and wonderful gradations of color. I am confident that I will be pardoned, when I state that I shall refrain from alluding to other collections; barely noticing the fact that we went to the Academy of Fine Arts, with especial reference to seeing the David of Michel Angelo, which, owing to repairs which were being made within the building, was visible under difficulties.

Of the numerous Florentine churches, that of Santa Croce is the most famous; it possesses an interest deeper than any associated with church architecture, cloistered halls, patriarchs and prophets carved in stone, or chapels rich in penitential gifts. It has been called the Pantheon of Florence, though more frequently the Florentine Westminster Abbey, because within its bounds are so many memorials to Italy's illustrious dead.

"In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie
Ashes which make it holier, dust which is
Even in itself an immortality."

First, in the right aisle, is the beautiful and interesting monument to Michel Angelo. Upon the sarcopha-

gus are the three allegorical figures of the sister arts, Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, each with her appropriate emblems. Above these figures is the bust of the gifted man ; and reaching midway to the ceiling is an elaborate finish, in which marble drapery, angelic figures, reliefs, and a central, handsome painting are a portion of the details.

The monument to Alfieri was executed by Canova, as that poet holds a high position in the annals of Italian literature, the sculptor appropriately placed a figure by his tomb, symbolical of Italy mourning the loss of one of her sons. That memorial becomes doubly interesting when we learn the romantic fact that it was erected by the orders of a fair lady of noble birth ; it is said that she was his inspiration to the day of his death, and to her lasting friendship the poet touchingly alludes in some of his latest writings.

The tomb of Machiavelli also has an allegorical statue ; in his case, the pensive female figure represents ~~Painting~~ *History*, in grief at the death of a gifted son.

Galileo's monument has been pronounced by critics the worst one in the church ; that comparison in any of those old churches would be a very significant criticism. I only recall the statue of the Tuscan philosopher, holding astronomical instruments in his hand ; his attitude suggesting that he was supposed to be delivering a lecture ; two emblematical statues at the head and foot of the sarcophagus are represented in most absurd and unnatural attitudes.

The cenotaph to the exiled Dante is of such recent date as to be a reproach to Florence, being evidence of

her tardy recognition of one of her ablest and noblest sons. Over the empty tomb the laurel-crowned Dante is figured, sitting in an attitude of pensive thought, with closed book in his hand and silent harp by his side. Fame points upward to the divine poet, and the genius of Poetry leans weeping on his tomb.

"Happier Ravenna ! on thy hoary shore

. honored sleeps

The immortal exile."

ROGERS.

"Henceforward, Dante, now my soul is sure

That thine is better comforted of scorn,

And looks down earthward in completer cure,

Than when in Santa Croce's church, forlorn

Of any corpse, the architect and hewer

Did pile the empty marbles on thy tomb."

E. B. BROWNING.

At the extreme end of the church are a number of chapels, containing the usual amount of relics, paintings, and statuary. On every hand the accepted symbol of this church is visible. It stands out distinctly in the little chapel where it is held by St. Francis in the picture of that saint; it is graven in the gable; it is repeated upon every confessional; it is over the grand entrance in bass-relief; and upon the roof it is borne high by bronze angels.

In the square in front of Santa Croce is the colossal statue of Dante. Crowned with the laurel the poet stands, while at his feet sits an eagle, and at the corners of the pedestal crouch the lions of Florence.

There are two conspicuous landmarks of the city from whatever point it is viewed : the profoundly grand cathedral dome and the lofty watch-tower of Palazza

Vecchio. The walls of the latter are covered with the devices, the emblazoned arms of the republic as it was centuries ago ; and with the gigantic statues standing guard at the door, are thoroughly characteristic of Florence in the days of her power. The square, imposing tower of stone rises above the battlemented roof, with the severity of style befitting the time when every public edifice and each ducal home were alike planned for defence. This is situated on the Piazza della Signoria, which is still, as it has ever been, the political centre of Florence.

Here is the Fountain of Neptune, where the sea-king stands in his triumphal car, surrounded by nymphs, satyrs, mermaids, and tritons. The limpid waters have flowed for centuries upon a spot, alas ! indelibly stained with human blood and sacrificial fire, for this fountain covers the spot where occurred one of the most mournful and tragic events of history. Here Savonarola breathed his last sigh, among those whose cruelty and injustice could in no other way be appeased. The sublime character of the man who resisted unto death the corruptions of the religious system under which he was reared must render his name immortal.

“ Now that you are in Florence, go
To San Lorenzo, — the church, you know,
Holds Michel’s miracle carved in stone :
The brooding figure that under the shade
Of his monk-like cowl, severe and lone,
Watches you till you grow afraid
It may step from its niche and ask you why
You dare intrude, with a curious eye,
Thus on its dark domain of thought.”

It is necessary to visit this church in order to see the monuments designed and executed by Michel Angelo, which stand second only to the David, his masterpiece. As we enter the new sacristy, near the door is an unfinished group of Virgin and Child from the same hand. The tall, draped figure of the mother supports the infant upon her hip; the flowing robe follows the graceful curves of the body, and the attitude is one of careless ease; the face, though incomplete, expresses submission and exalted love.

On the right and left are the tombs of Giuliano and Lorenzo de Medici. These monuments are similar in design; upon the white marble sarcophagi are recumbent figures, representing allegorically Dawn and Evening, Day and Night. The attitudes express nothing of repose, but the rather expectancy, energy, and suffering. These figures have been greatly admired, but the one called "*La Notte*" the most of all; in that an owl is placed at the feet of an extended figure of a woman, whose position indicates extreme weariness, and who appears to be sleeping the sleep of exhaustion. Heavy cornice, fluted pillars with Corinthian capitals, finished in an elegant manner, form a niche within which is seated the statue of Giuliano. He is represented in the dress of a Roman general partially in armor; his head is turned to one side, and gazing into the distance, to the observer he appears to be listening intently and watching for something to come.

Lorenzo is seated in a duplicate niche over his tomb; his face is partly hidden by an overshadowing helmet; the chin is supported by the hand as if he was absorbed

in deep meditation, while the finger upon his lip is impressive and almost tragic. One is struck with the idea of deep, hidden strength in a suffering hero; the expression being that of one born to command, yet forced to submit. An art critic says of these statues: "Nothing in modern statuary is equal to them, and the noblest antique works are not superior."

"Three hundred years his patient statues wait
In that small chapel of the dim St. Lawrence.
Day's eyes are breaking bold and passionate
Over his shoulder, and will flash abhorrence
On darkness, and with level looks meet fate,
When once loosed from that marble film of theirs;
The Night has wild dreams in her sleep, the Dawn
Is haggard as the sleepless, Twilight wears
A sort of horror; as the veil withdrawn
'Twixt the artist's soul and works had left them heirs
Of speechless thoughts, which would not quail or fawn,
Of angers and contempts, of hopes and loves."

Upon the pedestal of Night the sculptor wrote: "Sleep is sweet, and yet more sweet it is to be of stone, while misery and wrong endure. Not to see, not to feel is my joy. So wake me not. Ah, speak in whispers." Do not those lines speak eloquently of his love for Florence and his agony of despair at her downfall? All that he strove to forget in physical weariness and intellectual toil; bringing out from senseless stone, in obedience to the promptings of his genius, exalted heroes and suffering men.

The Medicean Chapel, as every one is supposed to know, was designed to receive the sepulchre of Christ; but as the Medici, with all their wealth and power, failed

to wrest that treasure from the hands of the infidels, the second Cosmo completed the chapel, and devoted it to the purpose of a family mausoleum. It is the most elaborate and costly room that can be imagined. Its shape is octagonal, and the beautiful dome which surmounts it is elegantly frescoed in the usual series of Scriptural scenes. The colors are vivid, exquisitely blended, and one can study the paintings with constantly increasing delight. The floor is inlaid in many-colored marbles, and the gorgeousness of the walls is indescribable. The lofty sides of this grand ducal mausoleum are entirely sheathed in the finest marble, inlaid with Oriental agate, jasper, verde antique, lapis lazuli, malachite, alabaster, mother of pearl, coral, chalcedony, and other rare stones. These form intricate designs, and the entire surface is polished until it reflects like a mirror the splendors of the coloring within the dome. These decorations are unparalleled in richness. Among them are placed the shields, heraldic devices, coat of arms, and every vainglory of the Medici family; these are executed in the finest Florentine mosaic, great skill being exercised in the arrangement of the stones, that the shading of the emblematical designs may be perfect. Cenotaphs and memorial tablets bear the names of those whose remains are in the crypt below.

The Duomo of Florence is a colossal building in the form of a cross, and with its stately swelling dome excites admiration and interest. Its close surroundings prevent one from having a complete view, and naturally make it difficult to form a correct idea of its magnitude. The exterior is incrustated with a mosaic of black, white,

and green marble. The façade is still unfinished; as the expense is to be borne by private subscription, lists for that purpose are conspicuously displayed upon the church. As an inducement to give liberally, all are notified that a donation of five thousand francs will entitle the donor to have his name graven upon the finished front; that, in the eyes of a true Romanist, would be considered equivalent to having it recorded in the "Book of Life."

The interior seems delightfully cool as you enter from the glare of an Italian sun; the windows are small, and composed of minute bits of stained glass, very old and of deep, rich colors, casting a beautiful but subdued light throughout the grand interior. The noble simplicity of this church is its greatest charm; it is delightful to visit a church which is not also a museum. The monuments are few, which is in decided contrast with the majority of the European cathedrals. Giotto, Brunelleschi, and others, whose architectural skill made the Duomo what it is, have memorials here.

There still hangs over one of the altars the portrait of Dante, which was for many years the only testimonial of "ungrateful Florence" to her exiled son. The tessellated pavement is of red, blue, and white marble, and according to custom it is claimed that the design was by Michel Angelo.

The cupola, which surpasses in height and circumference the dome of St. Peter's, is supported upon so much lower a base that it is not easy to credit the fact, which is, however, well authenticated. This is effectively lighted by round windows, and the fine frescos within

the dome show to admirable advantage. Directly beneath the cupola is the high altar, and behind that is placed the last work of Michel Angelo; this piece of statuary was intended for his own tomb, and represents Joseph of Arimathea removing the body of Christ from the cross. Dying before its completion, the Church with her usual zeal took charge of the unfinished group. The feeling is wellnigh universal that the rough block, from which the master was chiselling his thought when death arrested his hand, would have been a most appropriate monument for his last resting place in Santa Croce.

Close by the Duomo stands an elegant structure of Grecian architecture,

"Completing Florence, as Florence Italy";

its grace being so remarkable that its comeliness has passed into a proverb. "Beautiful as the Campanile," is the comparison the Florentines use when they wish to speak in highest praise of any object. It is a square pile, combining lightness and grandeur; lofty as it seems, it is incomplete, still lacking its finishing spire, designed to add thirty feet more to its height.

"Giotto's tower,
The lily of Florence, blossoming in stone,
A vision, a delight, and a desire,
The builder's perfect and centennial flower
That in the night of ages bloomed alone."

The Campanile is as graceful and delicate as it is solid and strong. It is covered with white, green serpentine, and red marble of Perugia, arranged in a check-

ered pattern. This complicated design has not suffered materially from the ravages of Time ; although the brightness of its hues is mellowed, they are still perfectly distinguishable, and its five centuries seem to have passed lightly over it.

The sculptures and bass-reliefs embrace a great range, and are by no means confined to religious subjects. The Evangelists are there with their symbols ; the niches upon the other sides are filled with saints, prophets, and sibyls, four of each ; underneath are the reliefs of the virtues, sacraments, works of mercy, and beatitudes. Below these is the history of Grecian cultivation and human progress. There are a number of tall, Gothic windows and dividing columns ; great variety is given by the introduction of delicate mosaics of intricate design within every available space. Near the ground, mosaic of glass is inserted behind the sculptured figures, in order to render them as distinct as possible.

It is claimed that the Baptistery is the primitive church of the city, as its consecration to Christian service dates from the sixth century ; the original building was used prior to that time as a place for heathen worship. This church is small in size, octagonal in shape, and constructed of alternate blocks of black and white marble. Many of the mosaics within the cupola are said to have been wrought by artists brought from Greece during the ninth century.

The famous bronze doors or gates are a mass of elaborate reliefs, which would require long and patient study to comprehend in their fulness. The first one

was made by Andrew of Pisa, and its beauty created a great sensation. The other two were by Ghiberti, who was wholly unknown when he offered his designs to compete with the most celebrated artists of the era. The drawings of three of the competitors were so fine that the judges found it extremely difficult to render a decision. To the honor of the three rivals, it is stated that during the time that they awaited the final determination they held a short conference, and reported to the arbiters of their fate, in respectful but earnest language, that in justice to art they should one and all decline to receive a prize while a design so peerless and unique as that of Ghiberti was ignored. Such an act of disinterested generosity ought to stand on record as a perpetual rebuke to the spirit of unworthy jealousy among rivals in any profession; the fact certainly gives an added grace to the consecrated edifice. The result of that protest was that the drawings of the obscure goldsmith were carefully inspected, and Ghiberti received the commission to execute the doors in accordance with his elaborate designs; to the work he gave forty years of his life.

Upon one door is a series of Scriptural scenes, mostly from the Old Testament; this is set in columns of porphyry, now seamed and worn by the wear of ages. The other is an illustrated history of the life of Christ. Each separate design is carried out with elaboration of detail, and the figures are exquisitely fine. Around this gate is a lovely frame, also in bronze, where amid the luxuriance of foliage and flowers which fill the wrought branches are graceful birds, in the different positions of repose and flight.

These unrivalled doors of bronze stand exposed to all the changes of the weather; upon the delicate figures and in the interstices the dust from the busy street is constantly settling, marring the perfection of their beauty. Standing in the doorway, on the opposite side of the street rose the roughly boarded front of the unfinished cathedral, above which the grand dome swelled in majestic proportions; above and beyond towered the Campanile, within whose uplifted height swing the clear-sounding bells with their call to prayer.

Amid all this imposing grandeur, and art in its fullest development, came the thought of the pathetic and beautiful significance attached to this little church of John the Baptist. This little octagonal gem of architecture is consecrated to a holy, lofty purpose which touches every mother's heart. Here every little child born in Florence is duly brought, held before the silver altar, and from the font of rare workmanship is taken the water, symbol of purity, to be placed upon its sinless brow, as the sign and seal of all Christendom, in the holy ordinance of baptism.

XXVI.

VENICE.

" There is a glorious city in the sea :
The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
Ebbing and flowing ; and the salt sea-weed
Clings to the marble of her palaces.
No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,
Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the sea,
Invisible ; and from the land we went,
As to a floating city, — steering in,
And gliding up her streets as in a dream.
So smoothly, silently, — by many a dome
Mosque-like, and many a stately portico,
The statues ranged along an azure sky ;
By many a pile in more than Eastern splendor,
Of old the residence of merchant kings ;
The fronts of some, though time had shattered them,
Still glowing with the richest hues of art,
As though the wealth within them had run o'er." — ROGERS.

EARLY dawn, following a ten-hours' ride, disclosed a flat, marshy country, with no appearance of vegetation save the tall, coarse grass which is always found in close proximity to the sea. This slight evidence of land grew "small by degrees and beautifully less" as our train rushed over road-beds built upon piles, and rattled across short bridges. At length we reached the final one, which spans the lagoon in its stretch of two miles ; and passing over that, we found ourselves in the substantial station-house of Venice.

As there was nothing very peculiar in the appearance of the building, I forgot for the moment that I was in the City of the Sea. On alighting from the car, we were addressed in English, an inquiry being made regarding our choice of a hotel; and we were directed to a certain door, outside which we would find the proper omnibus. That word completed my bewilderment, and I felt somewhat surprised when, instead of the customary yellow coach which the name suggested, I saw, drawn up to the quay, a row of gondolas. As Hotel Danieli was our destination, we went directly to the one upon which that name was distinctly marked, with the additional words, "Omnibus No. 10." This, like all of them designed for hotel use, was larger than the ordinary gondola, and was sufficiently capacious to carry a half-dozen travellers with baggage; this was managed by two gondoliers, one standing at either end of the long, narrow craft.

The novel and interesting experience of a first ride in a Venetian gondola is not easily forgotten. I feel obliged to admit that at first I was disappointed in the appearance of the peculiar boats, but found the motion very delightful; for the regular rise and fall of the long oars bore us almost imperceptibly over the water. Our route led through what might be termed the by-ways of Venice, and the ride dispelled some romance, as we threaded the narrow canals, where high, shabby houses walled us in, and where the sun could never enter. I also had my doubts as to the tide doing the thorough work for which it receives credit.

As it was but six o'clock when we reached the city, I

did not expect to see much evidence of life ; but the almost perfect silence which reigned was appalling. The canals bore a few gondolas like our own, on business intent ; the matin bells chimed out their call to mass, and an occasional woman was seen on her way to church : with these exceptions, everything was quiet until we neared the market-place, when all was changed. There boats were loading and unloading ; servants were chaffering, and cautiously making their purchases, — I fancied with more than ordinary care, as it was Sunday ; strange cries and sounds of noisy traffic filled the morning air. The boats were freighted with fish, fruit, or vegetables ; of the latter, there appeared to be a great variety and of unusual size. The fruit was all that I had expected to see in that climate ; there were figs, dates, lemons, oranges, olives, pomegranates, and other semi-tropical fruits, which in their perfection and profusion presented a tempting display. Upon tables and arranged in baskets were amber, purple, and golden grapes ; and I did not doubt that, filled with their winy juice, they were as delicious to the palate as delightful to the eye.

We glided over phantom streets, between rows of houses which rose directly from the water. Many of the windings were so short and narrow that before there was hardly time for marvelling if there was a possibility of the long, pointed boat being able to safely round the next corner, one of the gondoliers would sound out his shrill cry of warning ; its echoing reply would be still ringing in our ears when a duplicate boat swept by in a long, graceful curve, with not a hand's breadth of space

between the two. Now and again, we darted beneath a bridge so narrow that one thrust of the long oars from the powerful arms of the graceful gondoliers brought us out upon the other side. The out-rushing tide bore upon its stained waters the litter from the market and the refuse of the city; on granite steps and marble thresholds rested many unsightly objects, and my dreams of the beautiful Venice seemed to disappear like mist under the brightness of the morning. But my anticipations had been too long fostered to be entirely dispelled by one disappointment, and I was grateful for the later opportunities afforded of gondola rides in sunshine and moonlight, which in a measure restored the ideal of my early impressions.

At length we reached a landing, ascended several steps, wound through numerous rooms and corridors, and were soon established in pleasant apartments in Hotel Danieli, a palace formerly; but that fact possesses no particular merit, where nearly all of the better class of dwellings claim that distinction.

We had entered from the side canal, or alley, and our rooms had windows upon that side, though fronting upon the Grand Canal. As my apartment and furnishings were rather novel, I shall venture to give a brief description. The room was large, with walls and ceiling tastefully frescoed, and an oiled floor. There were two small ebonized bedsteads, brightly ornamented with gilt lines and clusters of flowers; over them were nettings of lace. The toilet table was of some bright yellow material, covered with lace, and a large mirror above. There was a sideboard having doors, drawers, and a still larger

mirror, while the third, over the wash-stand, made out the complement. These articles, with porcelain stove, odd tables and chairs, quite filled the large chamber.

The Hotel Danieli stands upon the Riva dei Schiavoni, which is the great quay of the city. It commences in front of the Doge's Palace with a width of perhaps eighty feet, which gradually diminishes to twenty at the terminus, a half-mile away. This is heavily paved, and on the harbor side constructed of granite. Here was the chief mart of Venice in the days of her commercial greatness, and it is still the principal harbor for the great merchant ships and the smaller steamers. A little to the left and across the water is San Giorgio Maggiore, upon an island of the same name; farther to the right is the church of Sta. Maria della Salute, just at the point where the Grand Canal really commences. These were the first objects that met my sight as I looked from my window, while across, above, and on every hand were towers, domes, and spires springing from the sea; upon them golden crosses gleamed, and from beneath came the full-toned voices of the bells across the watery ways.

By the time that we had breakfasted, rested a little from the fatigue of the long ride, and looked at our immediate surroundings, Venice was rousing from her slumbers. The first characteristic cry that I heard was "*Aqua! aqua!*" with an indescribable accent and prolongation of the sound. A few slatternly looking servants were passing, each wearing a neck-yoke, from which were suspended two peculiarly shaped copper buckets. Their numbers gradually increased, and I

observed that those returning had their vessels filled with water. I learned later that they had been to one of the public squares for the day's supply of the precious fluid. The water for domestic purposes is brought from a distance through pipes laid along the line of the railway, and the public wells are filled during the night, as are also the reservoirs belonging to the better class of dwellings; but as there is no general system of distribution, the majority depend upon the wells in the different squares, and at a designated hour every morning those depositories are unlocked for their benefit. The early morning cry was repeated at intervals, and came from an Italian who, with more thrift than most of his brethren, was endeavoring to add to his exchequer by selling the valuable commodity to the thirsty loungers and promenaders.

In fact, looking down upon the busy quay during those hours of Sunday was to witness many truly Venetian scenes. Up and down the steps of the bridge close at hand, and over the stone flagging passed the Italian women, the unsecured soles of their sandals clattering at every step. Many were in holiday dress; the high coiffure and tall comb or row of silver pins, over which was negligently thrown the Spanish mantle, formed a very becoming toilet, as the lace folds softened the olive complexion and gave additional grace to the figure. Idlers lounged upon the quay and sunned themselves upon the marble steps; for every gondola going out or returning there were a dozen beggars, desirous at least of the pretence of a service, in the hope of securing a few centesimi.

The fruit sellers upon the water's edge plied a busy trade ; while back and forth, beneath the brightness of a perfect day, passed members of the different grades of the people, many evidently church-goers. Upon the canals, gondolas were speeding in every direction ; in some the gondoliers in their sailor suits, broad white collars, and jaunty hats, presented a very picturesque appearance.

It was only necessary to step out of the hotel, cross a narrow bridge, pass a large public building, and ascend the steps of a second bridge, to command a view of great interest. Standing there, I leaned upon the parapet and looked a few paces inland ; an arched way, with covered passage, extended from the second stories of the opposite buildings, across the canal. The buildings were the prison and the palace of the doge ; the connecting link was the Bridge of Sighs, beneath which ran the Orfano Canal, whose dark waters have well kept the secret of many a bloody crime.

Passing the harbor front of the ducal palace, the stranger will find himself among the objects most familiar in the pictures of Venice : cathedral, campanile, palace, library, and the two granite pillars, — all, substantial relics of Venice in the splendor of her prime. From the water a wide avenue extends inland to the Grand Piazza San Marco, called the Piazzetta. On either side stand one of the noted pillars : the one upholds the winged lion of St. Mark, with the Book beneath his paw ; the other, St. Theodore, standing on a crocodile, a shield on his left arm and sword in his right hand.

Walking along the Piazzetta, with the palace at our right, and handsome Library building at our left, we are soon within the limits of the Grand Piazza ; its dimensions are so great that we almost forgot the fact it is anchored in the water by thousands of piles. At our left the campanile rears its peaked dome, cut clear and distinct against the blue sky, and seems to proudly overlook the Adriatic.

Every ambitious tourist is expected to ascend this bell tower, which is done by a series of inclined planes, paved with brick. It is said to be a comparatively easy way to ascend a great height ; without doubt, any amount of fatigue would be accounted as nothing, when the superb view of Venice and surroundings is taken into consideration. The tower is an imposing structure, but the majority of the visitors around it appear to be more interested in the flocks of pigeons which in countless numbers soar about it, and float in and out of the ornamental arcades surrounding the Piazza.

A short distance in front of the cathedral rise three tall masts, supported upon bronze pedestals ; from their peaks, in the time of Venetian power, floated the gonfalons of the three sister dominions that formed the republic of Venice. The pedestals have elaborate ornamentation in alto-relief, consisting in part of nymphs, mermaids, ships, and tritons ; each pedestal has a medallion of a doge, surrounded by an arabesque pattern, in the usual variety, and the ever-present winged lion occupies a conspicuous place.

At the farther side of the Piazza stands the clock tower, with its large, showy dial-plate of blue and gold.

This clock indicates the hours from one to twenty-four, changes of the moon, and signs of the zodiac. The general arrangement is similar in all of these automatic clocks, though the figures are different. This one has a seated statue of Madonna and Child within a sheltered niche. On certain festival days the figures of the Magi, preceded by an angel blowing a trumpet, come out from a small door and pass before the Virgin, all lowly bowing, and enter a door upon the other side. Above this statue is the winged lion, as doubtless the structure would seem incomplete to the Venetians without that device. Upon the summit of the tower is a bell, and on either side stands a bronze Vulcan, hammer in hand ; they strike each hour upon the bell by natural movements of the arms.

St. Mark's is so entirely unlike any other cathedral that no comparison can be made ; indeed, it is quite the fashion to say that it is indescribable. Granted that the assertion is not far from the truth, yet with several of Carl Ponto's incomparable photographs before me, I shall venture to ask any who will to look upon this quaint structure through the medium of my eyes. As we first see the exterior, the thought is that other than Christian worship is suggested by the arches, porticos, mosaics, swelling domes, and tapering turrets, united in an edifice which is neither Gothic nor Byzantine, though including the peculiarities of each style. The form is that of a Greek cross with equal arms ; over the centre is a bulbous dome of great size, — the others, upon the arms, being much smaller. Gorgeous still in its faded magnificence, it stands symbolical of the city of the

past ; the variety in its ornamentation recalling the fact that during its building, every returning vessel was obliged to bring some valuable material for the edifice, and to add to its grandeur, the crusaders wrenched from Constantine's fallen capital, gold and treasure of untold value.

One particularly striking feature of the façade is the double row of columns placed about the entrances in two tiers. These include nearly every known variety of marble, and were brought by the merchant ships from different parts of the world. Of the five hundred columns furnished in this manner, one hundred form this portico, the others being in the interior. The doors are of bronze ; the central one is claimed to be of Moorish workmanship, and is inlaid with silver. The five doorways are deeply recessed and heavily arched ; the arches furnish specimens of exquisite sculpturing of foliage and flowers, which show to admirable advantage in contrast with the mosaics which fill the pediments. These mosaics are mostly illustrative of incidents in the life of the Evangelist Mark ; although exposed to storm and burned in the southern sun for centuries, they still retain much of their splendor and richness of coloring.

A marble balcony above the five arched portals extends across the entire front ; from that rise five other arches ; two on either side contain mosaics, while the grand central alcove is filled with a window of rainbow hues. It is in front of that the bronze horses of historic fame stand.

The finish of this second tier of arcades is most elaborate ; it consists of delicate fretwork, where statues of

saints and angels are mingled with branches of palm and abundant foliage.

Upon the extreme point of the façade stands a colossal statue of St. Mark ; below that, and above the great window, again appears the winged lion with open book. Six tapering spires, niched and handsomely carved, each containing a statue, rise between and at the end of the five elegant arches. Spandrels and every available space are filled with mosaic or sculpture, that nothing may be lacking in the exuberance of adornment.

The vaulted ceiling of the vestibule is a mass of mosaics, illustrating Scripture history from the creation. The background was originally of gilt, and being tarnished by age, the effect is decidedly dingy, while the figures are very peculiar.

Although many speak enthusiastically of their beauty, candor compels me to say that to my idea, they were more valuable as illustrative of the progress of art than satisfying to a love for the beautiful ; in fact, they were more amusing than instructive.

The floor of the cathedral was originally of tessellated marble, smooth and level ; it is now badly defaced and broken into billows of stone, over which we unevenly walk. The gloom of the dimly lighted interior increases the feeling of disappointment experienced at the first sight. It is only by repeated visits, and calling to our aid all the powers of imagination, that we are able to even faintly picture the interior as it might have been in the height of its splendor, when gilded mosaics and polished marble glowed with the freshness of beauty. The great variety in the costly ornamentation, which

followed the more gorgeous style of the Orientals and Saracens, must have made the structure magnificent in its prime, centuries ago.

There are a number of chapels, and in one or more services are always being conducted, while visitors are wandering about the building. On one occasion I seated myself upon a stone bench and listened attentively to the priest, who was reading the service, which was to me only a jargon of unintelligible sounds. Each chapel possesses some distinct attraction or curiosity; possibly a specimen of superior workmanship in metal or stone, finished with such precision of detail that every minute portion becomes a study.

Among the four hundred pillars within the church are included many of the rarest material: there are agate, alabaster, porphyry, malachite, verde antique, and many other varieties. The choir is separated from the nave by a colonnade, which is upheld by alternate columns of black and white porphyry. Upon this stand the statues of the twelve apostles; in the centre rises a solid silver cross, upon which is the life-size image of Christ, of the same metal.

The high altar is so splendid that it is only used on the occasions of great festivals. Richly carved pillars support a gorgeous canopy covering the altar. The latter is magnificent, having around the sides bass-reliefs of precious stones wrought into panels of gold and silver, illustrative of scenes in the life of Christ. It is claimed that these plates were executed in Constantinople during the tenth century. It is beneath this altar that the sarcophagus is shown, said to contain the

remains of Mark the Evangelist. The church tradition is that they were brought here from Egypt in the ninth century, and from that period dates the prominent appearance of the Lion of St. Mark upon the Venetian standard.

Another altar canopy is supported by four pillars of alabaster fluted spirally; two of them are translucent. When the priest in attendance held a taper behind one to show the effect, the twisted column glowed with a warmth like hidden fire.

The treasury occupies several rooms in the basement of the church, and has the usual collection of marvellous things which we have found in all the cathedrals visited. But I have entirely lost my relish for relics, and so thoroughly exhausted my stock of credulity that I no longer waste time upon these senseless church museums. One of the vaults contains vast treasures of gold, silver, and priceless gems which are lying utterly useless, while scores of wretched beggars hang around the grand portals and lurk among the exquisite columns to beg for a pittance to keep them from starvation.

There are many churches in Venice; and nearly all, in their comparative freshness, would be considered far more beautiful than St. Mark's. While I am not quite willing to agree with one writer, who says that its chief attraction is its ugliness, yet I do not believe that any one could be impressed with its beauty as a whole. Although in its prodigality of contrasts and harmonies there is much to admire, yet one is rather surprised to find himself yielding to a charm that he has discovered in this mass of dingy splendor, which cannot easily be

explained. One never tires of the peculiarities that abound, and which characterize this edifice as a unique creation, whose style of architecture belongs to no special time or nation. The details grow upon one with each succeeding visit, until, bewildered, he can only retain a general impression of oddities; but this, if analyzed, will dissolve into a hundred interesting specialties.

Sunday afternoon was spent at the Academy of Fine Arts, with especial intent to have an abundance of undisturbed leisure for a study of Titian's celebrated painting "The Assumption of the Virgin." The Academy was nearly deserted, and we had hours of uninterrupted quiet in which to examine that painting, as well as to glance at many others. I am not a connoisseur, but will venture to say that the impression received was that the vivid coloring was not more true in its copying of the possibilities of shades than was the effect of the Virgin borne among the clouds wonderful and beautiful.

On our return to the hotel, an amusing episode occurred. Wearied with long gazing at wonders upon canvases, and the dinner hour being near, the gondolier was directed to row us to the hotel. A considerable amount of Italian was wasted upon the air, and still we moved up the Grand Canal; orders and questions seemed equally futile, and to be apparently resigned to what the coming moments had in store was deemed the wiser course. So, with direction unaltered, we awaited the movements of the gondolier, while we indulged in speculations as to our probable destination. At length our gondola was brought to a landing, and by gesture more than words, we were informed that we were to

stop there. While expostulating, or attempting to do so in various terms, a gentleman rushed from the building near by, greeted us with great cordiality, and entirely regardless of our persistent efforts to explain the existing condition of affairs, assisted up the steps, and politely escorted us into the building; it seemed to me entirely without the exercise of any volition on our part. The place thus compulsorily visited proved to be a manufactory of Venetian glass; possibly under other circumstances the novelties seen there might have been enjoyed more, but as it was, we found much to interest. In vain were apologies for the Sunday intrusion and protests against going farther; as whether we would or no, we were shown through the numerous apartments of the establishment, seeing everything that could be made of glass, from a tiny bead to articles of furniture. I always feel some compunctions of conscience as I recall that incident, particularly the fact that I repeatedly assured the courteous gentleman that I would call the following day, but am somewhat comforted by the remembrance that the others said the same. However, as the promise was in a measure conditional upon immediate release, and as doubtless he did not understand one word that was said, I trust that I shall be pardoned for that breach of faith.

The practice suggested by the phrase "beggars on horseback" may be only tolerated in Spain; but Venetian beggars are equally inconsistent, for they ply their art from gondolas. Upon the narrow canal beneath our windows one of those boats stopped: in it were seated a man and a little girl; both sang, and the man twanged

the guitar by way of accompaniment. The child exhibited a degree of proficiency in catching the small coin which fell from the bridge and windows, indicating considerable practice. Every traveller in Italy, no matter how limited may be his experience, feels qualified to indorse the statement that the Italians are a race with outstretched hands. With many, beggary appears to be the business of life ; in fact, it is elevated to the dignity of a profession. If shame concerning this method of getting a livelihood ever existed in their minds, it is now, apparently, a thing of the past. If you favorably respond to the plea of the suppliant, you are cordially commended to the good offices of the Madonna, or all the saints in the calendar. If you decline, though you may not understand one word uttered, the flashing eye, emphatic gestures, and unceasing flow of language as long as you are within hearing, are convincing proofs that you are consigned to the care of a less agreeable personage.

“ Those hundred isles, that tower majestically,
That rise abruptly from the water mark
Not with rough crag, but marble and the work
Of noblest architects.”

Everybody knows that Venice is built upon seventy-two islands, that more than one hundred and fifty canals intersect each other and the Grand Canal, and that double that number of bridges furnish the means of access from one street to another. Many of these canals are very short ; others are not more than ten or twelve feet in width. There are numerous narrow streets, and it would be possible for one to investigate

the city thoroughly on foot, although he might be obliged to take a circuitous route. Of course familiarity with the city would be necessary, as labels and numbers could not readily be found. These streets, or paved walks, are straight or crooked as is the canal by which they extend; occasionally they end abruptly against a stone wall. Upon these ways, six or eight feet wide, most of the shops are situated, and the merchants appear to be the most active class among the Venetians.

The ranges of stores within the colonnade surrounding the Piazza of St. Mark are much larger, and include all varieties of merchandise. Jewelry stores were very numerous and their windows were filled with a very attractive display, a specialty being mosaics, as there are large manufactories of that class of goods in Venice. Picture stores were also numerous, as the photographers of Venice have attained a reputation for superior skill in that branch of art, and they are as yet unsurpassed.

There are several gardens or parks within the city, but the only one which I saw was the one lying on the shore of the Grand Canal behind the palace of the Procurator. After hours spent among stones and marbles, it was always refreshing to see the grass, shrubs, and small trees within that little enclosure. Many of the balconies had a profusion of vines trained over them, and vases of handsome plants were upon the steps and verandas of the palaces, but no trees were visible.

Another of my romantic ideas was dispelled when I looked upon the famous Rialto and found it to be a medley of shops, the three passages and two rows of

small stalls extending the entire length. I judged from the variety on exhibition that every particular Italian taste could be gratified without going beyond the limits of the bridge. Their favorite viands were exposed there for sale, ranging from garlic to macaroni, as well as clothing, groceries, crockery, and fancy goods; even mosaics and the delicate Venetian glass were included.

The present Rialto was built three hundred years ago upon a substructure of twelve thousand piles. It is of marble, and has a single span of eighty feet. Until within a few years past it was the only means of crossing the Grand Canal; now two wire suspension bridges unite the parts of the city which the canal divides.

Near the Rialto and in front of the oldest church in Venice a column is pointed out called the "Hunchback of Rialto." It is of Egyptian granite, and has sculptured upon it the figure of a kneeling man; from this it was formerly the custom to have the laws of the city proclaimed.

The ducal palace really has two fronts: one towards the harbor, separated from it by the esplanade, the other upon the Grand Piazza. This is an immense structure, built around an open court in a very ornate and striking style. On the exterior wall the first and second stories are arcaded: the lower has large but short pillars, with deeply pointed arcades; the second, guarded by a balustrade, has the same number of arches and twice as many columns; within each arch is elaborate carving with quatrefoil centre. The Corinthian capitals are heavily sculptured, small statues mingling with the fruits and flowers. Within a niche at the

corner of the two fronts is an elegantly wrought group. The upper portion of the palace is finished in marble bricks, red and white, arranged in a showy, double diamond pattern. The windows are of various styles and shapes: some are small and round, others square; there are also several that are double, heavily arched, and richly ornamented. In the centre, upon the harbor side, is a handsome projecting balcony, where it is the custom for feminine royalty to stand to receive the homage of the people.

But it is within the court that one begins to realize what is meant by luxury in art as applied to architecture. In the greatest profusion here are to be found panellings, colonnades, arches, columns, and balconies, all ornamented, and seemingly with every device possible to be wrought from marble. As upon the fronts, the lower stories are arcaded; the upper have the variety afforded by deeply panelled arches, rows of windows, and colonnades, forming a combination before unseen. Everywhere there are statues, bass-reliefs, elegantly designed armorial bearings, symbols, and standards, — a wilderness of sculptured beauty.

"Enter the palace by the marble stairs
Down which the grizzly head of old Faliero
Rolled from the block."

This so-called Giant's Staircase is inlaid with many varieties of marble in a vine pattern; the balustrade is of Carrara marble, with panels of different colors inserted; the whole is very elegant. These stairs lead to the colonnade of the second story, and occupy the width of three arches. Its size might well entitle it to the

name it bears, although its title is said to be on account of the gigantic figures of Mars and Neptune which stand at the head of the steps. Between these is the place where the doges formerly stood to be crowned ; and it was standing here that Byron makes the deposed doge say, —

“ So now the doge is nothing, and at last
I am again Marino Faliero ;
'Tis well to be so, though but for a moment.
Here was I crowned, and here — bear witness, heaven !
With how much more contentment I resign
That shining mockery, the ducal bawble,
Than I received the fatal ornament.”

A second flight of stairs leads to the third story, where are the historical rooms. The hall of the Council of Ten, the hall of the Council of Three, the Audience hall, and the Senate hall open into one, which from that circumstance is called the hall of the Four Doors. There are many others, but the Grand Council, Audience, and Senate halls are the finest ; they are magnificent apartments, stately in their proportions and covered with frescos that are considered unrivalled.

The vast Audience hall has the glory and prowess of Venice pictured upon the ceiling by Tintoretto ; upon the walls are the paintings of Titian, Paul Veronese, and other famous artists. The Senate hall and Council chambers have decorations by the same artists, one of the frescos being of unparalleled size. This immense picture by Tintoretto is, in round numbers, thirty by eighty feet. The majority of these decorations have reference to the illustrious record of Venice. Historical

scenes appear most appropriately here, as within these walls were conducted some of the greatest transactions of the age. Here it was the custom for the nobility and aristocracy to assemble ; here the foreign embassies were received, for this Ducal Palace unites a parliament house, a prison, and a royal residence within its bounds. The magnitude and the magnificence of these grand apartments afford proofs of the elegant tastes, as well as the munificence of the Venetian rulers.

Viewed externally, the Bridge of Sighs would not excite either attention or admiration ; but its name has come down to us so indissolubly linked with the public prison, that the bare mention of the word excites our interest. Then, too, the current belief that whoever entered one corridor of the gallery left hope and life behind, has given it an unpleasant notoriety which will endure as long as history.

The significance so sadly attached to its name becomes somewhat dimmed, if we credit the statement that the most gloomy dungeons were within the palace walls. Cruel as was the fate of the unhappy wretches imprisoned in the vaults of either prison or palace, still more horrible was the doom awaiting those confined beneath the leaded roof of the royal dwelling ; for there a man could not stand upright, as little air was admitted as would sustain life, the intense rays of the southern sun fell unbroken upon the low metal roof, keeping the temperature so high and unvarying that a common result among the prisoners, after days of untold torture, was insanity or idiocy. We went down to the ranges of vaults, which we entered through a low, arched

doorway, and by the flickering light carried by the guide, saw the dens of horror. Heavy masonry, thick, massive walls, arched ceiling, and floors of the same pitiless stone, all told the story of abandoned hope. Bare ! No, not bare, for upon every dungeon floor was a hideous mockery of comfort in the shape of a pillow hewn from stone.

The lower tier of cells lies below the rushing tide ; no light, no breath from the outside world ; dismal, awful in their gloom are those deserted dungeons. There was pointed out in each partition wall a narrow loop-hole, where every day for a brief half-hour a taper was placed that the prisoner might see. That seemed to me the perfection of cruelty ; that feeble ray thrown into the cell of doom, giving thirty minutes of dim twilight to make more intolerable the gloom of each recurring twenty-four hours, which was literally the blackness of darkness.

“ That deep descent leads to the dripping vaults
Under the flood, where warmth and light came never.”

There are thousands of gondolas in the city, and one never tires of watching them, as they are as peculiar and characteristic as is everything else in Venice. They are moored at all the quays, stand at the foot of the stairs which lead to the bridges, and secured to the posts in front of many of the better residences. All are uniform in shape, painted black ; the better ones having some carving upon the woodwork. The curved prow rises high, and has a number of notched projections, which undoubtedly have their use or significance. These boats are easily managed by one gondolier,

though it is customary to have two, as thereby the speed is increased. The cover is nearly square, and of the same sombre hue as the body of the boat ; there are small windows at the side and rear. For business purposes, the top is removed, while the pleasure boats frequently have a gay awning substituted. The seats are cushioned, and in every way it is a most restful and luxurious mode of travelling, and cannot fail to be admirably adapted to Italian ideas of comfort. The gondoliers are trained from childhood to the business, and are very graceful in their management of the single, long-bladed oar ; their dexterity and skill in directing the long, narrow craft are really wonderful. Byron's description is as true now as when he wrote :—

“ Didst ever see a gondola ? for fear
You should not, I'll describe it you exactly ;
'Tis a long covered boat that 's common here,
Carved at the prow, built lightly, but compactly ;
Rowed by two rowers, each called gondolier ;
It glides along the water looking blackly,
Just like a coffin clapped in a canoe,
Where none can make out what you say or do.”

While it is desirable to be near the Grand Canal if one would have the centre of social and commercial life easily accessible, and see Venice to the best advantage in a short time, yet if one is located near the busy quay, he very soon learns that although the silence of the Sea City is unbroken by tread of horse or whirl of wheel, there are other sounds there still less conducive to sleep, as singing, lively conversation, and incessant pattering of sandalled feet do not cease during the entire night ; at least the esplanade in front of Hotel

Danieli did not have a moment of quiet in the round of each twenty-four hours.

The Grand Canal, the main thoroughfare of the city, has upon it nearly all of the principal palaces and churches. This watery avenue has always been the fashionable street, and here have been built from time to time the residences of the aristocracy and wealthy merchants. Here the hundred palaces rose from the sea, and other stately edifices helped to line its entire length of two miles. Every variety of architecture is introduced among the various buildings; but every one is constructed of stone or marble. All now wear a dingy and dilapidated appearance, to which the excess of ornamentation, worn and defaced, adds its burden to the time-stained fronts.

The palaces are usually five stories high; steps of marble extend into the water, and close by is a gayly painted post to which the gondola is secured. In spite of the evidence of decay, there is an appearance of strength and durability in the substantial masonry which aids one in imagining what might have been the glory and grandeur of Venice, of which so many rich traces yet remain here and in the Piazza San Marco.

As we float over the smooth water, the measured strokes from the powerful arms of the tall gondoliers, their peculiar attitude, characteristic cry of warning, the noiseless fall of the glancing oar, all seem but portions of the Venetian scene as pictured in imagination; the palaces on either hand are but reminders of the centuries that have passed since they rose white and fair. As we dream the time away, we can see in the flight of

fancy the commercial and maritime Venice, when art and wealth reigned in all her wide domain, while the city bore proudly and truthfully her title of Queen.

But after our eyes have lingered long upon the objects of interest and tokens of a past splendor, as by the light of day we regard the city quietly slumbering beneath the soft, blue haze that hangs over the Adriatic, there is still another and more charming view in store. To glide along the watery ways in a gondola, beneath the shining radiance of a full moon, is in very deed to float into an enchanted land, laved by the waters of romance.

Such was my experience upon a never-to-be-forgotten glorious evening. First we glided down where the shipping was moored in the lagoon; the tall masts of the various vessels were sharply outlined against sea and sky; hanging lanterns from prow and stern cast long rays across the water, broken only by the ripple caused by our noiseless oars, or those of another gondola "in the dark livery of woe," which passed us without sound or perceptible motion, the tall oarsmen looking like spectres in the weird light.

Then turning, we moved up the Grand Canal, past the stately granite pillars which stand like sentinels to guard the Ducal Palace; its deeply recessed arches held depths of shade, while its variegated front shone bright in the clear moonlight, past the Grand Piazza, glowing with light from shops and cafés, and thronged with the lively people out for amusement. Soon we floated beneath the walls of the shattered mansions, whose marble gleamed pure in the softened rays of the moon; in the

blue water, hosts of stars were mirrored ; frail bridges for a moment hung above our heads as we swept beneath their arches ; upon marble steps, gay groups were landing, or crossing water-washed thresholds preparing to depart ; lights streamed from the windows and spanned the canal with silver bridges ; the tinkle of a guitar sounded near at hand, and pleasure-boats filled with a merry party went drifting towards the sea, their cheerful songs making fitting melody as their harmonious voices, blending in full chorus, were borne across the water and died away as the distance widened between us.

It was in such a manner that I found the Venice which prose and poetry had aided to build in an ideal realm, and about which history, tradition, and romance for many years had woven a potent charm ; for beneath the moon's kindly shaded rays, decay became picturesque, age added grandeur, while soil and stain were invisible.

XXVII.

VIENNA.

THE long distance from Venice to Vienna was broken by a rest at Trieste, which place we reached at midnight. The drive from the station to Hotel de Ville in the clear moonlight afforded a glimpse of that principal seaport of the Austrian Empire, with its grand harbor filled with shipping and its stately citadel upon the heights overlooking the town.

Arriving at the hotel, we were assured that there would be no difficulty in securing rooms upon the second floor, and we lost no time in starting on our way thither. After ascending several long flights of stairs, an inquiry was made as to our nearness to the rooms which had been assigned to our party; we were reassured by the statement that there were but a few steps more. Still we climbed, and at last the goal was reached. Very weary, I retired at once without indulging in speculations as to our whereabouts. A glance from my window in the morning convinced me that we could not be far from the roof; an opinion strengthened when, descending, I counted the stairs and found there were ninety-eight.

This statement might give one an idea that architecture in Trieste was rather peculiar, were it not known that it is almost invariably the custom to call every story above the first the second; that method

simplifies the business materially, and is so very encouraging to the weary traveller. Usually half of the tedious ascent is made before he realizes the situation ; then it is too late to remedy the evil, as it is easier to proceed than to retrace his steps upon a bootless errand. The foreign official always has one valuable resource when all others have failed, and against which words are useless ; that is, an inability to understand your language, though he may have glibly addressed you a few moments before.

The dining-room was upon the ground floor, occupying the front of the house ; as our table was placed directly before the open door, we breakfasted with only the width of a narrow street between us and the gray, rolling waters of the Adriatic, or more correctly Gulf of Trieste.

As we had a ride of three hundred and fifty miles before us, we were much gratified at having a compartment to ourselves the greater portion of the distance, the only other occupant during the entire day being an Italian lady for a few hours. Although our feelings towards her were extremely cordial, yet for obvious reasons we held no conversation with her.

About midday a guard appeared and inquired if we would take *table d'hôte* at two o'clock. As here was an opportunity for a new experience, an affirmative reply was given. At the designated hour we were, at the station named, shown into a large, pleasant room, and served with a good dinner in a quiet, orderly manner. There was no rush, no confusion, and abundant time was given for a very satisfactory dinner. This orderly

practice ought to commend itself to the management of other railways; it is another of the few customs connected with travel abroad which are an improvement upon the method of their conduct at home.

As there was much to interest, the day was not as tiresome as was anticipated. Our route led through thriving towns and a diversified country until, reaching the chain of mountains which divides the province of Styria from Austria proper, the scenery became quite Alpine in its character. The Vienna and Trieste Railroad crosses over the famous Semmering Pass, that has for centuries furnished a way of communication between Lower Austria and several of the southern provinces of the Empire.

Upon the southern side of the mountains a hospital was founded during the fourteenth century; but it was not until nearly four centuries later that a post and carriage road was constructed. In 1728 a less difficult highway was constructed, and thirty years since a railway was projected by a private company, which was completed by the government.

The extreme height which it attains is three thousand feet above the sea; but there were other natural difficulties in the way, aside from the ascent, which made its success a triumph of civil engineering. The railway crosses the river Schwazen upon a curved viaduct, and goes in long windings over and along the outlying mountains and the projecting shoulders of the greater heights, until a point is reached where further climbing is made unnecessary by a tunnel that forces its way through the mountain for one straight mile.

From Gloggnitz to Murznichlag is twenty miles, and in that distance are many tunnels of varying lengths ; it seemed as if we were within the rock half of the time. It was twilight when the wilder portion of the pass was reached ; but we were enabled to enjoy the grand scenery, and even in that waning light to comprehend somewhat of the dangers and difficulties that attended the construction of a road through such a wild, rough region.

It was late in the evening when we arrived at Vienna, and we were sufficiently fatigued with the long day's journey to fully appreciate the comforts of the Métropole. During our stay there we enjoyed the *cuisine* greatly. Instead of the very odd dishes we expected to find, the cookery was very like that of the French ; but later, we had all the peculiar seasonings for which the Germans have a fondness, as caraway, anise, or some spicy herb flavored everything, from brown bread to pickles.

At the Métropole our hearts were cheered as well as our palates gratified by most delicious coffee, the first since leaving Paris which could truthfully be called good. Although we had been more than satisfied with the Italian hotels, in contrast with what we had read concerning them and the privations endured by their patrons, yet we realized that we had not been entirely exempt from discipline, when a good cup of coffee enriched by the addition of genuine cream could arouse such enthusiasm ; and when to that was added the first salted butter seen, with one exception, since leaving the "City of Berlin," and the beautiful white bread, with

its crisp crust and pleasant flavor, for which Vienna has more than a local reputation, I, for one, felt that the height of good living was attained.

This hotel is built around a court which is covered with glass, and is used as a reception-room, reading-room, and particularly dining-room. A raised platform is upon three sides, and upon that a number of apartments open, several being the state dining-rooms. The majority of the guests were seated at small tables placed among the stands of plants in the centre or upon the platform, causing the meals to be much less formal than in the larger rooms.

In all the hotels abroad, the *portier* is an important personage; but the one at the Métropole appeared the most capable of any seen, and was correspondingly busy. He spoke a number of languages fluently, and was the interpreter for the entire house; saw each new guest as he came, and every old one as he departed; met the new-comer at the door, called him by name, and at once announced that letters awaited him; settled all the bills, straightened all difficulties, and to sum up briefly, —

“He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.”

Vienna is usually spoken of as being upon the Danube; but the truth is that the broad river does not touch the city, which lies upon the narrow branch called the Danube Canal. It is separated into the old and new; but contrary to the usual rule, because it is the court quarter, the old is the centre of wealth and fashion. The streets are mostly narrow, but flanked by

many handsome houses belonging to the aristocracy ; and besides, there is the palace of the Emperor, the residences of the nobility, and the most celebrated churches.

The plan of the city has been compared to a spider's web, as from near the cathedral of St. Stephen's the principal thoroughfares radiate ; these are intersected by the numerous lesser streets and alleys. Of the original twelve gates of Vienna, but two remain ; the high wall which surrounded the old city has been levelled, and some portion of it converted into a broad, handsome esplanade.

The newer part of the city is divided into thirty-four suburbs, and abounds in fine residences and elegant business blocks ; there are many pleasure parks and gardens, and upon the majority of the streets great care has been bestowed upon the ornamental trees. The quantity of unoccupied ground, and the appearance of many new and spacious squares where are handsome public and private buildings, finished and unfinished, are indications that a great work in beautifying and enlarging the Austrian capital is not alone projected, but is actually being carried forward.

The substantial business blocks, with large, handsome windows and profuse ornamentation ; the vast number of lights, which so brilliantly illumine the city as almost to turn night into day ; the wide boulevards and other features, are quite a reminder of Paris. Although Vienna has not the air of extreme gayety which characterizes the French city, there is a more established appearance ; and comparing their histories, the thought

suggests itself that without doubt Vienna can claim the greater stability.

Many thousands of Jews have a home in Vienna; there as elsewhere their peculiarities are distinctly marked. I observed upon the street a number who wore an odd and conspicuous dress. I afterwards learned that they were members of a sect claiming to be the lineal descendants of Benjamin. They wore a monkish-looking coat or robe reaching nearly to their feet, and high boots; the head was covered with a tall silk hat; below that long curls, slim and greasy, dangled over the shoulders, one on either side hanging in front of the ear.

The days passed in that city were decidedly exceptional, as I neither entered a church or art gallery, consequently reader and writer will be spared any efforts to describe church interiors or paintings: the truth being that my own time was so occupied with visits to oculist and optician, with the consequent rest required, that the greater amount of my sight-seeing was done in driving back and forth upon the different streets; in that way I really obtained quite a satisfactory idea of the city as a whole.

Although in the metropolis of music, I only heard that rendered by the bands at the Volksgarten, where we attended a concert. Several bands were stationed in different parts of the grounds, each playing in turn. Thousands of people were within the enclosure, and evidently those entertainments were well patronized by the wealthy and fashionable. There was a great display of dress, the toilets of many of the ladies

being as elaborate as if for a grand ball. The entire park was illuminated, ten thousand jets being lit for that occasion. During the intervals between the selections, the ladies with their escorts, many of them being in full military dress, strolled up and down the avenues, which were as brilliant as gas could make them. The scene was gay and dazzling. Others, gathered in little groups around the small tables, indulged in lively conversation, while they sipped their wine and beer, ate an ice, or were furnished with the more substantial viands if desired.

Within the grounds is a long hall with frescoed ceilings and glass sides, where the crowd gather when the weather is unfavorable; only a few resorted there upon that especial evening, as it was a clear, beautiful night, although cool. Hundreds were gathered outside of the wire netting which enclosed the park; some thoughtful ones had brought their camp chairs, and could enjoy the gay scene and the music quite at their ease and without expense.

St. Stephen's Cathedral is the most conspicuous building in Vienna, and is also the oldest, largest, and finest of the churches. There is a tradition to the effect that it is situated upon the very spot where originally stood a sacred grove consecrated to heathen rites. I have seen this cathedral compared to the one in Cologne; it is not only much smaller, but in various ways suffers in the comparison. I have also seen it stated that it is the finest Gothic church in Europe. I do not claim to have seen all, by any means; but with my limited experience I can think of several I am positive could not

have been seen by the one making that statement. It has a lofty spire, gracefully proportioned and handsomely embellished, and a striking effect is given by that shapely pinnacle towering among the lesser spires and above the sharply pointed roof.

It was a pleasant ride on the tramway out to Schönbrunn, several miles from the city; I did not wonder that it was the favorite residence of the imperial family, when its beauty and freshness were compared with the dingy palace within the city. Modestly termed a *château*, it was in reality one of the finest royal homes that I had seen. This palace has been called the Versailles of Austria, having been built by the Empress Maria Theresa. When the French occupied Vienna, Napoleon resided there, and in later years his son, the Duke of Reichstadt, breathed his last within those walls.

The grounds back of the palace broadened out into extensive gardens, filled with choice fruit and rare flowers, while the shady avenues were bordered with rows of trees, artistically trimmed, though too straight and artificial to please my taste. The public are allowed free access to the principal garden, which is directly behind the palace. A broad central avenue extends to the ornamental lake in the distance; from that other avenues diverge, the spaces being filled with beautiful parterres. The beds devoted to foliage plants exclusively were in the height of their luxuriance; others were brilliant with a great variety of autumnal flowers. That portion of the garden was bordered by a hedge of trees, trimmed into a flat, straight surface, except where deep niches were cut for statues. I counted thirty-six marble

figures thus arranged, the vivid green forming a very effective background. The lake contained a number of devices, such as dolphins, mermaids, etc. ; fountains were around the lake, as well as scattered through the large enclosure. There were also Roman ruins, romantic grottos, and charming shady walks, including a curious labyrinth. In one of the largest fountains were thousands of goldfish ; in fact, they were so humerous as to impart their golden hue to the water : they followed their visitors in schools from side to side, appearing hungry as well as tame.

Passing around the lake, and ascending a series of terraces, we reached the Gloriette. This is an extensive colonnade approached by a flight of steps at either end. In the centre is a large hall enclosed by glass, which is called the reception-room ; from this is a balcony looking towards the château. We were informed by an attendant that there the Emperor came every morning to read his papers before making his daily trip to the city.

As the Gloriette is built upon the highest point of land in the vicinity, a fine view is afforded in every direction ; crowned by a colossal gilt eagle, the pillared hall is also a conspicuous feature of the landscape, and can be seen for a great distance. Vienna seemed quite near as we looked upon her glistening spires and stately buildings ; on every hand were the hills, dotted with the pleasant country homes, and an occasional lonely convent ; and farther removed in the remote background, mountain ranges bounded the horizon.

XXVIII.

MUNICH.

THE Bavarian capital was seen under the discouraging circumstances of a genuine equinoctial storm ; this varied in intensity from the insidious " Scotch mist " — which gently but persistently comes from every direction at the same moment — to a genuine down-pour. In each phase of the variety the result was the same : muddy streets, wet walks, damp, chilly atmosphere, and general discomfort.

But regardless of the state of the weather, the time spent in Munich was fully occupied. In driving through the broad avenues lined with magnificent buildings, and the squares with their monuments and memorials, the opportunity was at the same time afforded of seeing the public edifices ; in those are included the various departments, library, art buildings, and many other structures of which any city might justly be proud.

Ludwigstrasse is one of the finest avenues, and terminates in a handsome arched gateway, surmounted by a triumphal car drawn by lions. This group in bronze is from a design by Schwanthaler, the great Munich artist, whose works are to be seen on every hand throughout the city.

It was a short drive through the suburbs to reach Memorial Hall ; this structure, although not extremely

grand in its proportions, is very imposing. It is constructed in the severe Doric style, with a superb colonnade; contains a hundred bass-reliefs, and nearly that number of busts and statues of the celebrities of Bavaria. Among her noble sons who have been deemed worthy of a niche within the Ruhmeshalle are some who have had frequent mention in these notes: Hans Sachs, Albert Dürer, Adam Krafft, and others too numerous to mention. Very appropriately is placed directly in front of the hall the colossal statue of Bavaria, which with its pedestal of corresponding height attains an altitude of nearly one hundred feet. As would be imagined from her gigantic size, the appearance of this figure is grand and stately; her head is crowned with laurel; her right hand holds a sword, while the left bears aloft a wreath of immortelles, and the Bavarian lion sits at her feet.

The finest church in Munich is called the Basilica, and appeared to be modelled after St. Paul extra Muros, which was to me the most beautiful church in Rome; the view looking down the great aisle being much the same, although upon a smaller scale. A number of pillars of gray marble, highly polished, uphold the roof, whose vaulted ceiling is eighty feet above the mosaic pavement; the wooden beams are richly carved, and between is the blue of heaven studded with golden stars. This is a modern church, and although intended to carry out the design of an eighth-century basilica, has all the beauty of freshness in its workmanship; in thus combining simplicity of style with modern exactness in detail, the result is an elegant, artistic edifice.

Sunday morning we went to St. Michael's to hear the classical music for which that church is noted, and remained throughout the service. The organ was grand ; with its full tones were mingled the harmonious sounds from other instruments, and the choir sang in sweetest strains. It was enjoyable, but I would have readily exchanged the pleasure for that of hearing the familiar hymns and tunes sung at home that day, in language that I could understand.

The music scarcely ceased during the three hours we were there ; at the same time the priest at the remote end of the church was conducting service, and the people devoutly kneeling upon the cold stone floor, repeating their prayers, seemingly without reference to priest or choir.

In this church is the monument to Eugene Beauharnais, by Thorwaldsen. His life-size statue is clothed in the Roman dress, helmet on his head, and sword at his side ; he stands between History writing on a tablet, and the brother statues of Death and Immortality. Death is represented as holding an inverted torch, and his brows crowned with poppies. Immortality, with burning torch and wreath of everlasting flowers, gazes heavenward with a smile of triumph.

The Royal Chapel is small, but is a gem of beauty, embellished with various marbles, mosaics, gilding, and painting. The windows are high and almost concealed by a double row of arches ; the effect of the light falling from above upon the combined and exquisite colors of the different marbles is most charming. The columns are of red Tyrolese marble, with white base and gilded

capitals. The alternate use of green with a dark purple or reddish stone in the lower arches, and the bright, beautiful frescos within the upper upon a ground of gold, produce an indescribably rich and elegant effect, while every part is equally choice in all the details.

The Frauenkirche is old ; not only haunted, but rich in legends upon which the common people set great store. It contains an ancient bell, upon which is the following quaint inscription : —

“My name is Susanna ; I was cast in the name of Jesus, Luke, Matthew, Mark, and John. The august Duke of Upper and Lower Bavaria, Albert, Count Palatine of the Rhine, was my designer. I was brought here from Regensburg. I drive away evil weather and ward off death. Hans Ernst cast me, when you number from God’s birth 1493. Tetragrammaton.”

The lower class have many customs that are founded on olden-time church traditions, and they cling to superstitions which have been handed down from generation to generation. It is to the church of St. Stephen’s that horses are taken upon a certain day to be blessed, that ceremony being supposed to insure health for the ensuing year.

The day set apart as sacred to the Three Kings is of special significance ; their initials, G. (or J.) M. B., each preceded by a cross, are thought to possess a potent charm, particularly if chalked by a priestly hand upon some portion of the house.

We visited the King’s Palace, which is a mass of adornment ; although there is much there worthy of admiration if it could be separated from the excessive

embellishment of the surroundings, yet one necessarily leaves with a confused impression regarding many things, and a deep conviction that he has seen nothing well. There are fine pictures, beautiful frescos, elegant statuary, and other artistic works in great variety.

Of the numerous apartments I will mention but one, the throne-room. This is of magnificent proportions, decorated with a series of frescos by Kaulbach, illustrating a renowned German poem. The entire length of the room, on either side, has Corinthian pillars of light gray marble with gilded capitals; between each two stands a colossal statue. They were all designed by Schwanthaler, and represent the princes of the royal house for a period of five hundred years.

The costumes and military equipments show the changes in those particulars during the centuries. These statues were first cast in bronze; they were afterwards gilded, each at an expense of three thousand dollars.

The throne is a massive chair, in crimson and gold, and stands at the extreme end of the room, with a gigantic figure on either side. The elaborate canopy is supported by pillars, carved and gilded; the cover is gorgeous; being crimson velvet, heavily embroidered with gold.

Throughout the city, large public squares are frequent; these contain many statues and monuments of superior merit. Among the latter are two formed from captured cannon; one of them is particularly imposing. That is an obelisk, one hundred feet high, and erected as a memorial to the Bavarians under Napoleon who fell during the Russian campaign.

Aside from the art galleries, the library is the most striking in appearance among the public buildings. It is an elegant edifice of yellow sandstone, having arches and window caps of red marble; this combination of colors results in a rich and peculiar appearance. Its length is five hundred feet, the remaining proportions being in harmonious accord. The grand entrance is guarded by colossal statues of the men of letters in Greece and Rome, during the period of their intellectual power. Appropriately, these representatives of mental greatness are placed before the grand building, filled with a rare collection of books and manuscripts, some being of priceless worth. This library is second only to the one in Paris, which is considered the largest and most valuable in the world.

The old Pinakothek is a noble building; its fifteen hundred paintings are arranged in accordance with different schools and periods of time, and many of them are choice works and valuable accordingly. As one passes from hall to hall and notes the progress of art development in different countries and centuries, as suggested in the pictures, it is impossible not to feel the presence of an enchantment, although his knowledge of either ancient or modern art may be extremely limited. The gallery is so arranged that the light is admitted entirely from above, and the paintings are hung in such a manner as to perfectly bring out the most delicate shades. Numerous cabinets are beneath the larger pictures; within and upon which the smaller paintings are placed, in connection with a great variety of pieces of rare and artistic workmanship in different styles. Noth-

ing one could say in a reasonable length of time would suffice to convey to another an idea of the many beautiful objects there, demanding admiration; in most of the cases, the name of the artist alone would be an assurance of something not alone to admire, but to study. I spare you the reading of a dozen names, either of which, appended to a picture, would popularize it at once.

The new Pinakothek is of very peculiar architecture; like the original building of the same name, it has from the exterior the appearance of having two stories, the upper portion being filled with immense frescos by Kaulbach. There are seven of these great pictures in the length of the building, and they represent allegorically the development of art. Some of the subjects are very singular; for instance, modern artists are portrayed attempting to rescue the Graces.

Such a commingling produces an exceedingly grotesque effect; and until I learned that the artistic hand of Wilhelm von Kaulbach had there carried out designs conceived by his own genius, I saw only a coarse delineation. I am going still further in my confessions of ignorance, and candidly admit that, approaching the building and seeing those pictures from a distance, I supposed it was a theatre, whose manager had adopted that unique method of advertising.

Of the interior I can only say that the number and variety of fine works of art within the walls forbid the mere mention of any. It is almost entirely devoted to German art, and in its ten halls are placed many of the best works of the modern German painters. There are

also many cabinets that contain a choice collection of miniatures, gems of porcelain painting, and valuable curiosities.

The Glyptothek is to my mind the very choicest among the many fine public buildings of Munich. Standing in a large, open square, without any near surroundings, it presents an imposing appearance. It is possible that there are some trees, but my impression is that of a smooth lawn, destitute of tree or shrub. From the main entrance extends a wide avenue, which ends at a magnificent Doric arch called the Propylæum.

The portico of the Glyptothek is supported by eight immense Doric columns of white marble; in the pediment, artists and artificers of all styles are represented under the guardianship of Pallas Athene, mother of the arts. On either side are wings without windows; these have ornamental niches in which stand statues of sculptors of ancient and modern days, from Phidias to Canova.

The interior is divided into twelve halls, where is an incomparable wealth in sculpture admirably arranged. Words fail to express the pleasure to be derived from the sight of those matchless representations. In brief, the interior is as beautiful as one might expect from the chaste and elegant exterior. It has been under the guardianship of men of taste and culture, who have been faithful to their trust; they have allowed no work to receive the sanction of a place within those walls which did not possess superior merit.

In order that nothing should be wanting which could add to the beautiful effect, the walls are of red and

green marble, which forms an advantageous background for the sculptured beauties.

My ideas concerning Munich were vague, and as I found, far from correct. I was under the impression that Munich was stretched out upon a plain, upon an unnavigable mountain stream, "the Iser rolling rapidly," and that it was almost entirely destitute of natural advantages. Although I knew that it possessed some valuable art collections, and places generally attractive to tourists, I was surprised to find such broad and handsome avenues, lined with palatial edifices, churches grandly built, a showy imperial palace, and many schools, hospitals, and other benevolent institutions which rivalled those of older and more powerful capitals.

The population of Munich is large and its wealth immense. It possesses great manufacturing interests, and its organized companies and capitalists do not hesitate with their banks, railways, and various agencies to grasp their share of the commerce, not alone of their immediate country, but to reach out even to the cities of the Mediterranean; for the Iser is in reality one of the larger tributaries of the Danube, that great river of Europe, which bears upon its broad breast so large a share of the product of the fields and vineyards upon the banks of its branches as well as its own.

I have endeavored, though very imperfectly, to present the city as it appeared to me: rich, beautiful, abounding in palaces filled with artistic treasures; a city whose enlargements and improvements, contemplated and in actual progress, seem to promise much,

when its boundless resources are considered. Called of old the "City of the Little Monk," and that strange figure appearing upon its municipal escutcheon, yet by many it is considered to be entitled to the title of "City of Beauty," as splendor and grandeur have invested it to such an extent that without any unjust comparison it is accredited with being the centre of the fine arts in Germany.

XXIX.

NUREMBERG.

"In the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow-lands
Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg, the ancient, stands.

"Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song,
Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rooks that round them throng

"Memories of the Middle Ages, when the emperors, rough and bold,
Had their dwelling in thy castle, time-defying, centuries old ;

"And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted, in their uncouth rhyme,
That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every clime."

OLD Nuremberg in Bavaria is as quaint a city, as faithful a delineator of mediæval times, as one can expect to find in these progressive days. Not that Nuremberg is entirely exempt from the inroads of that Vandal, Modern Improvement ; but that, like science, "moves slowly, slowly, creeping on from point to point."

It is owing to that fact alone that there yet remains enough of wall, moat, and towers to enable us to recognize truth in the statement that originally the city was surrounded by a double wall, which had eight massive gates, and seventy towers, round and square. The old castle, as clumsy as picturesque, the narrow streets, high-gabled houses, oriel and dormer windows, overhanging balconies, general appearance of antiquity, and traces of its olden-time grandeur afford opportunities for

one to realize more than anticipated in making the acquaintance of this highly interesting city.

“That ancient, free, imperial town,
Forever fair and young,
Where Albert Dürer plied his art,
And Hans Sachs pegged and sung.”

The above stanza, taken from a German poem, was written so long ago that the writer may be forgiven the use of the word “young”; while “free,” as applied to a city during the Middle Ages, may possibly imply more than an American citizen can readily appreciate. Though literally meaning freedom from feudal power, there was at that time a deeper depth in the signification. Some of the German cities became free by vigorous, valiant use of the sword; but peaceful Nuremberg bought its freedom. Taking advantage of the necessities of the Emperor, the worthy burghers paid into the treasury a sum equivalent to one million of dollars, and thus was Nuremberg made a “free imperial city.” Immediately the fortified residence of the governor was razed to the ground; and thereafter the Nurembergers were content to be ruled by chancellors of their own choosing.

That eventful change occurred five centuries ago, and under the new impetus Nuremberg became the centre of vast industries. Extensive manufactories were established: it is said that the first gun-lock was made there; also the first watch small enough to be carried, — however, they were very large, nearly round, and bore the name of “Nuremberg eggs.”

Four hundred years ago the population was about

double that of the present time ; in wealth and splendor it excelled either London or Paris, and was only eclipsed by Amsterdam and the Italian cities, then in the zenith of their power. The Thirty Years' War proved a severe blow to its commercial greatness, compelling it to take an inferior position among the European cities. The revival of its importance during the last century is largely owing to the increase of its manufactories, which have already given it something of its ancient renown.

At this present time the branches of industrial activity in which it principally excels are the manufacture of toys, hardware, *papier-maché*, terra-cotta, wood and ivory carving, and — shall I dare add ? — gingerbread. But this specialty of Nuremberg has an importance which forbids that it should be ignored. It is formed in long, square, round, and fancy-shaped cakes ; but to call that wonderful production gingerbread no one would venture to do, without a particular introduction. The compound is excellent, as I can advisedly assert, having tasted and tested. Its composition is mysterious, but various familiar ingredients are evolved as one cautiously investigates. I think that without doubt the first discovery made by a new acquaintance would be that it was exceedingly difficult to break, bite, or cut. When one has managed to secure a fragment, his surprise at that success is augmented by a series of discoveries, each more marvellous than the preceding. There is a bit of citron, a raisin, the hint of a flavor, an almond, suggestions of known qualities mingled with much not recognizable, when, like an oasis in a desert, a toothsome jelly is reached ; in brief, Nuremberg gingerbread is

an uncertain compound, rich, highly flavored, and spicy, but without a suggestion of ginger.

The river Pegnitz runs through the city, — or more accurately, the city is built upon three islands within the river, — which fact accounts for the numerous bridges at first so puzzling to the stranger. It is nearly equally divided, the two portions being called respectively the Lorenzer and the Sebalder side. Although but a comparatively small part of the ancient fortifications remain intact, there is still sufficient to give a deep impression of strength and oddity. The venerable walls which rise from the moat, long since dried and overgrown with weeds, shrubs, and even trees, look capable of defending the gray old town against improvement, — that foe to antiquities, — even as in their pristine strength they bade defiance to foreign invaders. But where have bulwarks ever been found strong enough to successfully resist the insidious advancement of that intruder? The first progressive and aggressive railway only ventured to brush its walls; the second made a breach; after the initial break in the massive boundary, others easily followed, until a large portion of the walls has been gradually levelled under the plea of commercial necessity; only enough remaining to suggest what the appearance of the strongly fortified city might have been.

Notwithstanding this demolition, it will be long before the old town will lose all its attractions, although they must necessarily lessen year by year. The narrow, roughly paved streets, flanked by buildings of the mediæval style, with all their odd features, will yet endure for a time; as opponents to progress they will be eventually swept away.

Let us hope that purely out of regard for historical associations, the hand of the Vandal will spare the house of Albert Dürer, the painter, goldsmith, engraver, and writer; the man who was the embodiment of the intellectual uprising in Germany during the time of the Renaissance. His house undoubtedly was old, as we count time, when occupied by his family; but it still stands upon the Sebalder side, though the decay of centuries is upon it. It has the high-pitched roof, dormer-windows filled with minute bits of stained glass, projecting balcony, and other peculiarities in full accord with the ancient fashion.

In Dürer's time, Nuremberg was the home of several of the *Meistersingers*. Although not one of the original Twelve Masters, Hans Sachs, the honest cobbler and gifted song-maker, was the most renowned. "The old man gray and dovelike, with his great beard white and long," has slept for centuries; but his old dwelling is still in a good state of preservation, and though degraded to serve as an alehouse, bears his portrait over the door.

The castle, built in the tenth century, upon a massive crag of sandstone, dominates not alone the city, but the surrounding country. From every side the views are superb, only limited by one's strength of vision and the distant mountains. Far below the base of the castle is the dried moat, of fabulous depth and breadth; many astonishing tales are told of the valor displayed by the knights of old, in their attempts to scale the wall and cross the moat.

Within the court-yard of the castle, "bound with many an iron band," stands the noted linden-tree, said

to have been planted by the hand of Queen Kuni gunde, seven centuries ago. From descriptions, I expected to see it in full vigor, with glossy leaves and stately trunk : but age has sadly detracted from both the quantity and quality of its foliage ; while the shattered trunk, banded and braced, seemed like some scarred veteran, worn and dying from continuous conflicts with summer's heat and winter's cold, awaiting its final fate.

Of course we looked into the black depths of the castle well, cut three hundred feet through the solid rock. Although I cannot vouch for the accuracy of that measurement, I am fully persuaded in my own mind that in the days long past, it served for other and more tragic purposes than simply to supply water for domestic uses.

Among the numerous apartments in the stronghold is the chamber exclusively devoted to the display of instruments of torture. A person who had a keen relish for such sights might reach the acme of delight in that room. There were the rack, pincers, thumb-screw, gridiron, cradle, and a score or two more of horrible inventions ; but of them all, the iron maiden was the most diabolical. The assortment of similar relics seen in the Tower at London appeared meagre compared with this collection, which would have been a credit to the Spanish Inquisition in the days of its power.

There were other articles on exhibition suggestive of evils existing long ago, but for the use of which there is presumably no occasion in this advanced age : for instance, a double yoke, to be worn by two women who

had quarrelled; a bell attached to an iron collar, to be worn by gossips; an elaborately wrought mask of the same delicate metal, which had the additional charm of a widely opened mouth, from which protruded a nicely balanced, wagging tongue. As that was designed for the slanderer of either sex, it occurred to me that Nuremberg must have been particularly free from that vice if one mask sufficed for a population of nearly two hundred thousand. The daughter of the keeper was our guide; her story was well learned, and she repeated marvellous tales with evident enjoyment, dwelling with especial delight upon the utility of the ugly iron head of a dragon, which was obliged to be worn by women who beat their husbands. I could but reflect upon the degeneracy of the age, in the presence of that striking evidence of the modern invasion of the rights of women.

Some years ago King Maximilian visited Nuremberg. So rare an event as the honor of entertaining a royal guest demanded especial preparation; therefore, at the expense of the city, a suite of rooms in the long disused castle was refurnished suitably for the reception of his Majesty. The contrast between those modernized rooms and the remainder of the castle is very marked, particularly as in the museum and the several quaint chapels are paintings, reliefs, and images which form the oddest collection ever seen.

In one of the public squares stands the *Schönbrunnen*, or beautiful fountain, which is one of the attractions of the city. A long and diligent search for another equally celebrated was rewarded by the sight of a dwarfish, grotesque figure holding two geese. We

thought, "*Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.*" However, it is not wise to ignore anything noted as a celebrity, or the grave look of surprise which will steal over the face of your questioner when, in reply to the query if you saw this or that object, you are obliged to give a negative reply, will almost convince you that by such neglect you have missed the one thing worth a trip across the ocean.

Nuremberg has several interesting old churches. The Frauenkirche possesses superior architectural attractions, its very elaborate Gothic portal being its crowning glory. But the church of St. Lorenz was the most of a curiosity to me : not on account of its great size, the rich and effective finish of the grand nave, with the graceful columns, ribbed and vaulted roof ; but because, being Protestant, it yet abounds in altars, with candles and images, Madonnas and saints, and all the variety which seems properly to belong to Romanism. It will be remembered that this church changed suddenly with the city to Protestantism, under the conditions that it should be allowed to retain all of the rich objects of the Romish ritual. It is difficult to understand just where the line is drawn as you view the significant altar decorations ; but it is authoritatively stated that they are never used.

In the church are paintings by Dürer, Vischer, and other contemporary artists which have more than a local fame and are of great value, but I do not remember being greatly impressed by their beauty. Among them I distinctly recall some thin-faced, solemn-looking Madonnas, holding in their arms weird, wild-eyed chil-

dren ; these probably represent faithfully the style of painting affected by the early copyists of the antique in the period of the revival of interest in the Fine Arts.

Among the curiosities were fragments of ecclesiastical history woven in rare old tapestry. I use the word "rare" because it is customary, but mentally define it as uncommon, for those coarse delineations cannot be considered choice. Some of the designs and figures, words would fail to describe ; perspective must have been utterly ignored when that tapestry was made. In a picture of one of the Evangelists, — John, I believe, — one of the feet was half the size of the entire figure and resembled nothing human. Another represented the process of weighing the soul of the patron saint of the church. The soul was materialized, wearing the form of an infant ; the devil was crouched near, fiendishly eying the process ; while St. Lorenz himself, in the full statue of a man, but alas ! soulless, was not an uninterested spectator.

The façade of this church was originally covered with fine sculpture ; the arched doorway consisting of tier above tier of Scripture characters and later-day saints. I am satisfied that only a connoisseur can appreciate torsos ; certainly those dilapidated figures were too much after that order for my uncultivated taste.

In an exterior angle of the church, upon a slightly elevated platform, was a life-size group representing the scene in the garden when the disciples, overcome by grief, slept the sleep of sorrow. Solemn as is the subject, I feel convinced that no person, unless blessed

with a supernatural degree of reverence or entirely free from an appreciation of the ridiculous, could look upon that group unmoved by emotions quite the opposite of serious. The noseless, broken, battered images have become a perfect travesty upon art, and all significance is forgotten in the ludicrous appearance which the different figures present.

The *Sacramentgehäuse*, built to contain the sacred vessels for the sacrament, is a most artistic work by Adam Krafft. Upon it, he and two apprentices spent four years of continuous labor; for it, when completed, he received the munificent sum of \$300.

"In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pyx of sculpture rare,
Like the foamy sheaf of fountains, rising through the painted air."

To see it is the only way to fully comprehend its glorious workmanship; it is said to be the most delicate and expressive of any of the works of this Nuremberg sculptor, whose old age was saddened by neglect, and who died in destitution.

Under the intricate chancel roof, near the pillar at the left, is the structure, supported by the kneeling figures of the artist and his colaborers; above this foundation rises, to the height of sixty feet, a slender Gothic pyramid of pure white sandstone. The whole is adorned with bass-reliefs and statuary, exquisite traceries and dainty carvings. The filigree of the apex terminates in a tiny overhanging tendril; an appropriate finish for this chaste, delicate, and ornate combination of stony leaves and blossoms, which has been compared to "frozen spray."

In none of the European cities frequented by strangers is one made more fully to realize the fact that he is "a stranger in a strange land" than in Nuremberg. The curiosity, as shown by the residents, is more persistent than complimentary. If you stop before a window to look at some terra-cotta figure, or to admire a specimen of ivory carving as delicate as lace, you turn away to find yourself the centre of an admiring crowd ; you are silently, solemnly stared at, and even the children are brought forward or held up in arms for a look. Gentlemen (?) stop short upon the street to gaze, evidently forgetful of the haste of the previous moment in the desire to satisfy their curiosity. In driving through the streets, you are constantly reminded of your intrusive peculiarities by the inquiring looks which follow you, until a friendly corner provides a change of admirers. It is in vain to scrutinize details of dress or your appearance generally : you may not note the difference, but evidently the Nurembergers do ; and finally the continual surveillance becomes more amusing than annoying.

I am well aware that this is a very unsatisfactory view of the wonders that remain of the mediæval magnificence of this city ; but realizing that the proofs of its olden-time glory are lessening each year, and that the day is coming when wall, moat, and towers will exist only in history ; when the quaint castle will only have mention with the records of the Hohenzollern family ; when in fact "Nuremberg the ancient" will be no more, — therefore, we who have seen some few relics of its former glory will with redoubled joy treasure the

memory of its delightful oddities, and sadly commiserate those who shall journey thither when the strong hand of utilitarianism shall have stamped upon the modernized city, "Too late."

"Vanished is the ancient splendor, and before my dreary eye
Wave these mingled shapes and figures, like a faded tapestry."

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